

High Times

June '77

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Captain Crunch:
King of the
Phone Phreaks

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GOLDMAN
EATS HASH**

**MURDER AT
ELAINE'S**
Original
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**DOPE
MANNERS**
Were You Raised
in a Barn?

**Guide to
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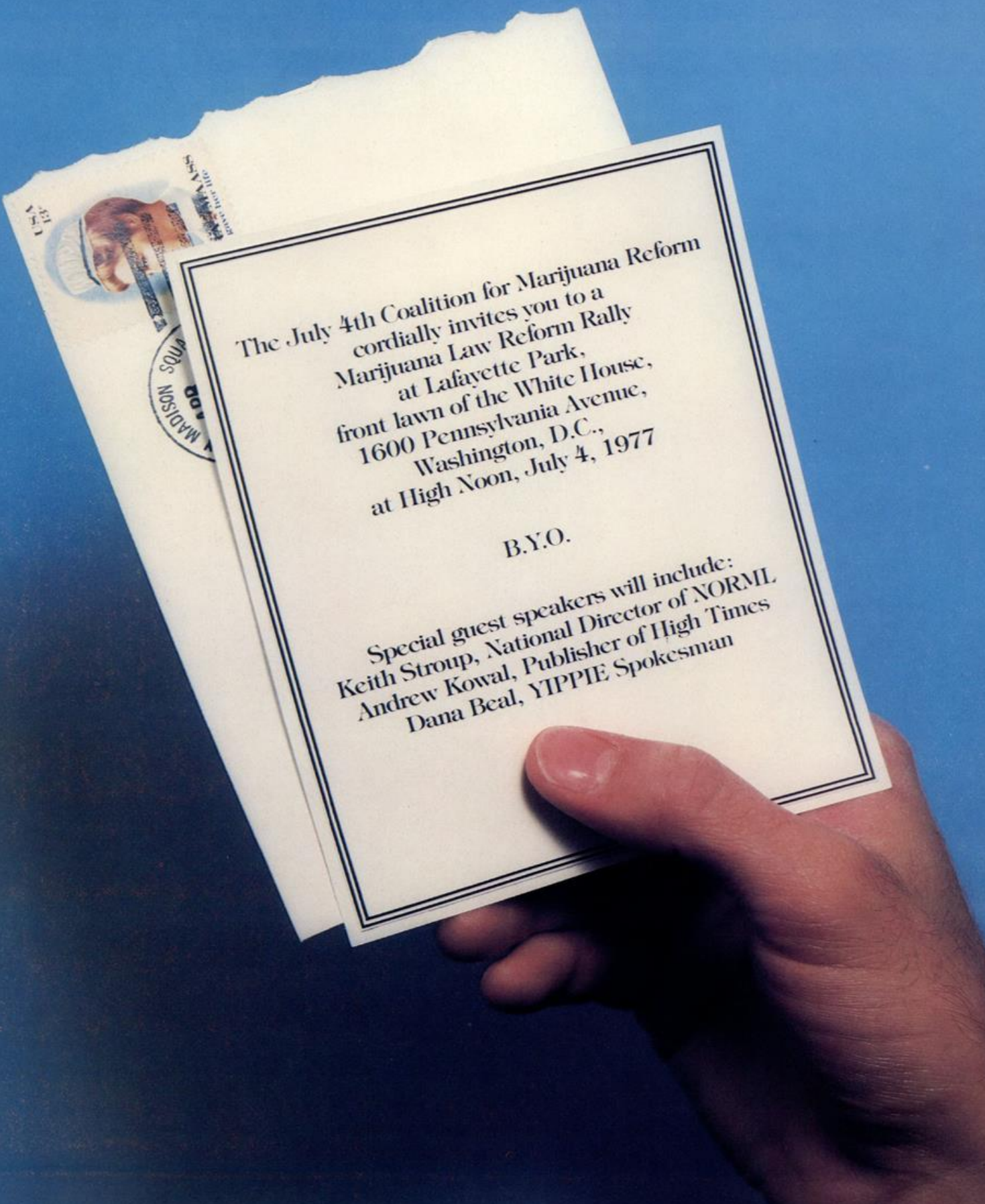
Furry Freak Bros.
Look-Alike Contest

**Swimsuits for
the Nude Beach**

**YIPPIE
DANA BEAL**
On Not Having
Nixon to
Kick Around

BLONDIE
The Marilyn
Monroe
of Punk
Rock





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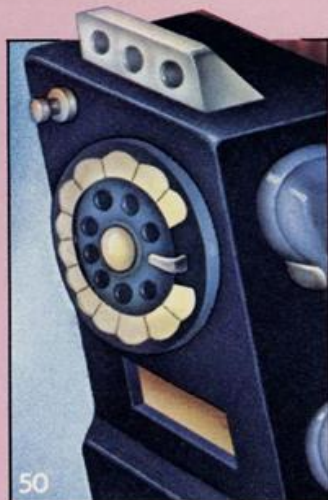
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High Times

June 1977 No. 22 THE MAGAZINE OF HIGH SOCIETY

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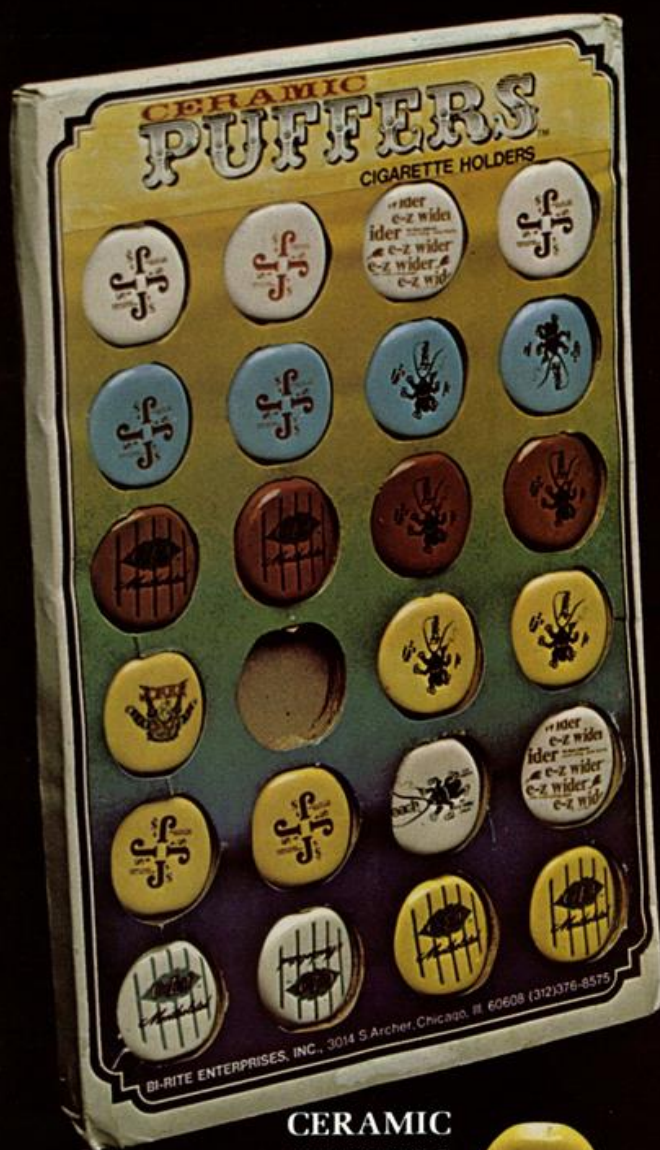
Photograph of Blondie
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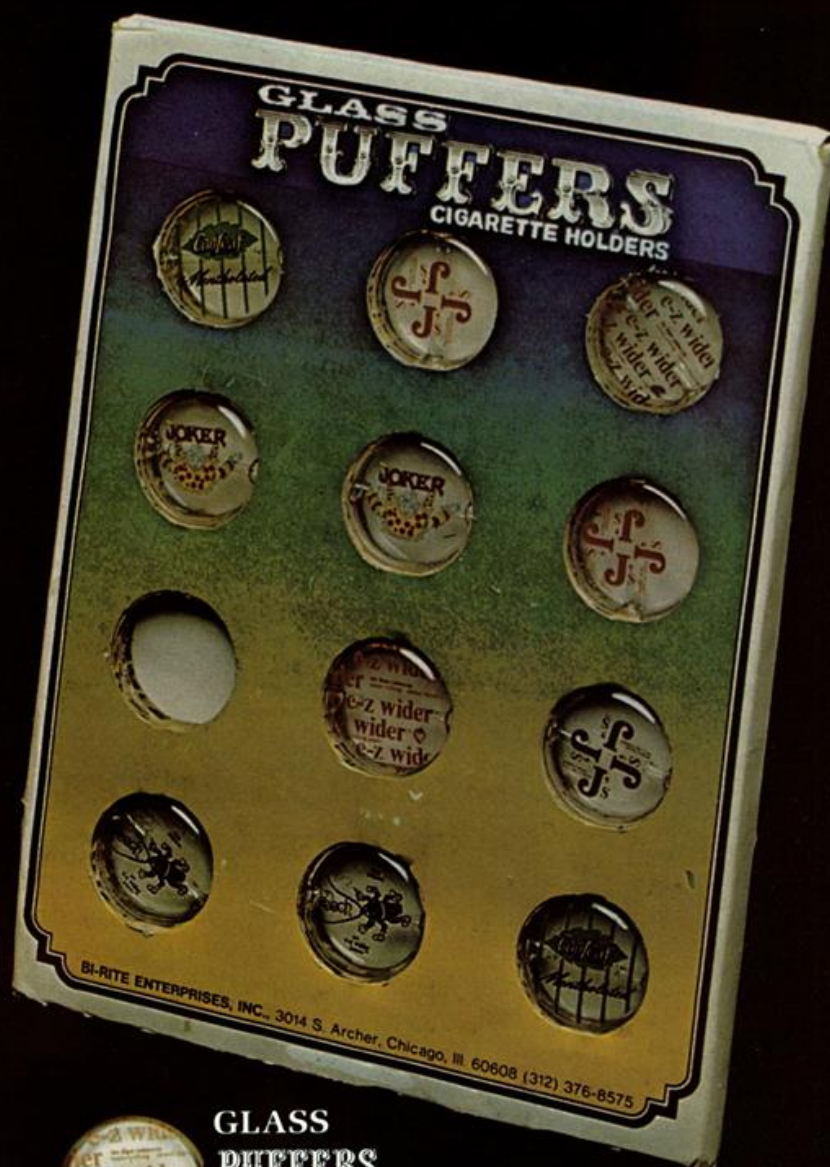
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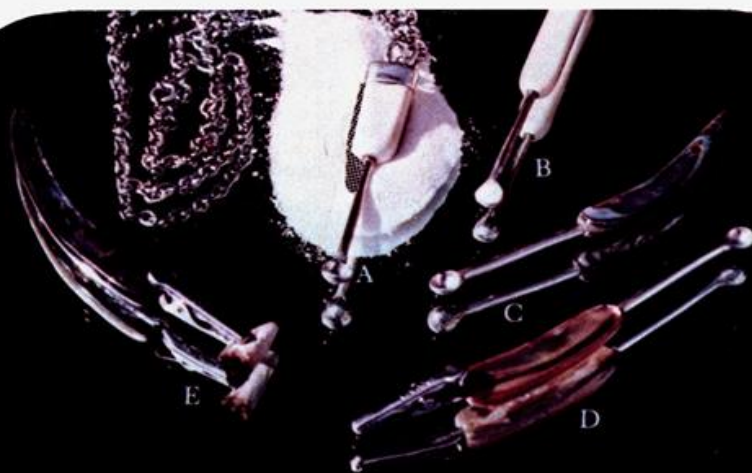
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June 1977 • No. 22 • *High Times* is published monthly by Trans-High Corporation • Entire contents © 1977 by Trans-High Corporation • Subscriptions in the United States: 12 issues for \$16, 24 issues for \$29 • In Canada: 12 issues for \$18, 24 issues for \$33 • In South America, West Indies and Caribbean: 12 issues for \$30 • In Europe: 12 issues for \$37 • In Africa, Asia and Middle East: 12 issues for \$45 • Send all mail to *High Times*, Box 386 Cooper Station, New York, N.Y. 10003 • Offices at 116 East 27th St., New York, N.Y. 10016 (no mail to this address) • Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices • Manuscripts must be accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope • All contributions will be carefully considered, but the publisher and editors assume no responsibility for loss or injury to unsolicited material • Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations



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Marmalade, Spinach Pie and High Times

"Human rights" is a phrase we utter with mounting irony and self-doubt. Is there really such a thing as a "human right" anymore? In fact, can the crucial human right to buy an issue of *High Times* be truly said to exist at the moment? Only in America—where, if present trends abroad are to be repeated, copies of *High Times* will soon be burning in every village square, the editors hanged from lampposts outside the courthouse and off to the gas chamber for everyone else.

The clearest threat to our cherished freedoms lies as close as Canada. The frigid midgits of the north, not satisfied with crucifying Keith Richards, of the Rolling Stones (a rock music ensemble), have turned their venomous fangs on the peace-loving distributors of *High Times*. Three *High Times* distributors in Toronto, the hotbed of Canadian fascism, have been imprisoned on trumped-up charges of "counseling to cultivate marijuana" and other claims of indecent and immoral behavior. Is such a thing possible in the so-called Free World? If honest businesspersons can be incarcerated on such flimsy filaments of mob rule, even your grandmother is in danger. Next thing you know, the Mounties will extend the Berlin Wall to Niagara Falls and force honeymooners to submit to the dread "water test." Truly, after God made the pig, the rat and the weasel, He made the Canadian.

Meanwhile in England, the last lamps of democracy are guttering out. Five years ago Parliament denied all nonwhite holders of British passports the right to enter Britain. Today, black-leather-jacketed punks with shaven skulls roam the streets of London practicing their new sport of "Paki bashing"—the savage beating of peaceful, hashish-loving Pakistanis. And even as we sit complacently contemplating further appeasement of these rampant racists, agents of Her Majesty's Government have stopped all copies of *High Times*, the last voice of a free press available to the benighted peasants of this aging feudal society, from entering the country.

And in Greece, the cradle of democracy, *High Times* has been burned by Greek gendarmes.

We say STOP THE GENOCIDE. We say PEACE NOW. We demand that the governments of North America and Europe uphold the Helsinki Agreement and guarantee every man, woman and child the right to buy *High Times*.

Ambassador Andrew Young must address the United Nations immediately against this international conspiracy. President Carter must act at once to break this strangle hold on free trade. Is American business to be suffocated by the racist, sexist monstrosities of our so-called "allies"? Are dozens of American workers to go without lunch because of the genocidal policies of these totalitarian states? Are we to be denied the right to export the fruits of a free press while millions of tons of Canadian maple syrup, English marmalade and spinach pie are dumped on unwitting Yankee consumers?

Socrates was a Greek. Aristotle was a Greek. Plato was a Greek. Would they have voted for the right to read *High Times* or for an undiluted diet of ouzo, kelp and spinach pie? Next time the QE II docks in the United States, let's all dress up as Greeks and dump all the tea in the harbor. ☐

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Reviewed by Howard Smith & Brian Vander Horst



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Letters

What Kind of Man Reads Playboy?

I never read book reviews, but my impulse to read Glenn O'Brien's appraisal of *White Women* in the February issue was a blessing from the gods.

Many men of my acquaintance may never establish deep relationships with women because they're hung up higher than kites on the pictures they were programmed with in their "lean and horny years."

I'm convinced the jerk-off double standard—"what he will settle for fucking, and what he fucks in dreamland"—is the foremost cause of jealousy and competition among women.

Too many people—both men and women—suffer tremendously from sexual ignorance fostered by constant media bombardment of unattainable fantasies. I'm not down on fantasies, either, as long as they're recognized for what they are. But magazines and books like *White Women* produce a damaging confusion of dream with reality, especially in men.

—Christine Seronello, Berkeley, Ca.

Cokum Hokum

The "California 'Caine" in your March "National Weed" doesn't leave me holding my breath for homegrown coca. Coca plants might survive about a day in the Sierras. They cannot stand temperatures below 50 degrees Fahrenheit and simply will not grow without sufficient warmth, light and moisture. Except for a few areas around San Diego, coca will not make it anywhere outside of a greenhouse in the continental United States.

It would grow in suitable regions of Puerto Rico and Hawaii. And, by the way, the beautiful Peruvian coca plants pictured in the article are a much more familiar and legal stimulant: coffee.

—Andrew Weil, Tucson, Ariz.

Vanishing Breed

I hope people don't follow the suggestion in "Peyote Bites the Dust" [*High Times*, January "Weed"] to make pilgrimages to the plant's native habitat and eat enough for a trip. There's hardly enough left now for the Mescalero, but if white men leave the sacrament to the American Indian, it won't become extinct.

There are a couple of alternatives, the

best of which is South America's San Pedro cactus—containing the same amount of mescaline per unit weight as peyote. This plant grows an inch a month, and a two- or three-inch cutting can produce a new plant. Doñana is another mescaline cactus that grows rapidly enough to be in no danger of extinction. Proper harvesting of these alternative cacti will encourage their propagation, as well as save Mescalito from extinction and preserve the native American religion. Besides, they're legal. —J. Erikson, Denver, Colo.

Joaquin Oaxacan

Here's some second-generation California sinsemilla, derived from Oaxacan seed a



couple of years ago. It's as good as any Thai weed I've ever smoked.

—Name and address withheld

Dog Abuse

My man and I were returning from Canada last fall and passed through U.S. Customs in Buffalo, N.Y. An agent found a few seeds down the back of the driver's seat and called for a full-scale search. We weren't carrying, so we rested easy while they rooted about. At one point the dog handler brought his animals forward, but when he saw the three big dogs we had with us he scratched the idea, saying his animals would smell nothing but dog.

—Marie Collinson, Mountain Lakes, N.J.

Korean Konflikt

I'll be back in the States in a few months, and I'm so happy about it I thought I'd share a few notes on being in the army in Korea. Dope is impossible to score since the new laws went into effect. But me and my buddies always have a supply that we get from an old woman who's licensed to grow hemp for rope. She saves a shopping bag full of the leaves for us every month—never even asks for money, though we give her \$50 and a bag of canned goods for it.

Even some of the noncoms in the army are getting a more enlightened view of grass these days. Remember back a few months when we almost went to war over

those two officers who got shredded in the DMZ? Well, one night at 2 A.M. our C.O. was telling us how we were on phase three Red Alert and the shit could hit the fan any minute. He told us, "I don't want nobody gettin' fuckin' drunk. I don't care if you get high, but no booze."

—O. D., Camp Humphreys, South Korea

An Ounce of Prevention, a Round of Cure

I couldn't believe my eyes when I read about Forrest "Chubby" Griggs, the Ore City father who got only five years probation for shooting his son in the head to cure his "drug addiction" (pot and Valium). Smokers of Texas, beware. Your loving parents can murder you in your sleep and the law is on their side. It's a sad state of affairs when murderers walk the street and marijuana smokers are persecuted.

I am not a pill-popping hippie or a wild-eyed drug fiend. I am a responsible housewife and mother of two active boys. It is time for all of us to demand realistic laws concerning drugs and stronger measures to deal with real crime.

—Donna J. Liebman, Glen Burnie, Md.

Smuggled Sacrament

I just wanted all those hardworking D-men, border narcs and Burroughs 7700 operators to eyeball this ton of sacrament



that made it in from Mexico-way. Compassion reigned and the gods smiled that day as they waved my two-foot colas over that narrow bridge.

—Name and address withheld

The Silent Zone: Explanation Deleted

The only thing Glenn O'Brien's February article on "The Silent Zone" did for my curiosity was stir it. It convinced me there probably is such a place somewhere in Mexico's deserts, but the only thing I learned for sure was not to take Ramón Thomassy as guide or Guillermo as driver. Why were there no photos of the purple centipedes, triangular-patterned turtles or

the mysterious Silent Zone stones? A more accurate title would have been "My Desert Ordeal—How Weird Ramon Drove Me to the Brink of Insanity."

—Gary Kiss, St. Marie's, Idaho

Bucks Bounty

The fat seeds of Hawaii's highest combined with Pennsylvania's rich Delaware Valley soil to produce some of the bicen-



ennial year's horniest headhemp. These virgin honeys were subjected to the old Mexican torture trick till the fragrant resin was oozing out of the buds.

—Name and address withheld

Jack the Tripper

Mushrooms are out of season, so to get through the winter we stocked up on some blue microdots from the Bay. They're kinda weak—we call them Blue Mellowtrons—but three are usually good for an enjoyable evening. However, my friend Jack ate 20 last night and was quietly sleeping three hours later. Jack weighs 295 pounds, so we've run into this sort of thing before. Why doesn't it affect him, and what can I do to get Jack off?

—Jersey Gib, Bellingham, Wash.

Naturally it takes more thrust to boost a hefty guy like Jack into orbit. But the naps are probably an avoidance reaction. Persons who take acid without really wanting to are sometimes able to suppress the effects completely, and sleep is one of the best ways to do it, especially if the acid is weak.

—Ed.

Dope Rustlers

George Butler's "Drugstore Cowboys" [High Times, February '77] was degrading to the professional reputations of pharmacy reapers everywhere. Only amateurs use guns. I've done 14 burglaries and five safe jobs and never been busted for one of them. Your wranglers are just in it for kicks and drugs. Not this one, baby. All the loot is

turned beforehand, except for the cocaine. That goes up the nose.

I'm in it for coke and money, but not the booster dough Butler quotes. Number 4 Dilaudids go for no more than ten dollars to my clientele; 714s, for three dollars or less. I provide a service, and I get paid well by a never-ending demand.

—H. Smedly, Flushing, N.Y.

Indiana Cropper

I could hardly stop laughing after reading Kathleen Arens's letter on "Indiana's Wild Boo Bonanza" in February's "Psycho-agriculture." The wild herb there wouldn't, to quote Cheech & Chong, "get a fly high."

As to the risk to pickers, last fall a mounted county cop shot and killed a guy trying to get away. No 30 days and a fine for him. The lady also paints the area's judges far more lenient than they actually are. And those maps often lead to someone's private garden, not leftover World War II rope crops. So listen up; that ditchweed isn't worth the bother.

—T. Woody, Bloomington, Ind.

Katzenjammer Kannabis

It's always a pleasure when a man of medicine can pass on knowledge of benefit to humankind. The classic hangover can be effectively combatted by Southeast Asian cannabis—notably Cambodian. One or two carefully bonged administrations should suffice. The sufferer should be seated first. The queasier among us may find the cure a bit formidable, but the nasty aftereffects of a night's carousing are always alleviated.

—Dr. Gonzo, Pasadena, Ca.

A Cap-Ital Letter

Just look at the four-inch cap on this specimen of Florida's finest, complete with purple rings and collar. Because many of



the fields are picked clean (few 'shroomers stick a chunk of spore cap back in the cow flop for new growth), and because troopers are hipper to this kind of trespassing, I suggest growing your own.

—Name and address withheld

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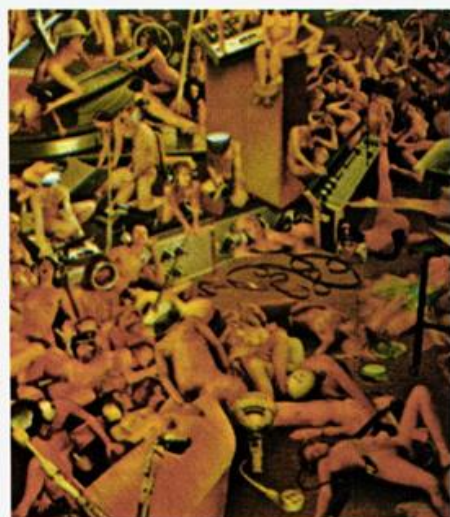
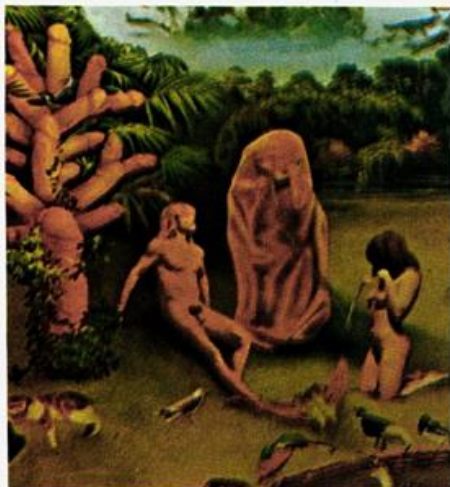
Alcoholics Hieronymous

Q: In France a few years ago I saw a terrific parody of Hieronymous Bosch's painting *The Garden of Earthly Delights*, which, as you may recall, was touted as the last word in psychedelic art during the Renaissance. In this parody, modern images were collaged into the same tableau as the original. Do you know who perpetrated this outrage and where I can get a copy of it?

—Nelson Oliver, Battle Creek, Mich.

A: His name is Jacques Brissot, and much of his work can be seen at the Galerie Kerchache in Paris.

Here, for comparison, are before-and-after details of Adam and Eve talking with God in Eden, from the left panel of *The Garden*.



Old Tampax Isn't Good Enough for You?

Q: Hemp stalks make fine paper, so how come nobody has ever put out a brand of hemp rolling papers? I'm still stalking the wild boo jay.

—Andrew Alden, Palo Alto, Ca.

A: Actually, an Italian company makes an all-grass paper that was available here in the late Sixties. It never sold well, perhaps because of poor glue or because the leaves tended to fall out of the pack. But it was superb—tough, tan, silky and “made with



a select blend of cannabis plants from our plantations in Turkey, Pakistan and India.” Here's the cover, courtesy of our nostalgia editor.

Dots and Douches

Q: I just ran into an old college roommate of mine who's in with the enema and latex crowd now. He invited me to play a game called S & M dominoes with him. I was embarrassed to let on I didn't know what it was, but afraid to try it blind. Can you give me a clue?

—DeAnne Fineal, Lanyard, Conn.

A: Afraid we've drawn a blank on this one. Unless the loser has to take the double six up the ass and balance the others on his or her nose while the winner tries to flick them off with a whip.

Schwarzenegger, You Hear Dis?

Q: I've heard that if you want to keep in shape by weightlifting you shouldn't smoke pot. Supposedly it contracts the blood vessels and makes you liable to pass out while straining in a workout. Is there any truth to this?

—K. D. E., Olney, Md.

A: If you're still pumping reefer, you'll be

glad to know that the change in pulse and blood pressure caused by smoking a doobie is no more than that caused by sitting down or standing up. You won't pass out any more than the loaded Colombian farmers who tote 200-pound bales of boo.

Still Using the Old-Fashioned Hash Pipe?

Q: I think I've come up with a terrific new concept in dope paraphernalia that would be a boon to smokers everywhere. How can I cash in on this brainstorm before somebody else thinks of it?

—G. H., Scranton, Pa.

A: Basically there are two ways to go about it. The traditional one is to raise a little dough, make your contraption and sell it yourself.

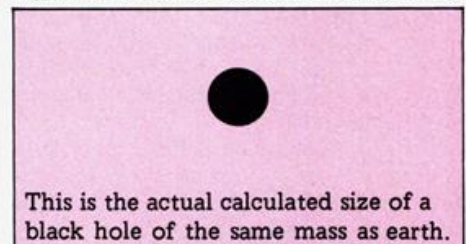
The more modern way is to sell the idea to a company that already has the means to make it work fast enough to leave the pirates in the dust. Start by contacting our advertisers, who make up the bulk of the industry. Be careful before mentioning your idea, and try for a royalty. And consult a good business attorney before signing anything.

Hole Earth

Q: A guy I work with in quality control here at the Celestial Seasonings plant called me a “black hole” the other day. I told him that that was a hell of a thing to call a guy as white as himself that had been in Nam, besides, and decked him. Later my girlfriend explained that a black hole is something in astrology, but she didn't know what. Can you help me?

—J.D., Boulder, Colo.

A: Black holes are thought to be what's left when a star burns out and dies. Stars are



mostly hydrogen, and their energy comes from atomic fusion.

As they age, the hydrogen is used up, the star shrinks and its atoms collapse. At this stage, the gravitational field grows so strong that nothing can escape its surface—not even light. What's left is a “black hole,” an invisible dot with a huge mass.

Questions on all topics will be considered for “Forum,” including all highs, sex, health, law, science and technology, music, etc. Only those of most interest can be answered. Be specific for most accurate responses. Anonymous queries are accepted. □

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Sex

By Philip Nobile

Soixante-neuf, or 69, commonly considered the Pike's Peak of sexual positioning, is anatomically unsound, if not unnatural. Despite love-manual hymns to the joy of simultaneous head-giving, the technique leaves much to be desired. Sixty-nine will always be a crowd-pleaser in bed, but it's still an ass-backwards way of getting off.

How do I mean? Demonstration is simple and instantly perceived. Imagine that your lover is kneeling over you. Each of your faces is poised near the other's privates (any top-bottom hetero or homo combination will do).

In this case, let's have a woman above and a man below. The mutual sucking begins, and groans of pleasure are heard.

Now zoom in and take a clinical look at the action. The woman's mouth engulfs the engorged cock, her tongue flicking furiously at the purplish tip. What is wrong with this picture? Something terrible. Would you finger-fuck with a catcher's mitt? Apply a vibrator to the coccyx? Then no man should have the top side of his cock tongued unless the lickster can also turn head like Linda Blair. When a woman sucks in sixty-nine she's missing the most sensitive part of the cock—the south side, just below the cleft of the glans, where the loose foreskin is attached if not previously removed by circumcision. The best blow job obtains when the woman faces the man and can put her tongue where it will do the utmost—directly on the exquisitely

excitable nerve endings of the ventral surface.

What about the woman's end of sixty-nine? Because the clitoris is the homologue of the penis and the man's tongue is similarly situated does she lose some of the fun in this horse-scaring posture? No. The head of the clitoris is so small—notwithstanding its wallop—that no one area has greater sensitivity than another. Thus lesbians can enjoy dinner for two, while it's single table for the rest of us.

Speaking of the clitoris, there is a gynecologist in Brooklyn who is performing surgical wonders on this marvelous, though often neglected, organ. Dr. Leo Wollman specializes in female circumcision. The clitoris, you see, has a foreskin, too, and it sometimes interferes with full sexual satisfaction. In a simple office procedure, Dr. Wollman snips off the excess tissue from the so-called hooded clitoris and thereby enlarges the area of stimulation. "The ideal result from a female circumcision, where it is indicated," he writes in the *Journal of the American Society of Psychosomatic Dentistry and Medicine* (vol. 20, no. 4), "is an increase in quality of the orgasm, as well as an increased rapidity in achieving this sensual result in love-making. The temporal nature of the orgasmic response is an important consideration in the goal-directed mores of our contemporary youth. As one reaches maturity, the insistence on rapid response becomes less and less."

A statistical analysis of 100 females circumcised by Dr. Wollman between 1953 and 1973 suggests overwhelming success. Ninety-two of the women, mainly housewives, secretaries, stewardesses and entertainers, reported improvement in the intensity and rapidity of sexual response, as well as the number of orgasms attained. Seven reported no change, and one woman got worse.

Frequency of intercourse rose from an average of three times a week before treat-

ment to five times afterward. Prior to circumcision, only 49 of the patients had orgasms. The postoperative number was an astounding 92.

This practically foolproof foreskinning may not be what women really want, but they deserve a choice. Unfortunately, most gynecologists prudishly shrink from doing the clitoral nip and tuck. N.B.: Female circumcision is advised, according to Dr. Wollman, only "when there is a physical hindrance to contact with the clitoris."

Positive incest experience is the best-kept secret in sexology. Kinsey discovered that well over half of his interview subjects who engaged in incestuous relations actually felt good about them. Access to Kinsey's startling data, too controversial to be released in the Forties, has been given to writer Warren Farrell. Farrell, author of *Man Liberation*, is currently doing his own research into this supposedly universal taboo and will publish a book confirming Kinsey's observations.

What possible benefit comes from sleeping with your father, mother, daughter, brother or sister? When the experience is not deranged, the benefits can be many. For example, Farrell says incest radically changes the adolescent experience. Furthermore, incest can lead to a mature, adult-oriented and loving relationship between parent and child. In such cases, the parent retains authority but expands communication. I should think so.

Farrell, of course, doesn't recommend the practice, which secretly appears to involve about ten percent of the population. But his forthcoming study should bring on a fair number of Oedipal and Electral urges.

For literary expression of positive incest, see Edith Wharton's long suppressed short-story fragment in the appendix to R. W. B. Lewis's recent biography of her. The following passage describes a delightful father-daughter encounter:

"My little girl," he breathed, sinking down beside her, his muscular trunk bare, and the third hand quivering and thrusting upward between them, a drop of moisture pearling at its tip.

She instantly understood the reminder that his words conveyed. Letting herself downward along the divan until her head was in a line with his middle, she flung herself upon the swelling member and began to caress it insinuatingly with her tongue. It was the first time she had ever seen it actually exposed to her eyes, and her heart swelled excitedly: to have her touch confirmed by sight enriched the sensation that was communicating itself through her ardent twisting tongue. With panting breath she wound her caress deeper and deeper into the thick firm folds, till at length the member, thrusting her lips open, held her gasping, as if at its mercy; then, in a trice, it was withdrawn, her knees were pressed apart, and she saw it before her, above her, like a crimson flash, and at last, sinking backward into new abysses of bliss, felt it descend on her, press open the secret gates, and plunge into the deepest depths of her thirsting body. . . .



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Media

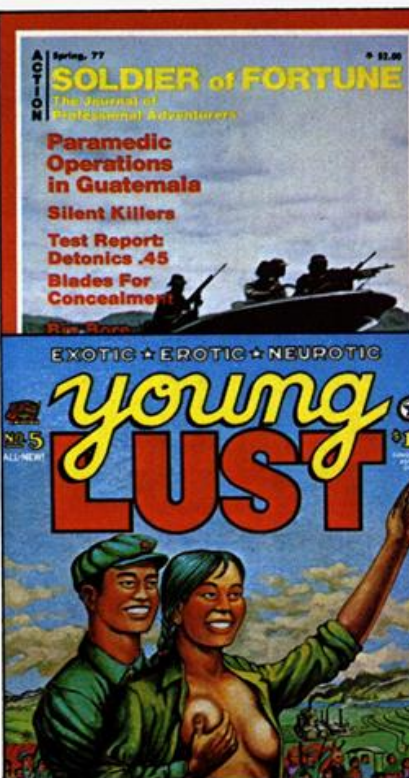
By Gilbert Choate

The first thing you learn in the elite corps of the drinking press is how to turn beer into piss. Six reporters who can learn that can turn a peanut farmer into a president. The next trick is to turn information into words, words into money, money into beer. As you go on, you learn to simplify, simplify. The best shortcut anyone's ever found is to turn other people's words into money. Any kid in America can grow up to be a media critic, but only the strong survive. If you want to be an alcoholic you have to take a drink.

In this column and columns to come, you'll discover literally hundreds of offbeat publications that almost no one has ever heard of, yet so much fun that even you can learn to read them. We'll also cover obscure, remote but eminently rewarding videotape, progressive-FM and vinyl phenomena and other "media" guaranteed to turn you on, tell you something you didn't know and make a better person of you. I'm your guide, Gilbert Choate. Some call me "Deep Choate," because I print all the news that's fit to drink. You can call me Bwana.

Let's talk about sex. There are two approaches, basically, to publishing men's magazines today, two underlying sets of assumptions your pornzine will adopt in order to engineer the desired responses of its readers. Mark Zussman, editor of *Oui*, describes the two as the schism between the "sexual revolution militant" and the "sexual revolution won"—characterizing *Playboy* and *Oui*, respectively. Thus *Playboy* takes the position, as it has throughout its existence, that sexual freedom is a political civil-rights issue or cause, which its readers fight for by buying the magazine, while *Oui* editors are free to assume that their readers take the sexual revolution for granted and that they can participate in all the liberated positions and blowjobs of the postrevolutionary epoch by the same means: buying the magazine.

The crypto-Marxist underground cartoonists who've been publishing the *Young Lust* comic book for the last six years don't think you can "win" a sexual revolution under any circumstances, because, if I read them aright, frustration and a certain amount of repression are part and parcel of the human condition. They go with the territory, as the traveling salesman said, "Do you suffer from... a taste for whatever is the latest sexual 'fad'... a general deadening of your sex drive... an



addiction to artificial stimulants... runny nose... a tendency to wear tight clothes... a cynical attitude which covers for suicidal despair... an overvaluation of sensory pleasure?" ask the editors. Then, say the editors of *Young Lust*, you suffer from "sex jag" and badly need a dose of their magazine, which you can buy for \$1.00 from Last Gasp, P.O.B. 212, Berkeley, Ca. 94701.

Young Lust has been one of the best-selling underground comix since it first appeared in 1970. Now up to issue No. 5, editors Bill Griffith (see his "Reality, Perception and Donuts" in *High Times*, September 1976) and Jay Kinney have advanced from nostalgic parody of the unchanging and eternal teenage girl romance comics of all our youth to a complex satire on consumer sex. The stories in *Young Lust* 5 concern the pitiful conditions of sex objects in massage parlors and cigarette ads. The cover story, "Red Guard Romance," depicts sex in the People's Republic and suggests that mass-line Socialist-Realist relationships are as phony as the allegedly uninhibited lives of *Oui* models. Anyway, *Young Lust* is one of the funniest, best-drawn underground comix still around.

Let's talk about violence. Last year's most exciting "media trend" was embodied by *Soldier of Fortune*, a paramilitary trade journal for mercenaries, celebrating the joy of killing for money in South Africa, Angola, South America and other trouble spots. *Soldier's* success has inspired a number of other gun-freak magazines to come out of the closet, among them *Sensational Intelligence Newsletter*, which describes "trends in international violence," at \$3.00 from Morizone, Box 67, St. Charles, Mo. 63301; *Top Se-*



curity magazine, the journal of "theory/practice/latest equipment," at \$15 per year from 293 Kingston Road, Leatherhead, Surrey KT22 7NJ, England; and *Search and Destroy*, "the only magazine directly related to the humanitarian effort," at \$7.00 per year from Box 153B, Montrose, Ca. 91020. The pick of the crop, however, is *Vigilante* (The Magazine of Personal Security)—as patriotic a pulp as ever was printed. Searching, insightful arguments for capital punishment are presented here alongside reviews of the latest handguns. And don't take any bomb threats until you read *Vigilante's* article on "How to Search for a Bomb." Only \$8.00 a year from *Vigilante*, Box 31085, Phoenix, Ariz. 85046. *Vigilante* is the perfect gift for grads and dads.

Let's talk about culture. Magazines reflecting specific cultural milieus are generally intended to gain their writers and editors entree to and status among the art worlds of which they write but have no particular facility for themselves. Movie magazines, for example, get film-major undergraduates into studio screenings for free. Thus Craig Silver and Harry Wasserman of New York City have cleverly published the first issue of *Image*, The Magazine of Visionaries, which is designed to bring them the maximum amount of free screenings, books, records, concert tickets and press party invitations that Gotham press agents dole out every year. Featuring inside stuff on Marlon Brando's new Superman pic and Dada poet Man Ray and transvestite superstar Divine, Vol. 1, No. 1 is a good guide to what you're missing. It's a fine on-the-scene 'zine, and you can get a copy by sending \$5 for ten issues to *Image*, 7 Second Ave., New York, N.Y. 10003. ☐

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·HIGH· Society

After six years of self-exile, author/theorist/gunslinger **Valerie Solanas** is back on the set. The author of the famed SCUM (Society to Cut Up Men) Manifesto disappeared in Greenwich Village after a three-year stretch in New York's Matteawan State Hospital for pumping Andy Warhol full of lead because he was a male chauvinist pig. But now her numerous political and cultural enemies seem ready to accept her back in the fold. Indeed, a recent series of letters to the editors of New York's women's magazine *Majority Report*,



Valerie Solanas decides the pen is mightier than the pistol.

claiming to be from "SCUM's male auxiliary," charge that much current feminist theory is merely a Seventies' repackaging of her curious ideas. Valerie's first project, she says, "is to dispel the notion that I am a self-promoter and that everything I do is designed to get me publicity." To that end she is hard at work on a book with the proposed title *Valerie Solanas*.

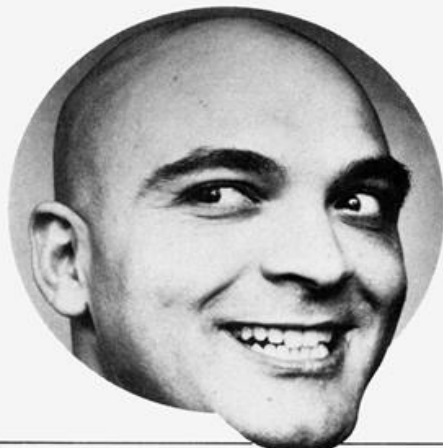
Another exile being heard from again is country musician **Jesse Winchester**, on his way to fame and fortune until the army called his name for duty in Vietnam in 1967. The 33-year-old singer/songwriter hotfooted it for Montreal and stayed there until just recently. Winch, who changed his citizenship, did not qualify for Jimmy Carter's pardon, but power in the right places came to his rescue. Friend and promoter Barry Bozeman, a man with political connections that range from Tennessee Democratic Party Executive Direc-



Jimmy Carter-repatriated bluesman Jesse Winchester.

tor Bill Owen to rock tycoon/kingmaker Phil Walden, convinced Carter pals that the president ought to consider Jesse "as an honorable symbol of the returning draft resister." Winchester's five albums were sent to Carter and his associates, including Hamilton Jordan and Charles Kirbo. Carter or someone close to him—no one is saying—okayed the repatriation and even invited Winchester to the Inaugural Ball with the promise that he would not be arrested. Winchester chose to wait until now to make his return, and a new album and a tour will follow shortly.

Comedian **Chris Rush**, usually all smiles, has been regarding his karmic account with acerbity lately, following an unprogrammed pratfall. Seems the dope joker endeavored to help "a feeble, helpless, little old lady" cross a slippery New York street after a late-spring snowstorm. Rush slipped and fell, spraining his hip, and required medical attention. He was soon back on his feet and running from coffee shop to college with his unique strain of high humor. His many benefits for NORML have made Rush to decrim what Jerry Lewis is to muscular dystrophy, and crowds are packing the houses lately.



High-humored Chris Rush finds bald-headed men not so lucky, after all.

Another falling star is crude-schtick maestro **Patti Smith**, whose cavortings during a show in Tampa propelled her over the edge to a concrete floor six feet below. Patti broke her sixth and seventh vertebrae. "I felt like I was inside *Their Satanic Majesties' Request*," Patti says of the fall, "and I just wanted to get the fuck back on stage." She is presently working at New York's Nautilus Sports-Medical Clinic—Olympic, NFL and pro hockey turf where "they work you till you throw up." Patti and her band have been through "a lotta bad luck," she admits, including a ban on her music on many radio stations after she said "fuck" during a Harry Chapin hungerthon on New York's WNEW. She calls herself "an enlightened rapist." The Patti popularity will be the subject of *Babel*, a Putnam hardback to be published this fall.



Superpunk Patti after dive.

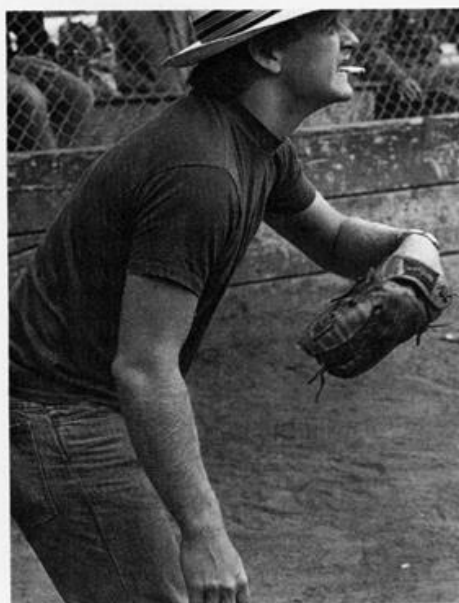
During the peak of the Sixties psychoculture, when a shrink was as much a status symbol as a second car, a certain Napoleon XV cut a disc poking fun at the psychotom. "They're Coming to Take Me Away, Ha Ha" so enraged the gilded shrinks that they moved their lobbying and publicity machinery against the song, eventually driving it off the air—but not until **Jerry Samuels** had made his bucks and had a few good laughs. Another grab for the charts failed, leaving to posterity his "I Owe a Lot to Iowa Pot." Now Samuels, of Philadelphia, has pulled another coup, claiming title to the first patented paraphernalia device, a roach clip. U.S. Government No. 243,346 went to the roach clip in the shape of a six-pointed star, making it, according to Jerry, the first such device to be legally patented for an admittedly illegal intention.



Buffalo Bob: from tykes to tokers.

And speaking of yesterday's oatmeal, wasn't that **Buffalo Bob** riding the range again? It sure was, gang. He's back in the producer's saddle with **Howdy Doody**, and wearing the good-guy hat in the feature film *The Solid Gold Show*, opening later this month. Doodyville has been prospering on the 100-plus local shows that subscribe to the Miami-based series, turning a whole new generation of Twinkie

eaters onto the seltzer-bottle frenzies of Clarabelle, Chief Thunderhud, Phineas T. Bluster, et al. And what does B.B. think of his former TV wards who have given up Wonder Bread for wonder weed? "I meet people everywhere who watched me and Howdy from the time we went on the air in 1948 until we closed in 1960. A lot of them tell me they smoke marijuana now. How can I argue with such bright kids?"



Dave Patrick

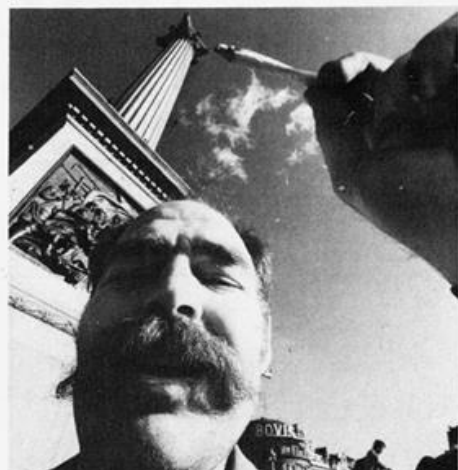
Musician - turned - actor - turned - musician **Martin Mull** heading for big league.

Look for the publicity blitz on **Martin Mull** now that he's back on "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman" and, in fact, may be directing the show in the not-too-distant future, according to sources on the inside. Martin first achieved notoriety with a couple of weird albums and has recently recorded a couple more.

He may have left his heart in San Francisco, but **Jann Wenner's** wallet is in the Big Apple, along with his stereo, slippers and Rolling Stone collection. Wonderkid Wenner, after a prolonged search for suitable digs in Fear City, has settled at last on the Upper East Side—66th Street, to be exact—ending rumors that the long-delayed cross-country move by RS was being reconsidered. Wenner's been coast-hopping in a reorganizational frenzy for some months, but now the word is out: Rolling Stone's first New York edition will roll off the presses in late July, natural calamities notwithstanding. The move was prompted after Wenner and other RS cheeses decided that San Francisco's counterculture heyday was over and the city had "returned to a sleepy backwater."



Jann Wenner escapes backwater to Big Apple.



Yoshi Imanura

Tony Read brandishes joint beneath Lord Nelson's column.

Two years in stir didn't take the wind out of **Tony Read's** sails. Each Friday he can be found huffing and puffing on his, and everybody's, fave illegal vegetable beneath Nelson's column in London's Trafalgar Square. Read spent two years in an Algerian slammer for cannabis smuggling and now wants to see the laws changed in his homeland. The Friday smoke-ins have become *de rigueur* for the jaded limeys, particularly with warm weather and thinning fog. The bobbies have so far proved tolerant, making Read optimistic that his latter-day hootenannies will multiply.



Michael Chance

Christie Hefner at NORML confab... publishing empress?

Look for **Christie Hefner** to put out a women's magazine sometime soon. Though she wouldn't go into details with the *High Times* reporter she confided to, the twenty-ish scion of Playboy czar **Hugh Hefner**, now editorially assisting the flagship in Chicago, said she was waiting to learn more of the ropes. ☐

Michael Chance

Tokes to Sue Green & H. Wasserman.

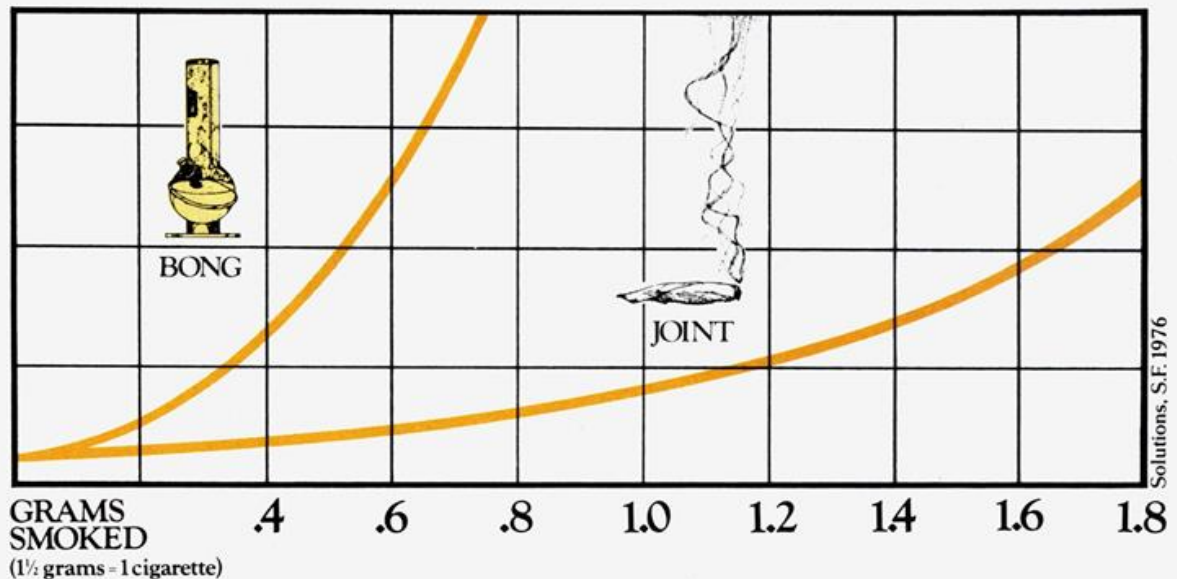
BONGED vs. ROLLED

wasted

ripped

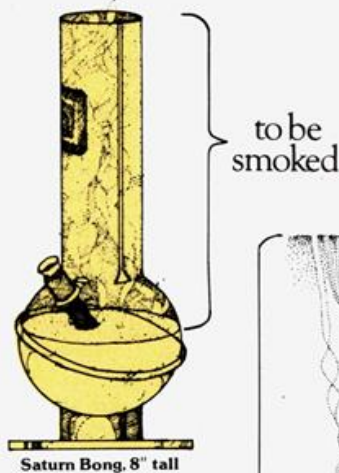
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Fed Decrim Hearings a Sham

By Stuart Levitan

For the fourth year in a row, the charade of congressional response to antiquated pot laws has been acted out in Washington. Keith Stroup, director of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML), New York Senator Jacob Javits, Tennessee Representative Robin Beard and L.A. Police Chief Ed Davis are some of the players in the latest series of hollow gestures toward liberalizing pot laws on the national level.

Decrim bills have been before the Congress for the last four years, but Health Subcommittee Chairman Paul Rogers, Florida, has consistently refused to consider them. Instead, in a deliberate attempt to duck the decrim issue, he has passed the bill onto the Select Committee on Narcotics and Drug Abuse, which has virtually no legislative authority. "It appears Congress will have been spared yet another year from having to vote on an issue they apparently consider too hot to handle," one witness noted wryly. The only concrete result of the hearings was Peter Bourne's announcement of the Carter administration policy on marijuana decrim.

Several panel members seemed driven by false impressions and showed no overt signs of wishing to jettison their prejudices. One member erroneously stated that traffic citations carried criminal implications; another falsely accused Peter Bourne of favoring the legalization of pot; another said that studies show that smoking pot leads to shooting heroin.

The session's highlight came when Bourne, the new head of President Carter's Office of Drug Abuse, told the committee that marijuana "probably does not pose an immediate substantial health hazard to the individual," and that simple possession should be legalized.

"Criminal penalties that brand otherwise law-abiding people for life are neither an effective nor an appropriate deterrent," said Bourne. In his capacity as presidential adviser on drug abuse, Bourne reflects the official Carter administration policy on pot.

Ed Davis, chief of the Los Angeles Police Department, had a different view. Pot heads experience "a loss of will and conscious control," he said, and they easily "slide into experiencing the variety of sensations that multiple drug-use produces."

Davis, who once advocated the public execution of skyjackers, described *High Times* as "slick, well-financed commercialism in-

tended to entice, beguile, legitimize and thereby initiate others to the drug market." He also said he could not imagine "anything more intellectually dishonest, hyp-

ocritical and disastrous for the future of the nation" than decrim.

Stroup laughed off Davis's utterings and told the committee that our federal system could not

tolerate congressional laws against private toking. "Why don't you just back out altogether?" he suggested to the committee. "The rest will take care of itself."



Mathea Falco (left), science adviser to the secretary of state, took a cautious approach to pot at House hearings. Peter Bourne (right) clarified the Carter pot policy.

Wide World

Mex-U.S. Con Swap Doomed

A byzantine bureaucratic process that could take years to complete is holding up the long-awaited prisoner-exchange treaty between the U.S. and Mexico.

After months of blaming Mexico for failure to ratify the exchange treaty, the U.S. now turns out to be responsible for the delay. The prisoner treaty has been approved by the Mexican Congress and President Jimmy Carter has sent it to the U.S. Senate, but the low priority given the treaty, and ignorance of its status by several agencies supposedly handling it, indicate the agreement may never get out of committee, if, indeed, it ever gets in.

Robert Barton of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee told *High Times*, "We have received the treaty and analyzed it and now we are waiting for the Justice Department to complete work on the implementing legislation, which will probably be handled by the Judiciary Committee. Once the implementing legislation has been received by the Congress, we can proceed with the hearings."

In response to questions about the treaty, the Justice Department at first reported that "no one here knows about anyone writing legislation for the treaty," but after two days of searching they discovered the legislation was being drafted by Bill Kenney, an attorney in the Department's Crimi-

nal Division. "I'm working on it," said Kenney, who explained his draft would have to meander through several other executive offices before being shipped up to Capitol Hill.

"Since we are amending the criminal code, this legislation should almost automatically go to the Judiciary Committee, but the parliamentarian might send it to another committee, or maybe two committees might hold joint sessions," said Kenney.

Kenney admitted he didn't know which committee would end up with his draft. "No one can tell you what Congress is going to do," he said. "I just prepare the draft and send it through channels."

No matter which committees

hold hearings on the legislation, both the House and Senate will first have to pass the implementing legislation before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee holds hearings on the actual prisoner-exchange treaty. If the Foreign Relations Committee accepts the treaty, which is almost certain, it will then be sent on to the full Senate for final ratification.

All of this is expected to take considerable time, while American prisoners wait anxiously in Mexican jails. "To some people this is the most important thing in front of Congress," said Professor Detlev Vagts, who helped write the treaty for the State Department, "but there is a lot of stuff up there, including the arms lim-

NYPD Makes Liar of D.A.

The New York Police Department has once again made a liar of the district attorney's office by breaking last year's record for pot busts. Bicentennial-year statistics released by the department show that although misdemeanor arrests as a whole dropped 1.3 percent, they jumped for dope by 16 percent. Almost half the dope misdemeanors were for pot and hash.

The New York district attorney has repeatedly stated that marijuana busts would be deemphasized. Captain James Hennessy of the Manhattan South Narcotics Squad was reported as saying, "Marijuana is our lowest priority. Arresting these dealers is costing the city money and accomplishing very little. The courts are overcrowded now, and the judges and district attorney don't want to handle marijuana cases."

itation and ratification of an antigenocide treaty, which will probably be considered before the prisoner-exchange treaty."

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Operation Condor Offensive Peaks

The toll of deaths and seizures continues to rise dramatically in the Mexican dope war as the harvest reaches fever pitch. In the latest military forays, more than 80 tons of marijuana were torched, and more than 500 acres of opium poppies were sprayed with herbicide. Farmers and the "Culiacán mafiosi" continue to battle fiercely. More than a score of deaths have been reported in recent weeks.

As "Operation Condor" enters its second six months, Mexican authorities are crowing about its success. More than \$1.2 million in cocaine and heroin and 563 tons of weed have been seized, according to Dr. Alejandro Gertz, head of the elite squad of 240 Mexican narcs spearheading the 15,000 troops battling dopers. In addition to the seizures, another 14,450 acres of poppy plantings and 13,800 acres of marijuana have been destroyed. So far, 5,022 people have been arrested, including 416 foreigners—mostly Americans.

In one recent development, Mexican army and police sources claimed that a 16-man patrol fought a pitched battle with an entire hamlet of 240 near Santiago de los Caballeros. Twelve people, including one soldier, were killed. Soldiers searching the village after the shoot-out also found a hidden airstrip where 16 pick-up trucks and two airplanes were hidden. Also seized were 7 tons of weed, 22 pounds of opium gum and hydraulic presses for making marijuana bricks.

Mexican authorities pointed to the armaments—74 automatic rifles, 27 pistols and more than 2,000 rounds of ammunition—as evidence that "foreign agents" are supplying weapons for the dope war. The weapons included Red Chinese assault rifles, U.S. M-16s and seven AK47 Kalashnikov automatic assault rifles.

Hundreds of people have died in the execution of Operation Condor. The U.S., which has

pumped \$1.2 million in direct aid to the venture, over three dozen airplanes and helicopters and \$40 million in DEA aid, has so far refused to address the sticky foreign policy questions. There is no indication of when the operation will end.



Herbicide warfare of Operation Condor has reduced almost half a million acres to wasteland.

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FBI Files Dub Fems Fatal

Thousands of documents being released to women's groups suing under the Freedom of Information Act show the government put amazing time and energy into keeping tabs on the feminist movement. The bulk of the files released so far cover the period 1969-73, but sources inside the women's movement expect to find even more extensive surveillance of feminists in recent years by the FBI and other government agencies.

Feminists knew Big Brother was watching them as early as 1969, when the FBI told the New York Times that 500 trained persons had been sent to infiltrate the women's movement. The files released to date include thousands of names of individuals, many of them marked for cross-filing, while thousands of other names, including those of the bureau's informers, were deleted. Inter-agency correspondence in the files outlines a wide range of reasons for snooping on the women's liberation movement:

- The fear that feminists might be taking orders from new- and old-

Left organizations, such as the Communist Party, the Black Panther Party and Students for a Democratic Society.

- The fear that women would attempt to obtain equality not through the system but through violence.

- The fear that the movement was a "threat to the internal security of the United States" (according to a memo from J. Edgar Hoover).

- The possibility of using the movement to disrupt the Left, which was perceived as particularly vulnerable to feminist criticism.

Among the revelations of the 1,377 pages of documents released are the problems the all-male bureau had in gathering information on feminists.

Agents sent out to assess the subversive ideology and potential for violence of women's groups were continually distracted:

- A Seattle agent confidentially reported to headquarters that of the women attending a 1970 conference in Eugene, Oregon, "most . . . were very colorfully

dressed, but the majority wore faded bluejeans." He deduced that "most seemed to be making a real attempt to be unattractive."

- An informer's report on a 1970 meeting included the observation that "some homosexual delegates in attendance openly expressed

their tendencies, in public."

- The Boston office told J. Edgar Hoover that during one early demonstration, "male onlookers were diverted to a nearby fountain which had been taken over by female bathers." There was little else in his report.

"Voice" Ad Lures Turkeys

New York's Village Voice, notorious for its ignorance of high culture even before selling out to Rupert Murdoch, recently published an advertisement that read: "MARIJUANA cannot be sold through the mail, but GRASS can; Homegrown Grass; First Time Ever Sold Publicly; 1/2 oz bag, \$5.00!"

Despite the clever semantics, of course, the grass was the common garden variety: Kentucky Blue. Attorney General Louis Lefkowitz, unamused, tracked down the con artist, Carole Corbo of Port Washington, Long Island, and pressured her to retract the ad and pay the state \$100 for their expenses.

The Voice remained mute about the affair, but one seasoned media observer noted, "A hype like that would obviously work on Voice readers more than on anyone else."

To Our Readers

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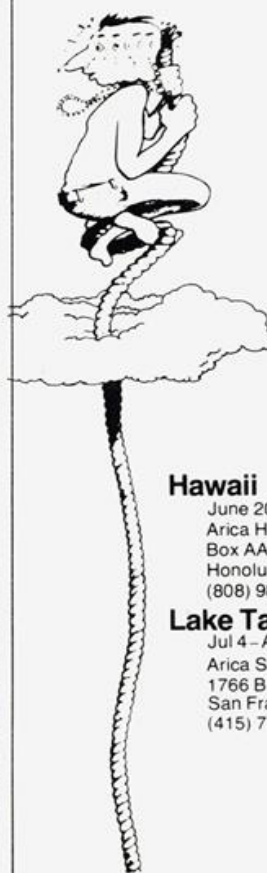
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Argentine Group Charges CIA/DEA Intrigue

The Argentine Commission for Human Rights (ACHR) is charging the U.S. government with using its war against drugs as a disguise for anticommunist foreign policy programs. Specifically, the group claims that the DEA and the International Narcotics Control (INC) program have been used to siphon money to support Argentina and other South American dictatorships since the early 1970s. The ACHR is a procommunist group based in Washington, D.C.

Figures show U.S. aid abroad through the INC rising from \$2.2 million in 1972 to \$12.5 million in 1974, much of the funds going to South America—particularly Argentina. Though no expenditures were made in 1976 and 1977 and none are planned for 1978, there is "continued expenditure of funds already approved." The group notes, "This jump corresponds almost exactly to the decrease in general police assistance that took place when Congress abolished the Office of Public Safety program, which fell into disrepute with revelations of its role in financing the infamous tiger cages in South Vietnam."

Though there has been little work done by U.S. drug agencies since 1974 in Argentina, the group points to the announcement early this year of a new Argentine, South American and U.S. treaty as a sign that a continental political police force is in the making. They quote Argentina's Foreign Minister César Guzzetti as saying the drug problem would be attacked

on two fronts: "its body, through the war against the guerrillas, and its spirit, through the war against the drug traffic—both carriers of nihilistic and collectivist ideas."

Also quoted is former Argentine Minister of Social Welfare José López Rega, who said in 1974, "We hope to wipe out the drug traffic in Argentina. We have caught guerrillas after attacks who

were high on drugs. Guerrillas are the main users of drugs in Argentina. Therefore, the antidrug campaign will automatically be an antiguerrilla campaign as well."

In Washington, a spokesman for the State Department said that the U.S. was not a signatory to this new treaty, although an "observer" from the U.S. embassy in Buenos Aires may have attended.

Illinois Judge Favors Coke

A Springfield, Illinois, district court judge has thrown out his state's cocaine laws, stating that "if people are thrown in jail for using cocaine, then people should be thrown in jail for using coffee, tobacco or alcohol." Springfield County Judge George P. Coutrakon declared Illinois' classification of coke as a narcotic warranting harsh punishment unconstitutional in light of "proven medical evidence" to the contrary—and Julian "Babe" Gabriel, 28, before the bench on a charge of sale and delivery, walked from the courtroom a free man.

Coutrakon's decision is the third strike against state cocaine laws, virtually all of which label it a narcotic. Late last year a Roxbury, Massachusetts, district court judge declared cocaine "an acceptable recreational drug," and an Alaskan judge currently considering his state's coke laws is expected by most observers to rule them unconstitutional.



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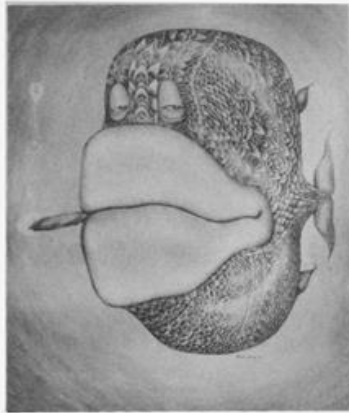
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Chip Off Block for Pot

Chip Carter has declined to testify for marijuana decriminalization following advice by Presidential Assistant Hamilton Jordan that it was "not a good use of Chip's time." The decision triggered a broadside of accusations by marijuana advocates that the Carter administration is backing off on promises to ease pot laws.

"Is this the same Chip Carter who repeatedly endorsed marijuana decriminalization throughout the campaign, who admits having been a smoker himself in the past, whose older brother Jack was busted for marijuana smoking and discharged from the navy for it in 1970 and whose younger brother Steve also admits to marijuana smoking in the past?" asked NORML (National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws) Director Keith Stroup.

Stroup had earlier contacted Dr. Peter Bourne, Carter's adviser on drugs, with the suggestion that Chip be asked to make a couple of appearances before state legislative committees to reiterate his father's earlier endorsement of decrim. Bourne "agreed this would offer an appropriate way for the new administration to assist in the nationwide decriminalization effort," according to Stroup.

The younger Carter said that he would be anxious to do what he could to help, as long as his travel expenses were reimbursed and he could get Jordan's approval.

"Therein came the problem," Stroup complains.

Although it is not clear whether Carter himself ordered Chip to scuttle the plans, Rick Hutto, Carter's appointments secretary, said, "I haven't talked to the president, but I think he must have told Chip he didn't want him running around the country testifying for decriminalization." Carter is on record as saying during his campaign, "I am in favor of decriminalization for small amounts of marijuana and am watching very closely recent programs to decriminalize possession."

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Chemical Warfare Alive and Well in USA

By Michelle Schachere

An investigation by *High Times* into the accidental gassing of an army specialist with the hallucinogenic gas BZ has determined not only that massive stockpiles exist—in violation of the Geneva Agreements, to which the U.S. is a signatory—but also that the “harmless, humane” riot gas is a potential killer. The army specialist exposed to the gas has suffered severe aftereffects, including possible permanent nerve damage.

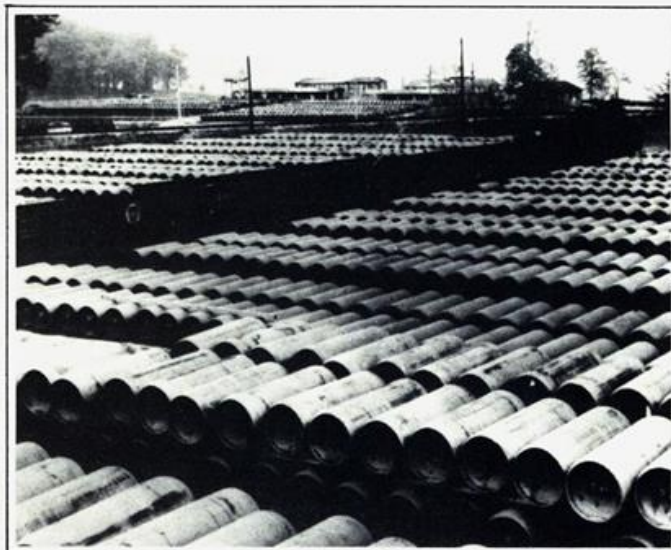
Although BZ(3-quinuclidinyl benzilate) is banned from international warfare by a Geneva Conference treaty and a presidential order, it remains available for use “if deemed necessary,” a term that includes cases of “domestic conflict.” With sufficient exposure, BZ is lethal.

Specialist Ronald E. Mutchko was released from the Fitzsimmons Army Hospital in Denver, Colorado, where he suffered a four-day bout with BZ during which he hallucinated a “two-lane highway with two trucks as a four-lane highway with four trucks, black rats, flying saucers and an EKG machine as his fiancée.” He also suffered slurred speech, lethargy, narcolepsy and complete disorientation. Convulsions occurred in his lower right leg, and both legs hurt from the thighs down. Since his release he has experienced recurring flashbacks. Doctors informed him that had his exposure been any greater it would have killed him.

Mutchko “got bit” at the Dugway Proving Grounds in Dugway, Utah, an army testing base for munitions. Although not authorized to either identify or demilitarize BZ-filled canisters, his superior ordered him to do so.

About an hour after he finished work, Mutchko started to feel sick. A friend, recognizing the symptoms, took him to the army health clinic.

Though army physicians say there was no organic damage, Mutchko still suffers a slowness of reaction in his lower right leg (the doctors say this should correct itself, but they don’t say when), forgetfulness and a tendency to drop things (characteristics he



1,000-pound drums of “humane warfare” chemicals lie in wait at Dugway Proving Grounds, Utah.

Wide World

never demonstrated prior to the accident). There are times when he feels like the ground beneath him is shaking. Authorities have refused to make public his medical records.

The army’s secrecy surrounding BZ is nothing new. Developed by the army in the 1950s, BZ was part of a so-called humane warfare program.

The incapacitating agents that resulted, including nerve gases, are derivatives of Nazi military research. All, though described as nonlethal, can kill when exposure occurs in only slight excess of the dosage needed for incapacitation.

Although the army denies use of agent BZ in warfare, in March 1966 Pierre Darcourt of the French magazine *L’Express* reported an attack in Vietnam by the First Airmobile Division involving BZ-filled hand grenades. Darcourt said only 100 guerrillas of the 350-500 man Viet Cong force escaped the attack after exposure to the chemical. Despite confirmation by the International Red Cross and the United Nations, the army still denies the report.

In 1975, the Washington Post reported that the army had given 2,490 volunteer civilians and servicemen “a drug whose hallucinogenic effects can be far more powerful than LSD” in its Edgewood Arsenal drug tests of the 1960s. Though the volunteers knew they would be involved in drug experiments, they were not informed about specifics, “because it could affect their reac-

tion.” The Post also reported that an army spokesman had “confirmed the stockpiles of the drug and said the army is cleared to use it in situations such as civilian riots, protection of military combat areas and military rescue missions.” As a result of the Post’s story, a Senate investigation and a medical follow-up on the volunteers were ordered.

The army’s multimillion-dollar chemical program was brought to a legal halt when former President Gerald Ford signed the Geneva Protocol, 50 years after its conception, which bans the development, production or stockpiling of biological or toxic weapons. No country is permitted to initiate the use of chemical weapons in an attack, but each reserves the right to retaliate if such an attack does occur. However, the ban does not include riot-control agents, under which BZ is listed, and to date a president may approve its use in a domestic situation.

Though the army claims that the entire stock of BZ will be destroyed, the BZ stockpile stays untouched in Abordine, Maryland, just outside Baltimore and only 45 miles from Washington, D.C. And despite claims that the army is neither producing new chemicals nor replacing old ones, the Edgewood Arsenal Base, site of the “volunteer drug experiments” and now the army’s Center for Biological and Medical Research, has a full staff of doctors and scientists researching chemical and biological weapons.



National Guard, shown with gasoline-powered tear gas machine in Madison, Wisconsin, can use BZ in “domestic riot” situations, although it is illegal for international warfare. The gas may cause permanent nerve damage.

Associated Press

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Gardening

Antiseeding Crossbreeding

A friend of ours from Fresno, California, theorized a breeding method for effortless sinsemilla. If it works, you could grow seedless without squinting to get *all* the hermaphrodite male flowers.

First, double the normal (diploid) chromosome count to the tetraploid with colchicine. Remember, probably less than one percent of the seeds treated will sprout into tetraploids. Also, *first-generation* plants grown from colchicine-treated seeds may not be safe to smoke. (Colchicine is a known carcinogen, though at low doses it is sometimes used for gout.) Later generations would be safe, however.

Crossbreeding the tetraploid plants with normal diploids should produce a triploid, a plant having one and a half times the normal number of chromosomes. Since the pollen of many triploid hybrids is sterile, this method may give you a genetic vasectomy that's just right for growing sinsemilla.

Heap Good Medicine

Nature began the first compost pile about 400 million years ago when the first green land plants died. They have since become coal, but that's another story. Fallen leaves on the forest floor and dead grass on the prairie become compost as bacteria digest them into humus, but man and woman have learned how to accelerate the process. Composting provides a sensible answer to two of a gardener's foremost questions: where to find a cheap, nutritious organic fertilizer and how to dispose of rubbish.

To create a compost heap, five elements are essential: organic material, preferably in the ratio of five parts plants to one part animal manure; bacteria and fungi, already present in soil and organic wastes; nitrogen, in the form of a fertilizer such as cottonseed, soybean or blood meal; and water and oxygen. The pile should be moist—but not soggy—and porous enough for the bacteria to breathe.

To start, turn over a layer of fresh soil. Add 6 to 12 inches of leaves, weeds, grass clippings or vegetable trimmings. Then add a sprinkling of fertilizer. If the plant material is mostly leaves, add lime or wood ash to prevent excess acidity.

Repeat the layering process until the

heap is four feet high. It can be any length, but not more than four feet wide. These are the right dimensions to give the bacteria a proper environment for growth. The pile must be big enough to be self-insulating (inside temperatures will reach 130 to 150 degrees Fahrenheit) and small enough so the weight of upper layers doesn't prevent air from reaching the center. Finish it off with a layer of fresh soil.

Compost normally takes three or four months to age. It must be turned with a spade or pitchfork about once a week at first, then once a month, to assure aeration. During a hot summer it can be matured in a few weeks by grinding or shredding the materials finely and spading it every day.

Compost is ready to use when it's dark brown and crumbly. Many gardeners simply pass it through a one-half-inch screen and put the chunks that don't pass back on the pile for further digestion. To use, simply shovel a couple of inches onto the soil. It can be left on top as a mulch or dug in as fertilizer.

The Wizards of Ozark

The hinterland harvest pictured here happened because of the tenacity of two Arkansas farmers who took a year just locating the most inaccessible piece of Ozark Mountain real estate they could find. It was over an hour's hike past the dead end of a godforsaken, century-old logging road, straight down a mountain-side. They made the arduous trek down



(and up) scores of times last summer, toting chain saws, shovels, pruning shears, backpacks and suitcases full of their precious seedlings. They coaxed a friend's horse down there with hundreds of pounds of lime and fertilizer. During a late summer drought, they hefted 50-pound buckets of water up an embankment from a not-so-nearby stream, swatting skeeters, ticks and chiggers all the way.

What's more, they managed to get all the male plants and hermaphrodite male flowers before pollenfall, turning autumn into sinsemilla season. The rewards? What you see is what they and their friends got—light, resinous, pine-scented, supremo seedless, some of which they sold for a righteous \$600 a pound (four overstuffed one-gallon Ziplock bags).

Frigid Farmacology

Northerners who try to squeeze a pot crop out of their three-month growing season often wind up with immature four-foot specimens that have produced no flowers or resin by the time the frost kills them. Here are a few hints that will work equally well for other plants.

Start seedlings indoors in March or April, then move them outdoors whenever



the danger of frost is past. There are several ways to sprout seeds—in small clay pots with soil from the future growing area, to minimize transplanting shock, or in peat pots available from any gardening store. When dry they look like Oreo cookies, but when you soak them in water they swell up into little seed starters. Trouble is, they require constant attention to keep them from either drying out or getting too soggy. Either extreme will kill the tender shoots.

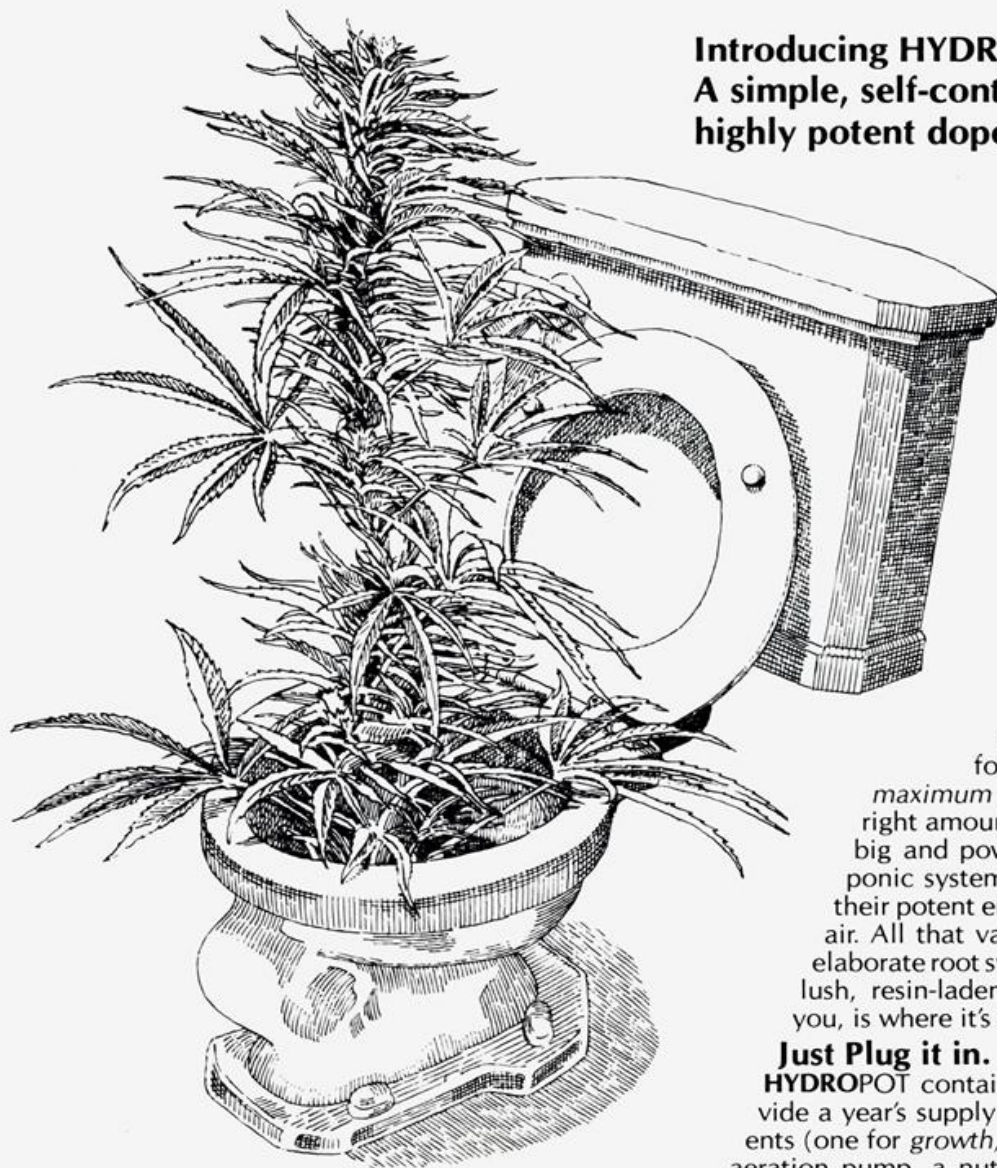
Another way is to fill a water glass with Kleenex or paper towels, dampen them and place the seeds between the paper and the side of the glass. Cover the glass to keep the moisture constant. When the sprouts are a few inches long, it's time to plant them in their indoor pots.

Don't start a tiny plant in a big pot. This will encourage excess root growth at the expense of foliage. It's better to start small, then gradually increase the size of the planter as needed—an inch of pot-diameter at a time.

Once the warm weather comes, select a small tree 12 to 15 feet high, with low-hanging branches, and put your plants to the southeast of it, beginning about 4 feet away from the trunk. A tree that size will help shield your babies from cold north winds yet won't shade them from the sun. If you have a lot of plants, then you'll need more trees.

Be careful to avoid root damage when transplanting. Dig a hole the same size as the clay pot. Then, holding the plant by the upside-down stalk, tap out the roots and soil in one lump. Break up the clods of dirt a little, but leave much of it clinging to the roots. Place them in their new home, fill in the hole and tamp down the earth gently. Soak well, then let them rest without watering for a few days. ■

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VAGABONDING BY VW BUG

BY ED BURN

Twice in the past year I have vagabonded from California to New England and back, over 15,000 miles of amazing Americana, in my '63 Volkswagen "bug" sedan. It will probably come as no surprise to learn that it's been the happiest and most rewarding travel I've ever undertaken. As anybody who's ever tried it knows, the "bug" can sleep two people in perfect comfort, once you've taken out the back seat and replaced it with the easily fabricated platform, dimensions provided below.

The beauties of the arrangement are many: the small size of the vehicle forces both economy and simplicity on the traveler(s). You can't take a ton of camping supplies, clothes, food... which is right on, of course. Yet there is space for sleeping bags, packs, boots, basic cooking gear, a small stash of food.

Mechanically, the car runs at better than 30 miles per hour. It's simple enough to be maintained, and even repaired, by the driver, especially with a copy of John Muir's *How To Keep Your VW Alive*, and repairs of the kind you can't handle yourself can usually be found more easily and more cheaply than with any other make of car—especially any other camping vehicle.

Another very important advantage of the "bug" is that it's about the most anonymous and inconspicuous of all vehicles, which is terrific for the vagabond—the traveler with the lowest profile of all. The VW "bug" is the best protective coloration to be found in our mechanized culture.

The 21,000 touring miles I covered last year in my

Vagabond VW were incredibly cheap and adventurous. In four months I paid zero for lodging. As always, of course, in my vagabond adventures, I spent several nights sleeping at the homes of old friends, as well as of the new ones I met in droves everywhere.

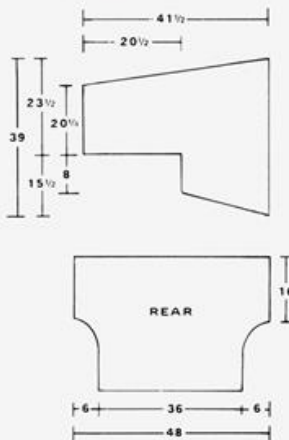
The rest of the nights I'm set up in my microbug to sleep by the roadside, in a freeway rest area, on a dirt road in a convenient forest, parked on a city street or what have you.

I paid \$300 for my car four years and 60,000 miles ago. Frankly, it looks like hell—dented all over, paint peeling, cracked windshield. What that means in practical terms is that I am not a slave to that little motating mother. Nobody wants to steal it from me. Nobody even wants to break into it, and I can safely leave it unlocked most anywhere.

If it does get stolen, racked up or broken down, I can afford to say, "So what?" Much as I love it (I call it *Dunkelgeist*—"Gray Ghost," "Dark Spirit"), the sweet thing is really expendable. I don't have to slit my wrists when it goes the way of all things. Man, that's Freedom! The less you have, the freer you are, the higher you can get. Nuff said. Here's the plans:

The rear platform is set on legs to keep it level; it stays in all the time. The front platform is a little trickier and depends on whether you're riding single or double. The front passenger seat of the VW "bug" can easily be removed, so that you can have it in the car during the day's driving and alongside or on top of the car when you're parked to camp for the night. Or it can

be taken out altogether and replaced with a stool or a box for the passenger to sit on while driving. Of course, if you're "loning" it, the seat comes out and the platform goes in permanently, either set on legs or resting on some of your baggage. The entire arrangement is quite flexible, since everything's lightweight, portable, replaceable, junkable—whatever you want to do with it.



On my first outing with my lovely companion, we feared for our privacy in the dead of night and made a set of window curtains all round, fastened with Velcro tape for super-ease of installation and removal. In practice, we found we hardly ever needed them, even in public campgrounds. Frankly, nobody even noticed us, let alone came peep-tomming. And, when I was traveling alone, I could care less who saw me sleeping in my car (or eating in it, or even driving in it).

The "bug" camper concept works. It works very well. Try it sometime. For more about this and other aspects of free-form adventuring, read my book, *Vagabonding in America: The People's Guide to the USA*—five bucks from ExPress, Box 31123, San Francisco, Ca. 94131. It may just bug you right out of here. ☐



Dana Beal

David Oliver

The New York Times called Dana Beal "a major theoretician and behind-the-scenes leader of the underground youth movement." The underground press called him "the perfect Dostoevskian radical." His FBI file, released under the Freedom of Information Act, is as thick as an unabridged dictionary, and Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin, whom Beal replaced as Youth International Party (Y.I.P.) spokesperson in 1972 after years underground, have publicly acknowledged him as a chief intellectual influence on their politics and, frequently, the tactician behind their moves. Dana Beal is an outlaw and a legend, a mystery wrapped in a double-wide paper and sealed in a Zip-loc Baggie.

Born in Ravenna, Ohio, at the hospital where they later took the dying from Kent State, the young Beal was a lonely teenager. In high school in the early Sixties he was ostracized for his long hair and general weirdness. He got straight A's and went out for track—to learn long distance running, which, he says, "came in handy later in life." Committed to a mental hospital by the State at the age of 17, he escaped into the arms of the burgeoning hippie scene on New York's Lower East Side in the mid-1960s.

In New York, Beal organized the first

"Y.I.P. was, and is, in terms of popular support, far and away the largest antiwar radical revolutionary group."

Summer of Love smoke-ins in Tompkins Square Park; the first of these was somewhat limited by the absence of smoke, which was considered a little too dangerous. Subsequent smoke-ins had as much as anyone could inhale, thanks to the energy of Beal. His first arrest, in August 1967, for selling LSD to a federal informer has been followed by a series of

dope busts, which culminated in a year in jail in 1971.

Living underground in Mexico, California, Vancouver and the Midwest from '67 to '71, Beal was involved with yippie factions, White Panther houses and numerous radical groups who responded to his classic 1969 position paper on psychedelics and revolution. Entitled "Right On, Culture Freaks!," it was printed in over 100 underground papers and translated into French. By the time he surfaced in 1972, following his 10½-month prison sentence, Beal found himself the spokesperson of a horde of zippies—"existential warriors," as the New York Times called them—whose dissatisfaction with the "leadership" of Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin climaxed at the national political convention held in the summer of 1972 in Miami.

While Hoffman, Rubin and Ed Sanders wrote "Vote!," a tract for George McGovern's doomed presidential bid, the yippies, zippies and yipsters, as they've been variously called, got stoned, staged outrageously antisocial demonstrations and battled police in the park. By the time the summer was over, Beal had hammered Y.I.P. into a stoned liberation army showing signs of life for the first time since Woodstock. Since then, Beal has plied his politics

relentlessly, and counterrevolutionaries have learned the terrible meaning of the zippie code.

However, Dana Beal is anything but a vengeful person. In fact, he is dedicated to "the politics of ecstasy." Every year, at a sign from his THC-stained fingers, thousands of dopers swarm to one or another of the festive Y.I.P. smoke-ins, united by their love of marijuana and their fierce determination to take control of it away from the war machine, the thought police, the vote-buying politicians and the latest menace to righteous smoking—the marijuana cartels.

The marijuana cartels, according to Beal, force up the price of weed while offering only commercial grades with government-bought protection while the authorities lower the boom on "the little people."

To interview Dana Beal, *High Times* lured him away from the Y.I.P. office, where plans for the upcoming annual July 4th Smoke-In in Washington, D.C., were getting under way. But Beal is more than just a street-fightin' heavy revvie. He is also the main force behind the Yipster Times [Box 392, Canal Street Station, (212) 533-5028; one-year subscription, \$6.00], one of the best underground papers around and the official organ of Y.I.P., which is currently enjoying a resurgence like never before. Beal is also a main force behind "High-witness," an outrageous Y.I.P.-sponsored TV show that broadcasts an entirely alternative view of reality in New York City.

Beal's first enemy was LBJ, now dead. Then Nixon, now resigned, and Ford, defeated at election time. His latest enemy, of course, is Jimmy Carter. The Yipster Times recently exposed Carter as part of a conspiracy to put cocaine back in Coca-Cola. Carter is alleged to have ties with both coke-smuggling circles and Coca-Cola—thus the connection.

"You know what they say about Jimmy," Beal told us. "The reason that he smiles all the time isn't that he's winning; it's because he can't close his mouth. His front teeth are too numb." Would Beal deal with Carter as he has with Ford and Nixon? Beal smiled. And he couldn't stop smiling.

High Times: What do you, as one of the first to go underground ten years ago, think of reports the Weather Underground has split up?

Beal: That's funny, because I once spoke with Abbie Hoffman, who has now been underground himself for four years, when our positions were reversed—when he was at his height in early 1970, and I was on the lam—and you could tell he'd already thought a lot about being in my situation. He advised me to use being underground to become a media celebrity, to titillate the press by showing up at really big rallies the way Berrigan had just done, to become the moral polar opposite of the Establishment.

I remember being much more concerned with the way they were mucking up the aboveground—telling him you just can't do that much when you're underground. As for the Weather People, they are paying the price for letting SDS go down the drain, that's all. They took it from a powerful national organization of 30,000 to 200 scattered fugitives on the run. That's fine for the 200, but what about the 29,800? Aboveground is better if you have a choice.

High Times: What do you mean?

Beal: Clandestinity is really limiting. To do anything outside a narrow range of moves you have to get people who are aboveground to do things for you. Putting the Weather Underground first was a super-mistake for SDS, because by the time the Weather forces recognized their error, the only kind of people they were able to get to join Prairie Fire—their new aboveground arm—were so heavy into the

**"Marijuana is
really like
a health movement.
It's a movement
away from
much harder drugs,
like nicotine
and alcohol,
toward a
little flower."**

Weather myth and armed struggle that they rejected the single, overriding lesson their clandestine leadership had learned on the run: the primacy of aboveground organizing and the absolute necessity of having the widest possible coalition of mass, legal-type groups fighting against the government.

High Times: The yippies have always advocated radical solutions to the marijuana political question, while reformers like NORML have garnered most of the media attention and funds. Why is NORML so much better known?

Beal: I wouldn't say they are better known. I'd say they have gotten more money out of it. But we're probably as well known as NORML. Y.I.P. has been out in front for years as the representative of the actual marijuana people taking the arrests. NORML has grown as a kind of lawyers' organization. I was amazed to go to the NORML convention and see so many lawyers. I've heard that lawyers who are heads are getting into decriminalization because it preserves a lot of business. Lawyers have lost patience with busts for small amounts.

But you'll note that decriminalization leaves a lot of other juicy cases for young lawyers.

High Times: Is marijuana Y.I.P.'s chief cause at the moment?

Beal: Now, I'd say this. We haven't ever been single-issue oriented or a single-issue organization. Some people may think of us as being kind of fuzzy, and they may not know what we stand for. But what we're talking about is broadening amnesty: amnesty for prisoners, amnesty for folks being harassed now, amnesty for people who have committed any sort of victimless crime, amnesty for all victims of politically motivated prosecutions.

So I think yippie goes to the very root of what to do about the police state in America. We admit there's been a certain amount of liberalization since Watergate. There was also liberalization in Russia for awhile after Khrushchev denounced Stalin. Here we can already see it being turned around with subtle mass-media suggestion brainwashing and purges of Lefties. The impact of Watergate is being lost.

High Times: How is marijuana involved in this?

Beal: Marijuana is really like a health movement. It's a movement away from much harder drugs like nicotine and alcohol toward a little flower.

So you have a lot of people who every day are confronting a police state face-to-face around the issue of marijuana. Decriminalization tends to defuse the whole situation, whereas with our smoke-ins we get the same people together to protest this by defying the marijuana laws openly.

Government spying is an abstract thing for people until it gets to be concrete through something like pot. Masses of people experience government spying and are paranoid about their phones being tapped, their mail being bugged, being watched. It's causing a national illness, this government-induced paranoia.

High Times: How do we prevent decrim from retaining repressive loopholes?

Beal: By focusing in on the repression, the neofascists in and out of the government who purposely lied and conspired to get the potheads, to advance their own careers and power just like the S.S. under Hitler who designed the Final Solution. So decrim gets you out of the concentration camp. So what?

If you really want to make the liberalization stick, you've got to have full investigations and prosecutions of all agents who were ever guilty of violating anybody's civil rights. Open up all the files. Find out who the agents were and which ones committed crimes. People should be able to bring complaints.

A federal commission should be established to investigate civil rights violated by government officials. Put some FBI, Secret Service and CIA people in jail. They'll think twice before breaking the law next

time in the name of "national security."

High Times: Basically the Nuremberg principle?

Beal: It's simple; we're not vindictive. We'd even give those people amnesty. The Nixon case showed that unless you get a clear conviction, they'll turn around three months later and say that they never did it.

The second thing you need is compensation for the victims. It's not enough to punish the guilty. You have to compensate the people whose lives were ruined because someone wrote a letter to their bosses and got them fired, or maybe they were blackballed in school. All the stuff that was done by the FBI and CIA. And now since the FBI and CIA can't do it, they have the narcs and Secret Service do it. But they're doing the same kinds of things and harassing the same kinds of people, and it's all very political. Only it's under a new cover.

High Times: Y.I.P. has worked the streets a lot against Nixon and Ford, and now you're going to work against a man coming from a liberal Left.

Beal: No, just a liberal LBJ.

High Times: How will Y.I.P. tactics against Carter be different?

Beal: Well, Carter has already granted a little amnesty. He's supposedly more liberal. So we're willing to try civil disobedience again, to press for total liberalization. I was in civil rights demonstrations when I was a kid, 15 years ago. I'm ready to sit in again and have my head beaten in by some cops if that's what it takes.

High Times: But are people pissed off enough about marijuana that they're willing to start sitting in?

Beal: By the time this issue of *High Times* comes out, we should have had some good demonstrations in New York. What we're really shooting for is a massive smoke-in, with various kinds of associated happenings and demonstrations this coming July 4th in Washington, D.C.

High Times: Don't people get busted at smoke-ins?

Beal: In the past ten years, only a handful have been busted, mostly because they didn't stick with the crowd.

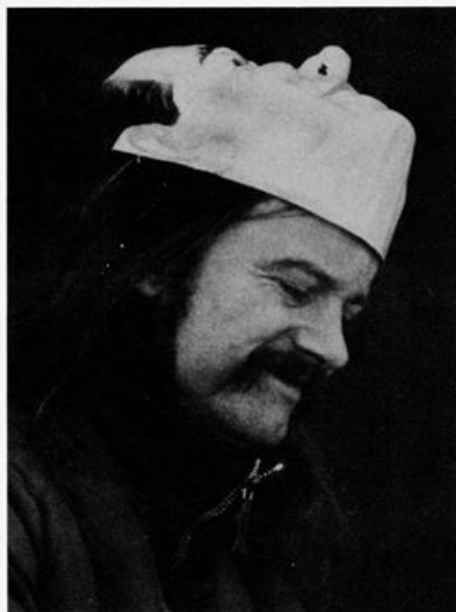
High Times: What's the strategy for the '77 Smoke-In?

Beal: This '77 Smoke-In is the Eighth Annual Smoke-In in Washington. As usual, we're going to assemble a lot of people there—we'll have some music, we'll have a series of speakers on the question, many of the big names of the day, we'll have rock bands. It will be like an old-fashioned be-in, a picnic, but at some point we're going to ask how many people are willing to turn themselves in. We think that we're going to be turned down by the police. We think they'll laugh and tell us to go away.

We'll probably go to the Metro police station. Or maybe we'll go to the park police. The park police have such a small place. I mean, if we had 10,000 people and

they were completely surrounded... The Metro police station would be a bit more disruptive.

The judges in D.C. have ruled that they do not want to see cases involving a single marijuana cigarette in their courts. If even 100 people were willing to hold up a joint and say, "O.K., I'm ready to take a \$25 fine if that's the way it has to be, just to cause you



"Put some FBI, Secret Service and CIA people in jail. They'll think twice before breaking the law next time in the name of 'national security.'"

guys a whole afternoon of booking us," they would probably turn us down.

High Times: How do you expect to deal with Carter and the rising expectations that accompany his administration?

Beal: We think of Carter as a bionic liberal. You've got to test his responses to see if all the transistors are working right. We're going to try a lot of this stuff. Basically Carter has made a promise, and we're here to collect payment.

High Times: Tell us about the yippie proposal for a guaranteed weekly stash.

Beal: Well, just remember that none of this is any more outrageous than U.S. Department of Agriculture subsidies for peanuts, which are given away free on airlines. Since pot prohibition is international, so is

our proposed remedy: a sort of United Nations program to finance buffer stocks. I'm certain there are some deserving Third World peasants—starving, diseased, their kids dying from hunger—who would be able to live and prosper and go onward in the march of human progress if only they could just raise a good marijuana crop.

So we'll ask for volunteers from any place where they can grow good pot for this program. Though, of course, we would give the first option to people such as the Vietnamese, not the least reason for which is the fact that they have good pot there. If we're going to have a guaranteed weekly stash, we should start by having good pot. Giving bad pot away for a guaranteed weekly stash would be like using paper money when you could have gold money.

The important thing is the concept of reparations. We're very serious about reparations. That case where 1,000 people each got \$10,000 for being arrested on the steps of the U.S. Capitol set us to thinking about the possibility that everybody should get reparations all at once for everything that's ever happened. This would constitute such a massive redistribution of wealth that we might properly say that in one stroke we could wipe out the ruling class and social structure as we know it.

High Times: But getting into the specifics of the guaranteed weekly stash, it seems that one of the problems would be government monopoly.

Beal: We're not against the individual person who wants to supply superior weed. In fact, we would like to prevent these independents from being gobbled up by Liggett and Myers. But the present situation is giving way to rip-off artists and people who are only interested in making money and not interested in getting good weed to us underlings, us little people who just want to get high.

The quality of weed and the frequency of weed leave a lot to be desired under the present system. Who is responsible for the situation? Who dreamed up these laws in the first place? It was the government who did this, so it's their responsibility to set it right. It's not that we believe in government control of marijuana. It's just that since they're the guilty party, they should make restitution. The government owes us a guaranteed weekly stash for a period of time at least equal to, but possibly exceeding—hopefully exceeding—the period for which marijuana has been illegal. In other words, 40 years.

High Times: You mean a retroactive stash?

Beal: That's right! The Jews got wiped out in Europe, and at least they got Israel, right? What did the potheads ever get? You've got to understand, we believe in reparations for everybody. The American Indians should get reparations.

High Times: Retroactive peyote?

Beal: Sure. Give them Maine, too.

High Times: You would also put all narcs

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in prison, haven't you said?

Beal: We wouldn't put them in prison: preventive detention. There's a difference.

High Times: What's the difference?

Beal: Well, for one thing, you're not humiliated and locked up in a cell, like I was. People aren't constantly threatening to cut your hair and harassing you and waking you up at five o'clock in the morning and giving you shit food. And we'd treat them better than they treat us. I can tell you that.

High Times: Can they count on that?

Beal: Yeah.

High Times: They should give up now.

Beal: While we're still in a good mood.

High Times: What's new down at Y.I.P.?

Beal: Well, across the street is the Dylan archives, where A.J. Weberman lives with the brain of John Kennedy and the garbage of Spiro Agnew. John Mitchell and, of course, Bob Dylan. Across the Bowery there's CBGB's which is one of the capitals of the punk rock scene, characterized by Patti Smith, the Ramones and company.

Patti Smith, by the way, is having her own problems with censorship. She said "fuck" on radio, you know, and she got banned from the airwaves. So our paper, the Yipster Times, ran her statement, as a gesture for all the people struggling against the very subtle kind of repression we're seeing right now in the media. And Patti Smith gave us a call and she wants to do stuff with us.

It's cases like this, and like WBAI, where the big radio interests behind Pacifica Foundation just reached down and purged most of the staff for too much autonomy, that shows how little the repression has changed.

High Times: You yourself became artistically notorious for taking bad taste in street theater to new highs.

Beal: That really began in Miami with the Wheelchairs for Wallace race. We made fun of Wallace being crippled.

High Times: People didn't dig that too much.

Beal: We didn't go to Miami to make friends with racists and such.

High Times: What were some of the other events?

Beal: The best thing of all was the liberation of the portrait of LBJ, which had been expected to hang in the convention hall and glower down upon the proceedings. It turned up mysteriously as the centerpiece of a zippie demonstration. Then we threw it over the convention hall fence. The police threw it back.

High Times: What happened to zippie after the convention?

Beal: We started calling ourselves yipsters. The next great thing was Nixon's inauguration. Nixon had just double-crossed everyone by renewing the bombing of Hanoi, so we decided the American people should see Nixon as a rat. We built a gigantic Nixon-faced rat, which was actually finished and ready for the inauguration. But the Secret Service was afraid that

we would run down the street right into the middle of Nixon's swearing-in ceremony with this gigantic rat, as big as a truck, up on our shoulders—it was a pretty light construction and 20 or 30 people could pick it up. The Secret Service busted the rat before we could get anywhere close to Nixon.

Eventually we held the Fourth Annual Smoke-In and Impeach Nixon March. John Dean had just finished testifying. We had the foresight to call for Nixon's impeachment at our smoke-in. A second march the next spring featured a cage containing a naked Nixon holding tapes. He was pulled by an Edsel, symbolizing, of course, the Ford Motor Company's greatest mistake. It was the hit of the march, with the sign on top, "Don't Trade In a Lemon for a Used Ford."

Later we built a gigantic Ford head as

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owes us
a guaranteed
weekly stash
for a period
at least equal to
the period for
which marijuana
has been illegal.
In other words,
40 years."**

Ford's ascension to power grew closer and closer. Just before Ford was sworn in as president, we had a thing on CBS national news where a yippie jumped out of the bushes with a banner that said "An Unelected President Is Un-American." Before the Secret Service men could tackle him, it got right on television. Ford got in, but it never did him any good. The yippies put a hex on him, and he's never lived it down.

An interesting footnote is that every single Edsel we've had since then has broken down. It was true about Edsels.

High Times: What were some other classic smoke-ins?

Beal: Well, the one in New York in '73 where the 30-foot joint was made out of an old sewer pipe was a classic, because after the smoke-in, we took a little stroll to John and Martha Mitchell's house on Fifth Avenue. We got there and, sure enough, it's Martha Mitchell. You could tell from the shape of her hairdo. She started waving. We had this big banner that said "Open Martha's Mouth. Impeach Nixon," and she loved it.

High Times: Did you feel bad about her death?

Beal: In a way. Four days after our march she came out and said Nixon ought to resign.

High Times: When was the first annual smoke-in?

Beal: The first one was in 1967, on the Lower East Side. We had plenty of banana peels and a few joints, but actually not much dope. Everybody came stoned. It was quite nice. Two weeks later we decided we'd have another one with more dope. But it was only at the third smoke-in, with Country Joe and the Fish, that we really had a lot of dope. Eventually I got busted for an LSD sale.

High Times: This brings us to the first Free Dana Beal March of 3,000 people to the Federal House of Detention in 1967.

Beal: At the height of the Summer of Love I was busted for selling some LSD to an undercover agent in Tompkins Square Park in New York. Those fine people held an all-night vigil while I quailed within. I was finally released on bail the next day.

I stayed in New York through the fall and worked in the peace movement. Then I was busted again, when the famous Provo and Digger Free Store on the Lower East Side was busted. I knew it was a frame and I split—first for Mexico, then briefly to Laguna Beach, then to Vancouver, B.C. Then I came back to America in 1970 to help organize the first national smoke-in: 25,000 people showed up and rumbled with the Honor America Day rednecks. I continued as a traveling organizer for the White Panthers and Y.I.P. In 1971 I helped organize the Second Annual Smoke-In.

High Times: Eventually all these credits brought you to a small room.

Beal: Only for ten and a half months. People really overestimate jail. I don't think anybody should be intimidated by it. It isn't that bad. Torture is bad, but you shouldn't live in fear of jail. In the nuthouse they tortured me.

High Times: So you were in a mental institution briefly too. With all the brouhaha these days about mental institutions in communist countries, what do you think of the way they're used here?

Beal: The first thing people should realize is that it's just a lie that they don't lock up dissidents in nuthouses in this country, too, if they can get away with it. Like one of the first questions they asked me at the nuthouse was "Are you a communist?" It was kind of obvious what was going on, since the shrink was one of those fascist refugees from Eastern Europe.

Yippies believe nuthouses are society's ultimate weapon for keeping kids, women and dreamers in their place. I was just a kid when they put me in Kalamazoo State Hospital in 1964, near Grand Rapids, the home of Jerry Ford.

I went along with the ride to see what would happen. I discovered, of course, that mental hospitals are a total superbummer. It was the most barbaric place. Talk about torture in Chile—some of the drugs they

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gave people in the hospital were as bad as any tortures.

High Times: What drugs were you given?

Beal: Just one: Prolixin Elixir. Bad stuff, man. The only thing it is good for is punishment. It made me go into convulsions, and then it made me go into withdrawals, and then I refused to take it.

High Times: Did you fight?

Beal: Well, there wasn't really much of a way to fight anything in those places. If you fucked up, they would lock you away in these little rooms and they wouldn't let you out.

High Times: How long were you there?

Beal: Well, I escaped. The Long March. I walked from Kalamazoo to Lake Michigan, about 50 miles. It's not hard. I was seriously provoked. These people wouldn't let me write; they wouldn't let me read anything heavy. They said it was a strain on my brain.

I escaped from the institution because I was provoked. They told me they were going to keep me there five years, until I was 22.

High Times: Was there a particular incident that led you to escape?

Beal: Yes, the Prolixin.

High Times: Had you ever smoked pot?

Beal: Yes, in the spring before I was locked up. I was hanging out at Michigan State University. People do not realize that at these big multiversities you have a whole cosmopolitan micro-society. And it created hip consciousness—you know, bohemian consciousness—in one of the most unlikely places: Michigan. Very sophisticated people from New York and California. I was hanging out with what today would be called freaks, but they called themselves other names then. They called themselves hippies, they called themselves scuzzies. This was where I met A. J. Weberman, who first turned me on.

High Times: How did you meet A. J.?

Beal: Well, he was part of this group of people who lived in the Smokeshop, in 1963. The Smokeshop was a headshop on the main drag in East Lansing. And these guys were all New York hippies—weirdos, leftists, folkies—and A.J. wore hair that was considered pretty long then. We started to have some really, really great parties, and one day A.J. turned me on. I was 17. Later I repaid him by inventing Dylanology.

High Times: What is Dylanology?

Beal: The study of the secret meaning of Dylan's lyrics. A.J. is the world's leading expert. He runs the Dylan Archives across the street from Y.I.P.'s New York office. He has cross-referenced every word Dylan has ever written, sung or spoken on computer. It's called the *Concordance*. Heavy.

High Times: I guess. What's A. J. up to now?

Beal: He works with the Yipster Times. Also, he's in charge of our assassination research. He's investigating the three tramps photographed being led away from the site of the JFK assassination. One looks

just like E. Howard Hunt and the other, like Frank Sturgis. All this is in A. J.'s book *Coup d'Etat in America*, plus other leads we've been able to uncover since publication of the hardback.

Everything, of course, will come out in the paperback. Even if the congressional investigation is derailed, the truth will come out in our book.

Consider: E. Howard Hunt, after half a dozen coups abroad, where I-don't-know-how-many-people were killed, gets convicted of attempting to set up a police state here and is soon paroled. Karlton Armstrong, who blew up the Math Research Center, where all the computers for the Vietnam genocide were designed, accidentally kills one guy and will not get out till 2001 A.D.

It's all part of the same familiar story: the

**“Yippies believe
nuthouses are
society's ultimate
weapon for keeping
kids, women
and dreamers
in their place.”**

assassins go free, while those who try to stop them end up being investigated. I myself have been on the Secret Service list of potential assassins since 1964.

High Times: They thought you'd kill Johnson?

Beal: Actually I didn't have anything against Johnson at that time.

High Times: What happened?

Beal: Well, I was a young hothead in those days. I used to go to a socialist club, not the one affiliated with the YSA. Anyway, at one of these meetings I got up and said that Hitler should have been assassinated. The British S.S. played the game by the rules and let 55 million people die when they could have dispensed with just one. That was my whole argument, and it got me into trouble with the Secret Service.

High Times: For advocating the murder of Hitler, in 1964?

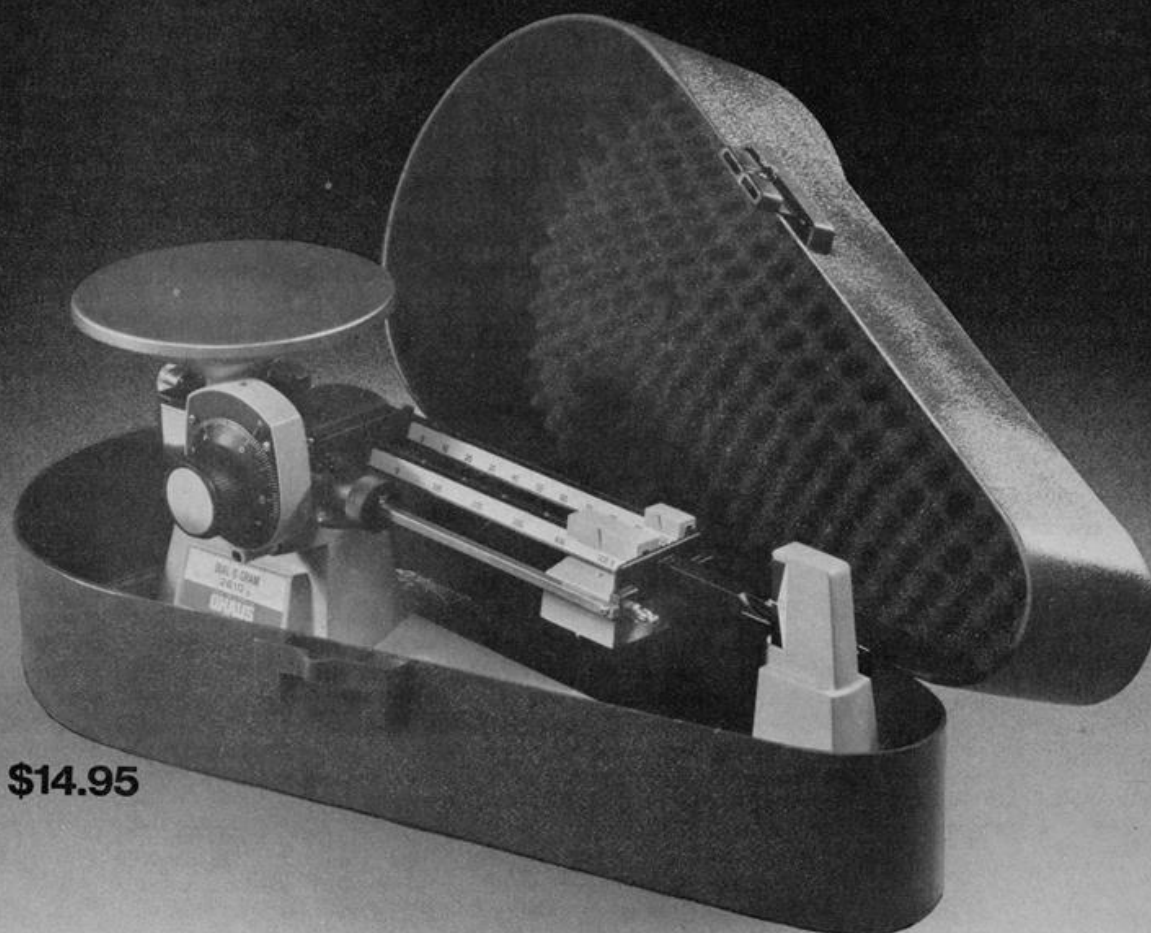
Beal: This was in 1963, in October. Kennedy was shot in November; the S.S. came around later. I guess they figured there has to be some practical application.

High Times: But you were only 16 years old then.

Beal: That's how heavy the surveillance was. See, Michigan State University, or Moo U., was the center of intelligence

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community intrigue. They set up the South Vietnamese police and the Diem regime. It was amazing. Shortly after that, my folks sent me to the mental hospital.

High Times: Didn't the second smoke-in in D.C. finally get you busted?

Beal: Yes. I'm afraid I became a bit too visible putting that one together. See, for the Second National Smoke-In we were kind of casting about for something extra. We decided to do an antiheroin march to show our opposition to Operation Intercept, where they cut off all the pot to get kids into pharmaceuticals and heroin. All the returning Vets were into smack, and the word was out that Nixon's people were on the take from Southeast Asian heroin money, but nobody would come right out and say it.

After the smoke-in we got about 3,000 people and marched over to the Capitol. We took these big hypodermic needles they used to shoot up rhinoceri at the zoo—immense glass things with foot-long plungers—and smashed them down on the same place the Vietnam Vets had thrown their medals two months earlier. CBS National News said that the hippies were giving the heroin back to Nixon, accusing his government of prolonging Vietnam only to proliferate heroin, because they were on the take.

Well, we since know that in fact Justice was covering up certain cases of CIA couriers who were busted with the shit. But Nixon must have wanted to know: "How did the yuppies get a hold of this? My God, we're ruined!"

So, ten days later, half a continent away in Wisconsin, me and my old lady are trying to get away and we have to hitchhike—because the buses are under surveillance and nobody will give us a ride—when this "Mission Impossible" station wagon containing four guys dressed as construction workers pulls to a stop. Well, it was a bust. The guys were feds, and they asked me, "What specific information do you or your friends have on heroin smuggling from Southeast Asia to the West Coast in connection to the CIA? Dig?"

They wanted to find out if they had to do something more than locking me up. This in turn explains the intense White House interest in my case and the fact that six agents kept my jail cell under surveillance.

High Times: Which cage were you in?

Beal: Madison, Wisconsin's, Dane County jail. In Madison, of course, they immediately had a smoke-in. After 2,000 freaks railed outside the jail, conditions inside became almost nice.

High Times: What could be nice about jail?

Beal: A phone. For one thing. The phone was conveniently within reach. By tapping my phone calls and reading my letters, they found out everything. As a matter of fact, subsequently revealed FBI documents show I was being held mostly so the government could monitor the organizing I continued from the slammer.

They gave great credence to the idea that yuppie protest might change the '72 elections, because it had in '68. You must remember, Y.L.P. was, and is, in terms of popular support, far and away the largest antiwar radical revolutionary group.

High Times: Didn't Nixon have special reason to hate Y.L.P.?

Beal: Yes. At the climax of the 1970 congressional election, Nixon gave a speech in San Jose that was being taped for national TV, and it was visibly interrupted by demonstrators throwing rocks. Well, they rush this tape on the air with a plea to vote law and order to save America from the barbarian hordes, and—wouldn't you know—the Democrats, those smart bastards, come on right after and have Ed

**"The word
was out that
Nixon's people
were on the take
from Southeast Asian
heroin money,
but nobody would
come right out
and say it."**

Muskie, supermoderate, warn that this vindictive law-and-order overkill will only bring more division . . . so let's all vote Democratic and mend our shattered land.

And the Democrats creamed them. So they could see it coming and so could I, and I was feeding them all this stuff through the FBI informer they put in my jail, which my FBI file now shows. It says Beal feels the Yuppies should arrange a de facto alliance with the Democrats and offer to trash the GOP convention in return for certain guarantees from McGovern.

They bought it lock, stock and barrel. They went ahead watching how the other yuppies on the outside did with the Dems, and because they were already bugging one half of the conspiracy, in jail, it was natural to bug McGovern and Watergate.

High Times: You mean the yuppies provoked Nixon to bug the Watergate?

Beal: Very possibly. You've got to remember, this was around the time Nixon bombed Hanoi, when there was more actual antiwar street violence than during Cambodia. The government thought we were going to bring 100,000 street fighters to Miami like we were promising.

The fact that they believed it is shown by the way the Republicans accused McGovern of having the demonstrators in his pay after we trashed delegate buses in Miami at our Eat the Rich demonstration.

The Nixon gang deluded themselves into invading Watergate, and I hope we helped provoke them.

High Times: The Democrats seem to have survived Nixon better than the protesters.

Beal: The good thing about Nixon was that you had somebody so hatefulworthy it really united people. I mean, after the Vietnam War, at least we had Dick Nixon to kick around. Only when they took Nixon away could you appreciate the genius of the yippies in the original creation of the New Nixon, in Chicago '68 on the slab, when they put the electrodes in and the lightning buzzed and the monster walked off through the pages of history.

High Times: But with Ford it was different, wasn't it?

Beal: Yeah. It's hard to fight someone 75 percent of the public perceives as a nice guy. And now it's Carter, the ultimate nice guy, who's a mouthpiece for the same old, vicious crew, who haven't let up on us for a minute.

High Times: So the fall of Nixon didn't actually bring relief?

Beal: Not really. Jimmy Carter is really the latest Rockefeller protege, groomed by Time magazine and the Trilateral Commission.

High Times: Is Y.I.P. still growing? Are new people coming up, or is it stagnating?

Beal: Y.I.P. is doing pretty well. We expect this July 4th Smoke-In in Washington, D.C., to be the one that pushes the government over the edge on decriminalization.

Let's see. The Yipster Times is growing in circulation. New Y.I.P. chapters are starting. Our TV show has been called the freshest thing on television.

As for new leaders, we have many. Two that come to mind offhand are Aron Kay and Ben Masel. Aron is the Y.I.P. Pieman. He's pied William Buckley. Tony Ulasiewicz of Watergate. Patrick Moynihan and E. Howard Hunt. A pie is our greatest weapon, because it doesn't kill the person, just their overblown ego. Anyone who can't laugh at a pie in the face is a danger to the public.

Ben Masel is a hard-core organizer and street leader. He's only 21 and he's already been arrested 49 times. It's Ben, and many more Y.I.P. cadres like him, who will form the future of Y.I.P.

High Times: What about the position of women in Y.I.P.?

Beal: Well, it's not as good as it could be, but it's improved a lot since the Sixties. Women are accepted on their own terms now.

High Times: What is your price? What will you sell out for?

Beal: Well, remember the yippies, unlike many other revolutionaries, aren't interested in seizing power. Everybody else says either you go all the way or you're selling out. The Y.I.P.s have a more limited goal, to begin with, which is to survive with our identity as fighters against authoritarianism intact, so to speak. If they just let us be, it won't be selling out. ■

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Colombian is Gold and Congolese is Black, but what about the grass on this side of the fence? Pot by the side of the road is as green as a stack of Federal Reserve notes and as American as same. These little shoots are poking their heads out of the soil right about now, getting ready to stretch their leaves to the sun as soon as school lets



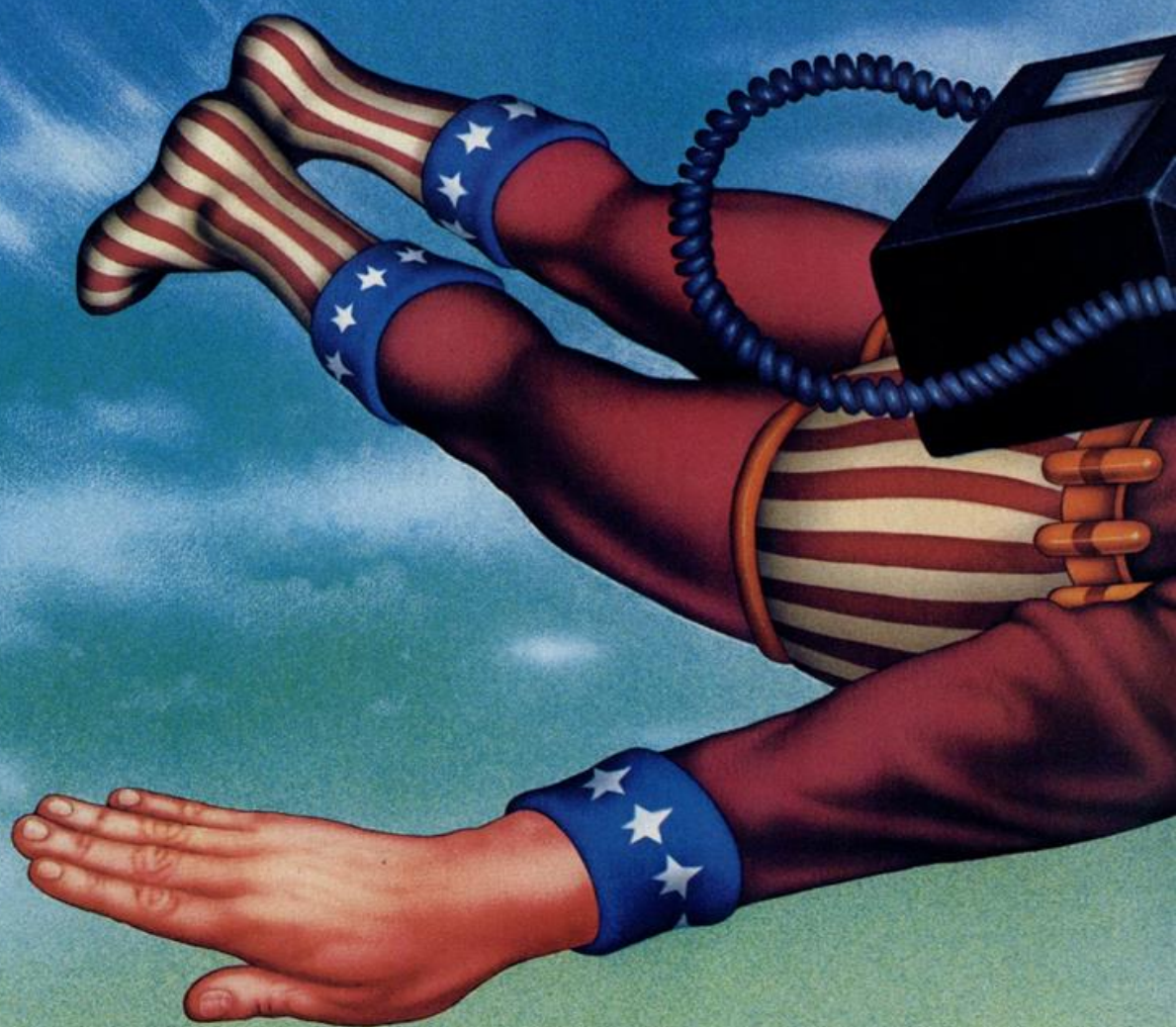
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out. A month from now they'll be ripe and ready, and whether you take one toke or inhale a bale, you'll soon be back in mint condition with Homegrown Green. So if you're worried now about the annual Autumn Drought, our advice is get down to your roots, plant those seeds and remember — Smoke America First. 🍻



CAPTAIN CRUNCH

Super Phone Phreak by Steve Long





In 1973 a couple of phone phreaks discovered the toll-free 800 number at the White House. The number was 800 424-9337. White House staffers used it for what the phreaks describe as "casual, semi-official, chit-chat." The phreaks used their expertise with the phone system to tap this line and listen for hours to the buzz of conversations going in and out of the White House. The Secret Service always answered the phone with "9337." If the caller didn't respond with a code word, the Secret Service agents would say, "I'm sorry, you must have dialed an incorrect number." The phreaks discovered that the code word "Olympus" stood for President Nixon, who was then embroiled in the Watergate scandal.

One day in the spring of 1974, at about three in the morning, the phone phreaks dialed the White House number, using an untraceable line. A Secret Service man answered: "9337."

"Olympus, please. It's urgent!" one phreak said.

"One moment," came the reply.

Three minutes later they heard a fatigued voice say, "Yes?" It didn't sound like Nixon, but they decided to go ahead.

"Sir," the phreak exclaimed, "we have a crisis on our hands!"

"Yes, what's the nature of the crisis? As if I didn't know already." It was Nixon! The phone phreak gulped.

"Sir," he said, "we are out of toilet paper!"

There was a long pause; then Nixon cursed and began yelling, "Who the hell are you? What's the meaning of this?"

Another voice came on the line. "Who are you? How did you get this number?"

The phreak mumbled, "Sucker!"

Then there was another pause, lasting maybe a minute, followed by a muffled voice in the background: "Getting a trace?" A few seconds later there was a ker-chunk sound and the line was dead.

Later that year two southern California phreaks tied up every long-distance trunk line coming into Santa Barbara, telling all callers that a mysterious explosion had wiped out the city. They'd managed to gain control of all incoming long-distance calls by using two side-by-side phone booths on the beach and some very simple phone-phreaking equipment.

The first call was from a mother to her son, a student at the University of California, Santa Barbara campus. The two phreaks told the woman that they were with the National Guard Emergency Communications Center and that there was no longer any University of California at Santa Barbara. In breathless tones they said the campus and, in fact, the entire city of Santa

Barbara had been wiped out in a freakish nuclear accident—a “nuclear melt down,” they told her. She was politely asked to hang up in order to clear the line for emergency phone calls.

A few minutes later the horrified mother called back, this time with operator assistance. The phreaks calmly repeated their story to the operator, asked her not to place calls to Santa Barbara and told her not to worry. Within minutes the phreaks had newspaper and television reporters, FBI agents and police officers calling from all over the country. Hundreds of anxious people who had heard about the “melt down” phoned to check on relatives and friends. The phreaks told the callers that they had reached a National Guard base 50 miles from the disaster site and that they were tied into emergency circuits. After about an hour the two became frightened by the chaos they were causing and restored the phone system to normal. They were never caught.

Heady stuff. And it's tempting to think of these phone phreaks as purveyors of electronic guerrilla warfare. It's tempting to think of them as McLuhanist anarchists infiltrating the all-seeing, all-knowing government-by-data-bank that rules our lives. Some phone phreaks even think of themselves that way. It's a tempting point of view, but it's probably all wrong. Phone phreaks are something much more American than that. They're classic Yankee basement tinkers, backyard inventors, the Eli Whitneys, Orville Wrights and Henry Fords of our age. Only instead of tinkering with mechanical or even electrical stuff, phone phreaks are tinkering with vast computerized networks of information. And the difference between them and their folk-hero predecessors is that you can't build a worldwide electronic data matrix out of buggy parts in the barn.

The phone phreaks' brand of tinkering requires equipment so extensive that no one person or even one corporation could put it together singlehandedly. They need the cooperation of the entire industrialized world to do their puttering around. And since that kind of cooperation is rarely forthcoming to pimply sixteen-year-olds on the upstairs extension, they go out and get cooperation whether anyone wants to give it to them or not. Naturally some mischief takes place along the way.

Almost ten years ago strange electronic wizards began to emerge in various corners of the United States. They called themselves “phone phreaks,” and they had figured out how to re-create the sound signals that trigger the phone company's switching equipment, allowing them to place calls to any place in the world for free. Eventually they were able to master all the circuit systems of AT&T and its affiliates. They learned how to tap phones internally through the phone company's own wires, how to retrieve information

from phone-relayed computer terminals, including the FBI's National Crime Information data bank and even how to penetrate AUTOVON (Automatic Voice Network), the top-secret red-alert military phone network. But that's not *really* what phone phreaking is all about. Witness, for example, the life of John Draper, better known as Captain Crunch.

Captain Crunch, an ex-Air Force radar technician, was, for years, the most famous of the phone phreaks and their de facto spokesman. He was even profiled by Ron Rosenbaum in *Esquire*. He may also have a better working knowledge of the world's phone systems than anyone else alive.

In 1976 the Captain was entrapped by a phone phreak turned FBI informer and was incarcerated, appropriately, in the

**They called themselves
“phone phreaks” and they
had figured out how to
place calls to any place in
the world for free.**

**What other country has
16-year-old blind kids that
know more than the
president of AT&T?**

Lompoc Federal Prison Camp—one of the first Americans to go to jail for phone phreaking. These days, though he's not yet 30, Crunch is retired. He's a sloppy-looking guy who dresses in nondescript, unpressed clothing. And his stringy black hair and horn-rimmed glasses would make him look like a mad scientist, except that his hobby is weightlifting.

The Captain's career as King of the Circuits began with a 16-year-old blind friend, Denny, who gave the Captain his name. In 1968, at a southern California camp for the blind, Denny and some fellow campers discovered they had a shared interest in the Bell System. For the first time information was passed from one phone phreak to another. The blind kids started their own organization, Phone Phreaks International, which today has members all over the country. Phone phreaking was a way out of their loneliness, a special way to make contact with another human voice. Even today nearly half of the top phone phreaks are blind.

In February 1970, Denny discovered that the small plastic whistle then found in every box of Captain Crunch breakfast cereal had a certain miraculous quality—the whistle produced, exactly, the 2,600-cycle-per-second tone that “tells” the phone company's long-distance switching equipment that a line is not in use, even

though that line is being held open by the caller. Using the 2,600-cycle signal you could call long distance anywhere and not be charged. Denny told John Draper, who was skeptical. But after a quick trip to a pay phone Draper was converted, and Captain Crunch was born.

Denny and the Captain began using their whistles to call friends throughout the country. As the only sighted phone phreak, it was Crunch's task to make “whistle trips” with Denny and his blind friends. Every Saturday the Captain would drop off Denny and two other 16-year-old blind kids at a pay booth, then go to a friend's house. A few hours later the kids would phone him and say, “You can come back now. We're cold and tired,” and the Captain would pick them up.

Captain Crunch and his friends learned to do a lot with the whistles. They would call pay phones in London's Waterloo Station just to talk to strangers about the weather. Or call South Africa to hear the time. And they could “mute” incoming long-distance calls so that no one would be charged. But by 1972, when he was arrested for whistling calls to Australia, the Captain had graduated to more sophisticated toys.

Next to a Captain Crunch whistle, the simplest phone phreak device is a Black Box, which provides an “on hook” signal to the phone company while a call is being made, thereby stopping the operation of the billing equipment. A 3,000-ohm resistor drops the level of current going through the phone to below the level that activates the billing equipment. But a Black Box can be easily detected, so Captain Crunch seldom used it.

There are also Red Boxes, small handheld devices that simulate the sound of coins dropping into a pay phone. They are usually used for short calls and are also easily detected. The Captain says that most phone phreaks don't bother with Red Boxes because they aren't useful in obtaining information—and the pure joy of obtaining and trading information is the heart of phone phreaking.

The most sophisticated way to gain entrance to the Bell System was with a Blue Box, which provides access to special operators and routing codes. Blue Boxes are electronic, multifrequency sound devices that resemble pocket calculators. They can reproduce the complete range of tones that the phone company uses, in various combinations, to give instructions to its computer network. Blue Boxes “speak” directly into the mouthpiece of a phone. They have touch-tone buttons that substitute for the regular telephone dial, and they provide a phone phreak with the same dialing privileges that a long distance operator has. The phreak can then direct-dial special test-board, route and overseas operators.

“A Blue Box allows the phone phreak to direct-dial into any foreign country that is set up to handle overseas calls,” says Cap-

(continued on page 88)



How to Get High and Influence People

A Dope Etiquette Primer
by Deanne Stillman

As any *cultivated* person knows, there are certain ground rules concerning the consumption of drugs. Nothing complicated or overly formal, just a few simple guidelines that are guaranteed to improve the quality of any high and ensure one's popularity with others. Exactly what, for example, is to be done about roaches in the punch bowl, hash oil on the sofa or burning joints on the coffee table? And what about those much more damaging, personalized breaches of all that is sacred and well bred—those coarse refusals of proffered weed, just because it's Mexican? And

Illustrations
by
Mary Wilshire

those unsavory boors who inhale more than their fair share? Though informality is the rule in high society, certain types of behavior are definitely a bring-down.

Manners aren't everything, of course. The proper hip host or hostess knows, among other things, how to steer the conversation away from those unorthodox

discussions of politics, religion and feminism. After all, there is no substitute for *joie de vivre*! But to paraphrase Ralph Waldo Emerson: "I could sooner get high with one who did not respect the truth than with a sloven and unrepresentable person. Moral qualities rule the world, but at short distances, the senses are despot."



Pot Politeness

1 Clean your dope thoroughly before rolling it: a joint that suddenly erupts in a friend's face with a loud and sometimes embarrassing seed-pop is revolting.

2 Check your water pipe every ten days for stagnant water, algae, barnacles, sludge and other fetid material. (Heavy tokers are advised to fumigate their bowls weekly.)

3 Do not deposit roaches in wastebaskets, potted plants, dishes or in the toilet (unless you flush it). Half-empty beer cans, however, are acceptable.



4 There are some guests who regard themselves as human ashtrays, popping roaches as if they were m & ms. The wise host or hostess will take care to see that roaches go their way. It's better than saving the slimy things in a drawer for weeks!

5 Nothing is worse than being passed a joint that has been drenched in someone else's saliva or phlegm. Should you be the recipient of such a joint, do not hold it aloft and shout, "Hey! Who's the asshole who jacked off all over this joint?" No one will admit it, and you'll be left trying to pass a joint nobody will want to touch.

6 A guest's feeling of well-being always comes first. No one should ever be urged to smoke pot once he or she has declined. The host may offer a soft drink, wine or beer instead. Maintain the ambience of the herb, however. It is not desirable to offer a nontoking guest a hit of crystal methedrine, for example, while the other guests are so stoned they cannot lift a joint to their lips. Eventually the nonsmoker will succumb to the contact high.

7 Household pets will be rendered mellow if they are reclining in the smoking area. Thus it is unnecessary to blow smoke into their faces.



Pill Protocol

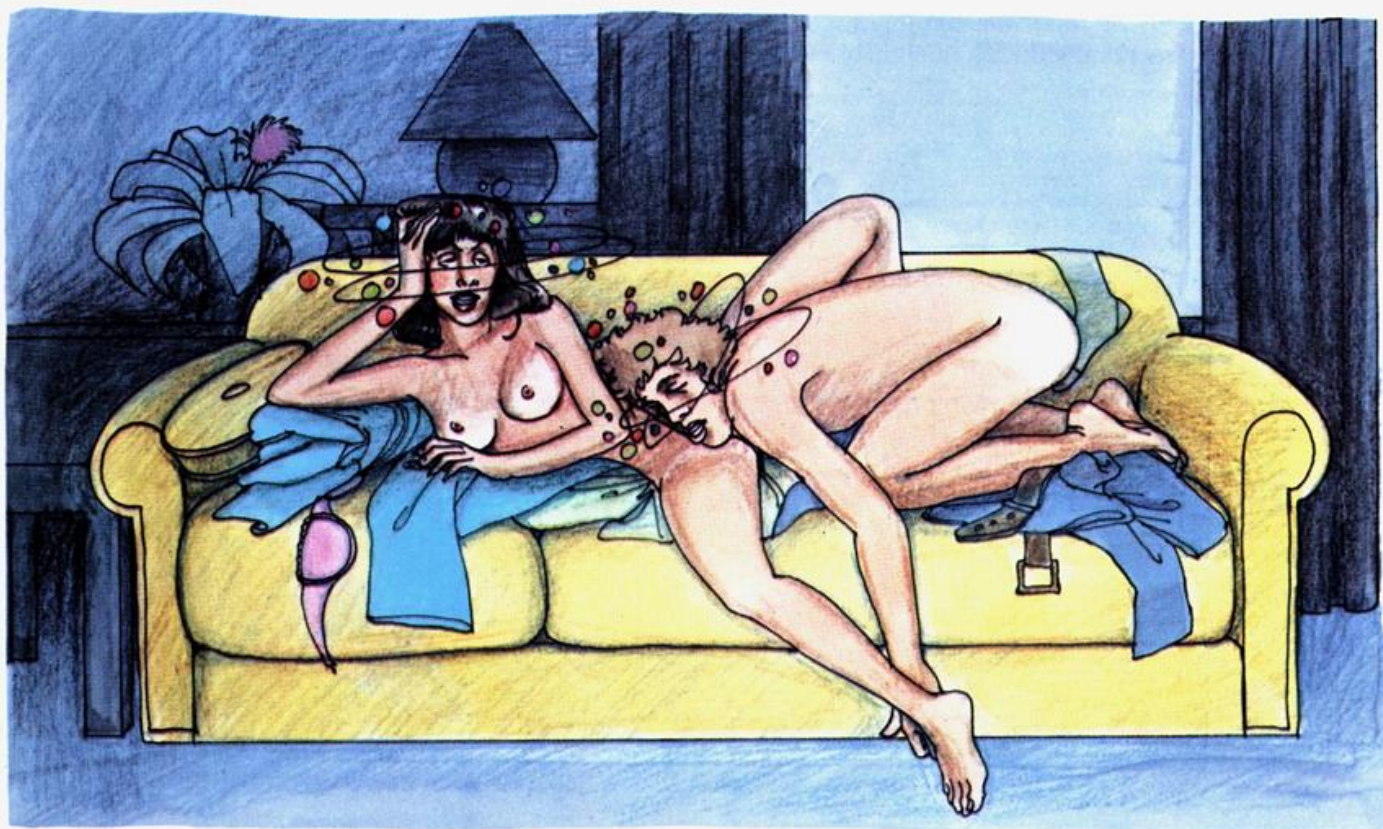
1 Don't hesitate to ask what kind of pills you're being offered. Nothing is more inconvenient than going down when you assumed you'd be going up, or going on an unexpected 48-hour trip when you have to drive home through a blizzard.

2 While tripping, don't bring heat down on friends by jumping out the window. Suicide is definitely bad manners and acceptable only in the privacy of your own home.

3 Slice pills neatly: you will not want to cause a pill to crumble into a jumble of tiny grains while cutting it in half, as this can cause others to beat you to a bloody pulp. When experiencing difficulty, ask a more experienced person to pare the pill for you.

4 If you enjoy Quaaludes, be careful with your host's valuable possessions. Keep your clumsy mitts off the stereo, for instance, and remain in a recumbent posture until you regain control of your muscles. While

experiencing the aphrodisiac effect of Quaaludes, try to remain as alert as possible. An excited lover isn't likely to appreciate the humor of a snoring partner during a heated session of 69, nor will the dozing recipient of a blowjob be a likely candidate for a repeat performance. Special tip for men: don't bore your partner with endless heavy rapping instead of cunt lapping.





Laughing Gas Gaffes

1 Have an adequate supply of balloons on hand, since they often break or pop while being pumped full of gas or become waterlogged with unsightly globules of spit.

2 Condoms—not funny.

3 Don't suck on the tank hose if you have trench mouth.

4 Don't be a problem tanker, that odious N_2O enthusiast who hovers near the tank, blocking access to it, even collapsing on top of it with lips glued to the nozzle. How far should a host or hostess go to control this uncomfortable situation? Treat the problem tanker as you would any other guest, supplying him or her with large balloons as often as possible. If necessary, gently remind the offender not to be a "tank hog." As a last resort, politely ask him or her not to "Lloyd the tank."*

5 Don't sign up for root canal work 50 times a year just so you can tank up in the dentist's office. It's not advisable to enter your periodontist's office and shout, "Hey Doc! Turn on the gas!" Nor will you be a

welcome patient if you are caught placing the inhaler over your nose when the dentist is on the telephone.

6 Remember that discreet social tankers are welcome anywhere, especially the office of a sympathetic dentist who knows that dispensing a little bit of the chuckle wind can't hurt his practice.



*As in Lloyd Bridges, star of "Sea Hunt"; equivalent of "Don't [Humphrey] Bogart that joint."

Cocaine Courtesy

1 To avoid embarrassing deposits of snot on the snorter, blow your nose before indulging. Should a guest at your party leave a trace of mucus on the spoon or snorter, discreetly introduce a clean substitute. Nothing is more appalling than these nasal calling cards on costly cocaine paraphernalia.

2 Clean razor blades are a must; nobody wants to inhale a line of coke laced with hair stubble, flakes of dried shaving cream and dead skin.

3 Make snorting easy and comfortable. Such paraphernalia as empty ballpoint shafts, cardboard Tampax tubes, worn-out dollar bills and used straws

from Nedick's are only to be used during snorting emergencies.

4 Don't disappoint others by whipping out a vial of coke and then revealing that there is only enough for three hits. Arrange with several friends to slip away one at a time and meet in an unusual location—such as the garage. Then laugh as a stampede of eager party-ers afflicted with an uncontrollable case of "Hoover nose" converges upon the bathroom.

5 Killing guests who have exhaled rather than inhaled, thus expelling a quantity of flake over the floor, is not permissible, though understandable. One must adopt a philosophical attitude about this sort of thing.

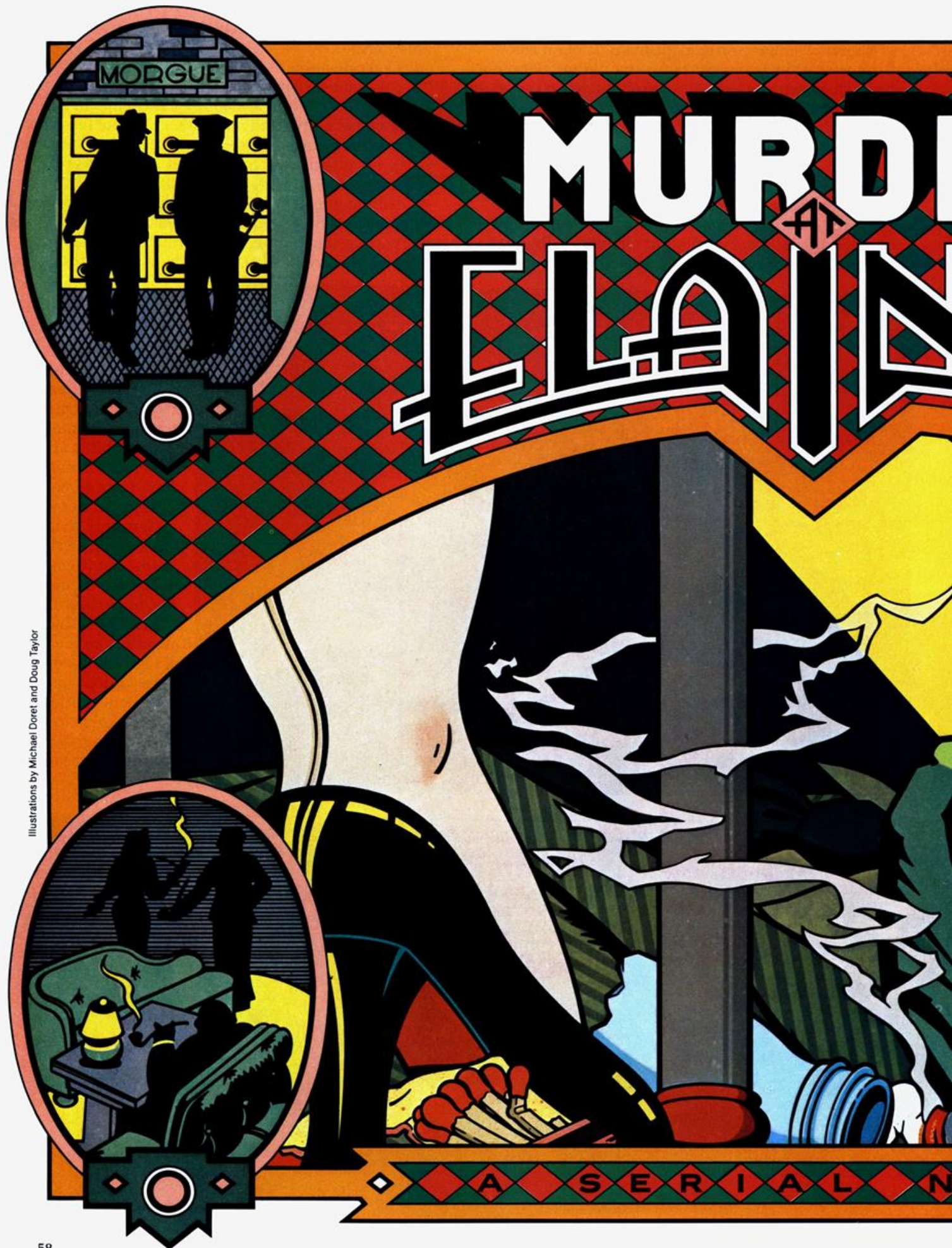


IN GENERAL

Never swallow, ingest, absorb or smoke a drug before it is offered to you. Expensive paraphernalia can be a pleasant accessory, but exorbitant pride of ownership is not. If you don't have something nice to say, don't say it.

Certainly there are other rules covering the use of drugs, but it isn't necessary to discuss them all here. The important thing to remember is that a little attention to the amenities of high life never goes unrewarded: just follow this modest etiquette and you'll be able to give—and have—a high time with style, elegance and grace. ▣





ER E'S



CHAPTER I

THE NIGHT THE LIGHTS WENT OUT

by
George R.
Boz

Sometime around three A.M. that steamy August night, Princess Rizzoli's chauffeur, Anthony, decided he just had to light up a joint. This waiting around got on his nerves. Since midnight he'd been sitting idle behind the wheel of the Princess's Rolls Royce Silver Cloud sedan, parked on the curb outside of Elaine's restaurant, the big-shot literary celebrity hangout.

"Keep the engine running," the Princess had called out to him as she and her companions had bounced out of the back seat. "We're just going to dash in and wave to some friends."

Fat chance, thought Anthony. He'd been through this dozens of times. The Princess and her jet set companions



NOVEL

—tonight they were a once-talented alcoholic playwright and the hot young Brazilian plastic surgeon who was in New York, the official story went, to raise funds for a charity clinic—would all emerge giggling at 4 A.M. closing time with some loud-mouth media fat cat.

Anthony was used to this, and the waiting wouldn't have gotten on his nerves if the Princess hadn't been strictly opposed to his smoking dope in her car. It made her bodyguards nervous, the Princess said.

So not long after three A.M. Anthony decided to risk sneaking off to the phone booth on the corner for a few clandestine puffs. Stepping out of the climate-controlled Cloud onto the sidewalk in front of the entrance to Elaine's was like stepping into a stale sauna.

Hours of idling had turned the limo grilles into massive hotplates blasting the air with withering gusts of engine heat. By the time the chauffeur finally reached the phone booth he was sweating profusely under his black uniform and peaked cap.

Why do they do it, he wondered as he lit up and sucked in the pollen-heavy Santa Marta. Why are the Princess and her jet set pals so obsessed with this Elaine's place? They could be anywhere in the world. Why tonight, a dead night in August, did they have to be here? It must be like a drug for them, whatever it was inside the place, he figured. A powerful drug.

Inside Elaine's all is cool and sweet and incandescent. Elaine herself, owner of the place and unchallenged arbiter of status in the lit-celeb world, is sitting at her own table just inside the entrance to the fashionable front room, playing backgammon with one of the bartenders, occasionally looking up to sip a seltzer and survey the scene.

Behind her, sitting on a bar stool, a slim young man in a black dinner jacket and bowtie sips a Pernod and surveys Elaine. Stuart St. George, a stringer for the New York Intelligencer, had an idea what put Elaine in such good spirits tonight. He'd been studying her behavior carefully in hopes of currying her favor, and he knew she was happiest when the Old Crowd was out in force: the writers and journalists whose checks she'd cashed when no one else would, whose early morning rages against editors, publishers and each other she'd suffered through in sympathetic silence in the days before they—and she—had become legends, before the limos began to show up with royalty from four continents, before Suzy and the cool upper reaches of Hollywood fashion, jet set and social register society all began to demand the best tables in the front dining room only to be rejected, humiliated and come back for more.

God, what a perfectly Olympian assemblage of brilliant and talented and famous people it was tonight, Stuart St.

George thought to himself. There were Jack and David and Bruce and Mary and Nora and Carl and Bob and Gay and Nan all at the big central table reserved for the lit-crowd Old Faithful. Surrounding them and their satellites were constellations of tables glittering with the presence of Princess Diane and Bobby and Swifty and Ahmet and Princess Dahlia, the fashionable Hollywood elite, drawn to Elaine's by the Algonquin-like aura of class Elaine had created, earning their tables by feeding the egos and bank accounts of the lit crowd with flattery and six-figure screenrights deals. Swirling throughout were a select crew of shady characters, sycophants and jet-set flotsam—part-time pimps, publicists, even an occasional dealer. And tonight George Plimpton had piloted a dazzling collection of dinner guests di-

Why are the Princess and her jet-set pals so obsessed with this Elaine's place? It must be like a drug for them, whatever it was inside the place, he figured. A powerful drug.

rectly over here before the demitasse had cooled. So when Princess Lee arrived with her dinner party guests with their mixture of Hapsburg, White House and Pulitzer titles—well, thought St. George, could Gatsby's parties have been better?

St. George fancied himself something of a young Fitzgerald figure, loved to play the romantic dandy, wore a dinner jacket all the time so that people would assume he was always on his way to or coming from an elegant dinner party.

And, he thought, draining the Pernod, here I am again in the midst of the best and brightest nonstop dinner party there ever was, the place where the moveable feast moved in for good.

Oh, the incandescence of it all. It was right here that the most sophisticated tastes, fashions and opinions were being forged—and not just for New York, for America, for Western Civilization itself. Of course, he might be going a little overboard. After all, Jackie didn't come tonight. And he knew Solzhenitsyn was in town but hadn't put in an appearance. Of course the cynics would make tasteless jokes about Elaine sticking the Russian exile in the dining room annex reserved for stran-

gers and nonentities and popularly known as "Siberia."

People were so unfair. St. George was fond of saying, when they accused Elaine of snobbism and arrogance and rudeness in refusing tables to mere mortals, occasionally even uprooting lesser celebs in the midst of meals to make room for famous favorites. People didn't understand the delicate, subtle alchemy of celebrity, St. George would say. They didn't know that the fierce vigilance with which Elaine watched over the entrance to her dining room, the obsessive care with which she orchestrated the hierarchy of seating arrangements within—that all of this was essential to protect this fragile communion of talent and celebrity from being overrun by gawkers and groupies. Creators of great salons were great artists, St. George had once exclaimed to Danny the bartender late one night when, he hoped, Elaine might overhear.

"What a total crock," Danny had remarked at the close of this encomium. Not because he disagreed, but because he didn't like gossip columnists who sat on the bar stool and tried to suck up to Elaine. "Stool pigeons," he called them. Since he retired from what he called the "import-export business," Danny had been with Elaine off and on for many years, mainly off, in the Caribbean and South America. He did a lot of fill-in work bartending for Elaine in the summer.

Seeing that it was past three and drawing toward the 4 A.M. closing time, he began to collect the bar receipts. It had been, he had to admit, a grand old-fashioned night. The chemistry was right. Just one strained moment had interrupted the churning momentum of the ego-orgy—the moment when Walter Foster walked in.

It was one of those awkward moments when nobody knew how to behave—nobody wanted to make a scene but nobody knew a good way of avoiding it.

Danny had been behind the bar that legendary night two years ago, the night Walter Foster had stalked out white-faced after snarling an expletive at Elaine. That humiliating moment marked the bottom line in Foster's precipitous fall from the pinnacle of New York media celebrity—and until this night he had not returned to the scene of that defeat.

Once not long ago when Walter Foster walked into Elaine's the incandescence within brightened another magnitude, the very air around him crackled with visions of hot books, big deals, the secret intrigues of the famous and powerful. Talented young women glowed when he told them he'd make them stars. And he did. He made a lot of people stars. Writers and directors and TV people. He used *The Apple*, the sophisticated trend-setting magazine he had created, like a magic wand, spotlighting and transforming anyone he chose into an instant star with the flash of a cover

story. Destroyed them just like that too. Encouraged savage hatchet jobs on his own creations, egged on egos to attack each other in print, fed feuds with devastating material garnered from gossip at Elaine's. He made as many enemies as stars.

But front-cover hatchet jobs served his purpose well. Fear of them made the rich and powerful seek out Foster's friendship and favor. It was, some said, a kind of literary protection racket. Foster would let out the word that one of his angry young stars was preparing a profile of a certain powerful figure, and, soon enough, said figure was likely to make a humble pilgrimage to Elaine's and seek a place at Foster's special table to demonstrate with much conviviality how much he would like to be Foster's friend, to feed Foster's ego while Foster fed himself fettucini.

That table, a banquette in the rear of the front room, was the symbol of Walter Foster's power and his downfall. In the heady days when he was the highest-rolling winner in the publishing industry, spinning off new magazines, books, publishing companies, transforming himself into a voracious "leisure conglomerate," Elaine made sure that Walter Foster's table was always cleared, set and empty, unless Walter Foster was there to sit at it. No matter how many celebrities waited in line hungrily, that table remained empty even if Foster never showed up. It was the ultimate badge of status in Elaine's elaborate hierarchy of favors and attentions—Foster was even more powerful when he *didn't* show up. Of course throughout the mid-Seventies he almost always showed up to hold court. Until the bubble burst.

"Eyes bigger than stomach," was the epitaph the Wall Street guys gave to the Big Apple Bubble, as it came to be called. Foster had his eyes on taking over a dying but heavily capitalized movie studio. Maybe he wanted to be The Last Tycoon in addition to Citizen Kane. He tried a power play with a tender offer, found himself in over his head in a bidding war and had to raise cash by selling control of his original magazine to another conglomerate, alienating his writers and editors. He lost the fight for control of the movie company; he lost the backing of his own money people. The new controlling interest bought up his contract and sent him packing from his magazine.

For a while he continued to come to Elaine's. At first it was exciting, like Napoleon at Elba, in a way. Dynamic new plans were floated—for financing a comeback, for revenge. Loyal lieutenants brought reports from the captive territories soon to be reconquered. It was going to be grand. But there were difficulties. The money people didn't share the grandiosity of his vision. The longer things stalled, the more irritable he grew over his impotence. He no longer had the power to commission and kill profiles, so courtesy calls at his

table paid him by politicians, he realized, were actually paid out of courtesy now, not fear. People did not walk across the room past potentates and powers to stop at Walter Foster's table *first*. He began to absent himself more frequently, sometimes a week at a time.

Then late one night, after a particularly long absence, he walked into Elaine's and halfway across the crowded dining room before he stopped dead in his tracks. *Somebody was sitting at his table.* And most galling of all to Walter Foster was that it was not just somebody, it was that upstart Jann Wenner, smiling and lifting his glass to Foster, toasting him from his own table. Foster turned, stalked out snarling, never to return. Until tonight.

The humiliating incident had been the talk of the town for months back then. The

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erotic performance.**

general verdict was that Elaine was perfectly justified. "How could she keep the table empty forever, it's not the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, for Chrissakes," someone remarked. And somehow after that wound Walter Foster was never the same. The life bled out of his comeback. He never got it off the ground.

But why, then, Danny the bartender wondered, would Walter Foster show up tonight out of the blue? Why risk Elaine's wrath and further humiliation? What's going on?

Fortunately, Danny could see Elaine was not going to waste time further humiliating Foster. She was in a benevolent mood. After sufficient hesitation, to make sure he realized that what followed was a charitable benefice, Elaine embraced Foster formally and held out her hand to the striking woman in the white linen suit who accompanied him.

Heads turned and voices hushed in that crowded dining room as Elaine led the couple straight to Foster's old table, which, whether by accident or design, was just being cleared. Foster seated himself on the chair facing the wall. Another little sur-

prise to the cognoscenti. In the old days he invariably sat with his back to the wall, the better to receive courtiers—although some wiseguy said that, like Wild Bill Hickock, Foster had too many enemies to turn his back to a crowded room.

But tonight he did. Maybe he didn't want to face that excited, inquisitive, feral crowd. Those regulars who did catch a glimpse of Foster on his passage across the room were shocked at how dramatically his features had changed since his last, ill-fated visit. Indeed everything that had been ruddy, vital, even apoplectic about Foster seemed to have been drained from him. His features now were pale, puffy and slack.

"It's the ghost of Christmas past," slurred the alcoholic playwright seated with Princess Rizzoli at the table behind Foster's.

There had been talk about Foster's behavior since the fall, he was said to be embittered and obsessed with vengeance upon those who had, he claimed, tricked and betrayed him out of the empire he built from nothing. And it was peculiar how tonight he said hello to no one, took his seat and looked only at the woman across from him.

Still, he *had* kept up outer appearances: despite the swelter outside, his blue-and-white-striped seersucker suit was fresh and crisp as the day it was minted in the workrooms of J. Press. Foster had always made a point of dressing as if he had not been rejected by Princeton three decades ago: a kind of perpetual, prep-school, non-chalant elegance. No accessories. Unless you counted the beautiful women with him as accessories. He did.

But that woman with him, a striking woman with jet black hair and green eyes—what was her story? Even Elaine had wondered about her as she seated them. She was beautiful, tanned and tropical in her white linen suit, but she looked half his 50 years and out of place in his world. And very nervous about something.

"You know her?" Stuart St. George asked Danny the bartender, who was staring intently at the lady in the linen suit.

"Yeah, Lauren Bacall. Used to be in pictures."

"Come on. Although I must say there really is something of that quality about her. And those green eyes. You do know her, don't you?"

"No. Wish I did though."

He did.

Once three years ago in the Florida Keys. A Prohibition-era mansion on a privately owned key. Built originally, so the locals said, by old Joe Kennedy for dealings with certain figures in the smuggling trade before Repeal. Sheltered deep-water docking facilities and all that. Danny was there on a business trip—this was before an unfortunate circumstance forced him out of the import-export trade.

She owned the place. Either she or her lover, a former Nicaraguan diplomat turn-

ed cocaine smuggler who claimed descent from a black sheep branch of the Somoza family. If, in fact, he was her lover and not merely a business partner. The seaplane pilot who stepped onto the deck with two attaché cases packed with large bills may well have been both.

The long hot afternoon on which the deal had gone down had been confusing, albeit highly profitable in many ways. He couldn't even remember what she'd been calling herself—was it Lilah? But there was something she did that afternoon he'd never forget—even now, as it dawned on him that the woman in the white linen dress was the woman he'd met on the key, he felt a throb of lust as he recalled the scene.

Negotiations had been droning on as they sometimes will in the parlor room, bills were counted, kilograms were weighed. She had absented herself to deepen her tan on the sundeck. Two hours later she reappeared, cocoa butter and sweat glistening on those parts of her body not covered by a delicately crafted, mesh bikini. From inside an oiled walnut break-front she removed a leather case once intended for heirloom silverware, took it to a chaise next to the negotiating table and opened it to reveal two powerful handguns wrapped in soft gun cloth resting atop the blue velvet lining.

One was a .357 magnum pistol, the other a Luger. Humming to herself, working slowly and expertly, she took each gun apart, cleaned it, oiled the parts, adjusted the firing mechanisms, spun the barrels, loaded them with cartridges, put them together and wrapped them back up.

It was, he recalled, a hypnotic and erotic performance. No wonder he couldn't forget her. But what could she be doing now, he wondered as he turned to the cash register to begin totaling up for the night. And why with Walter Foster? He was still working on that question when the lights went out and all hell broke loose.

Later the homicide cops would establish the fact that at 3:22 A.M. someone ripped the fuses out of the fuse box in Elaine's basement, plunging the assembled celeb illuminati into a sudden dark democracy wherein no proper distinction or recognition of degree could be observed.

"Danny, for God's sake get me a flashlight," Elaine called out to her bartender.

"Can't see to find the fucker," said Danny.

"Time to pay Con Ed," someone ventured. A nervous laugh rippled across the dark room.

People began to relax. For a moment it looked as if this would turn into one of those jolly catastrophes the newspapers love, with everyone showing true New York esprit and wit and all that. A nice feature on the Times "second front." Liz Smith. Suzy and Page Six would have fun with it.

Then, in the center of the room, the sound of a crash, shattering glass and shrieks of pain as a table for four, heavily laden with dishes, was violently upended.

**In the noise
and confusion
and panic of the exodus
no one heard the shot.
That's what
silencers are for.**

Somewhere in the room a woman screamed hysterically. "Nô. Please. He's got a gun."

"Everybody out. Now," a man's voice yelled. Up front someone threw a chair through the window, climbed out and started screaming for help. In the noise and confusion and panic of the exodus no one heard the shot. That's what silencers are for.

Ten minutes later the taste-makers of Western Civilization were regrouping themselves outside the darkened restaurant amidst the broken glass, the steamy mist and the Silver Clouds. Danny the bartender was looking in vain for the girl in the white linen suit. Only Anthony the chauffeur, from his special vantage point in the phone booth, saw her disappear around the corner. Someone had finally located a flashlight and Elaine was preparing to reenter when Princess Dahlia

discovered the blood on her shawl.

It was a cream-colored raw silk shawl. A favorite. When the lights went out and the panic began she grabbed it off the back of her chair, trailing it behind her in the rush to the exit. It was only when she stumbled out of the darkened restaurant and slipped the shawl over her bare shoulders that she felt something warm and wet soaking through the raw silk.

It was not royal blood: the Brazilian surgeon quickly determined that it had not come from from any wound on the body of the Princess.

In the midst of the shrill frenzy out on the sidewalk, George Plimpton himself plucked the bloodstained shawl from the gutter where the Princess had dropped it. He seemed undecided as to whether it would be more gentlemanly to return it to the Princess or dispose of it himself, when Elaine snatched it out of his hands and started back into her shattered restaurant with the flashlight gleaming in one hand, the bloody silk in the other. Sweeping aside hands that tried to restrain her, ignoring pleas that she wait for the police, Elaine bravely stalked right in.

It didn't take her long to find him. He was still there at his special table—well, under it. When the flashlight beam first fell upon his form stretched out, face-up amidst the debris of broken chairs, plates and bottles, she thought he might be playing some bizarre joke on her. "What the hell are you doing lying here, Foster?" she was about to say. Then as she picked her way toward him, she looked more closely, running the flashlight slowly up the length of the still figure. His black Guccis still gleamed like polished onyx, his seersucker slacks still held a knife-edge crease. His tie was neatly anchored in place by a gleaming ruby stickpin, and the knot was centered perfectly in his collar.

But wait. That ruby gleam. It occurred to Elaine that Walter Foster had never been the type to wear jeweled stick pins. At last she reached Walter Foster's special table and saw the blood slowly leaking into a pool beneath his body from—as the coroner would later report—a ragged exit hole torn out of his back by a .38 caliber bullet. That ruby gleam had been the neat entry wound. No ruby stickpin. Walter Foster would have died before permitting himself to appear so unfashionable. ■



Coming Next Month . . .

From Chapter 2 of *Murder at Elaine's*:

"Let me tell you something about these New York literary feuds," the homicide cop said. "They're bitter. Vicious. As far as I'm concerned everybody in the front room of Elaine's is a suspect. I want them rounded up and questioned. But most of all, I want that woman in the white linen dress. I have an idea what she was up to."

Chemists call it N_2O . Nitrous oxide. It'll send a sore tooth to sleep or keep whipped cream fresh for months. It takes four grown people to lift a full tank and a dozen more to scrape them off the floor when it's empty. Some call it laughing gas. Laughing gas is heavier than air and as cold as a banker's heart. It turns the nervous system into a barrel of pink tennis balls and makes you feel like you inherited 500,000 shares of G.M. Occasion-

N_2O

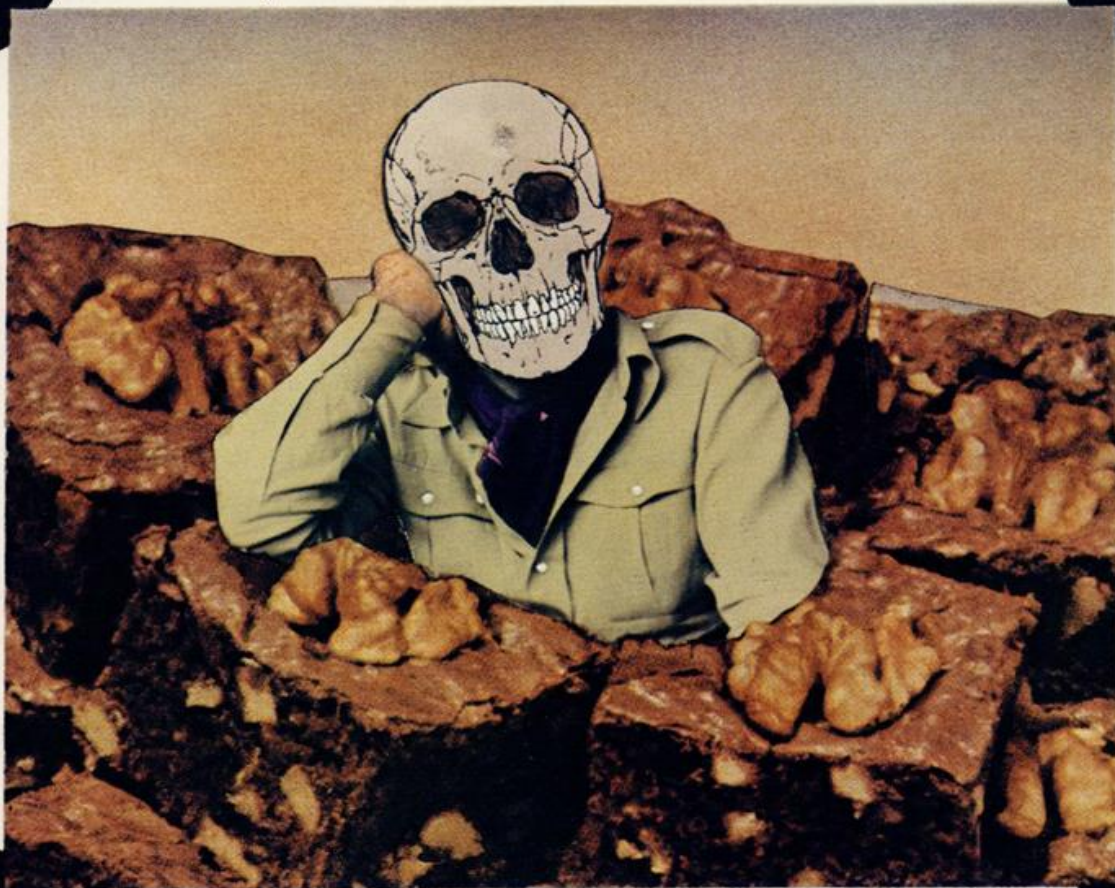
ally you pass out and everybody else thinks you died. But when they hold a mirror to your nose to see if you're still breathing, you instinctively inhale. Is that a lampshade on my head? Is that my head?

From time to time a tank is delivered to the office by mistake. But printing up all those *High Times* balloons was no mistake. Here some *High Times* staff members partake of the sweet air. Wa...Wa...Wa... □





Confessions of a Hashish Eater by Albert Goldman



Plumadore

Professor Albert Goldman, A.M., Chicago, 1951; Ph.D., Columbia, 1961; Phi Beta Kappa; Who's Who in the East—the whole schmeer—rides to a drug clinic in an ambulance, tongue in hand.

A couple of years ago, I was on assignment for a travel magazine in Miami. I had some friends down there—nice, respectable, middle-aged people, who had been given a lump of hashish. The woman was a very good baker, so she decided to prepare some hashish brownies. She baked up a tin of brownies and gave

one of them to her husband. He ate the pastry and an hour later fell sound asleep. Next day, he thought: "This stuff is too much for me. I'll give it to Albert. He writes about Lenny Bruce and drugs and all that stuff. Al will know what to do with it. Al can handle it."

The fact is that I had never eaten any

hash in my whole life. The only hash I had even seen were lumps so small that you could put them in the bowl of a pipe. I'd puffed hash pipes a few times. The drug had a peculiar effect on my face. First my face got numb. Then it developed, along one side, a line of ache. I imagined my face as a plate with a crack running across it. I

told this to a doctor once, and he said to me: "You better watch that, because the 'crack' you're pointing to is the vagus nerve, and if this stuff deadens that particular nerve, you could wake up one morning with the whole side of your face twisted up into Bell's palsy."

The Sunday after I got the brownies, three friends—Julia, Marie and Tracey—and I were visiting an engineer and his wife in Coral Gables, the most lushly tropical neighborhood in Miami. It was lunchtime, and Tracey, a big, heavy Chinese boy who loves to eat, began complaining he was hungry. Whispering in my ear, he hissed: "I knew, I just *knew* these people wouldn't serve any food!" He was getting cranky, so I said, "Tracey, here's the key to the room. Why don't you go back to the hotel and get that box of hash brownies? We'll eat a few and then we won't care about lunch."

The brownies were delicious. But there was a lot of hash in them. You could taste it with every bite. A strange chemical flavoring that might have been repulsive if it weren't disguised by the chocolate.

Meanwhile, we had all sat down at the table in the dining room and were starting to enjoy ourselves. As the mood brightened, I ate one brownie, then another and another. In all, I must have consumed at least three. Everybody else ate one or two, except Tracey. A glutton, he put away four of them.

Nothing happened for quite a while except that the conversation grew more hilarious. When I start feeling high, I want to run my mouth, tell my favorite stories, get everybody laughing. That afternoon I was really hitting my stride. I wrapped up one story with a hilarious punch line and sat back to enjoy the laugh. *Hahahahaha!* It was music to my ears, until it died. Then for the first time, I noticed that something was odd. Everyone was silent. They were sitting around the table, their faces wreathed with smiles, but with an odd, fixed look, like people in a painting.

Suddenly, something clicked in my head. I flashed: "These people are whacked out of their minds! Goned to the gills!" Then I thought: "Jesus! You're loaded too!"

Now, when you're performing, you're not in your own head, not in touch with your feelings—you're out there on stage. Only now, when I stopped blithering and began to concentrate on my own sensations, did I feel the soft glow of the hash. "Yeahhh," I mused. "I am a little drugged. That's nice."

Just at that moment, I hear a loud persistent rapping from the garden. *Tonk! Tonk! Tonk! Tonk!* "What the hell is that?" I ask myself. Turning to survey the scene, I'm stunned by the beauty of the picture that presents itself. The engineer has had the thought of making the back walls of his house huge two-story screens that offer an unlimited view of his garden. Now I'm

looking out onto this astounding Vista-Vision of tropical swampland. Mangroves, palms, tropical vegetation and flowers, little canals and docks—a fascinating picture. I couldn't have picked a more perfect setting in which to enjoy the sensory enhancement of dope.

Running my eye around this lovely landscape, redolent more of Manila or Bangkok than of Miami, I finally located the source of that loud persistent hammering. It was a little bird pecking in a feeder. It couldn't have been making more than a slight pecking sound, but the hash had so exaggerated my sensations that it struck my ear like loud hammering. "That's funny!" I said to myself in a dopey, bemused fashion, delighted to have found the sound and to be able to figure out that it was me and not the bird that was responsible for the noise.

Without saying a word, I got up from the table and wandered outdoors to enjoy the spectacle of the garden better. I always wander off when I'm high because I hate the interruption of my thoughts and fancies that occurs when I'm among people. When you're full of dope, you're full of thoughts. You don't need any additional input. You've got all you can handle. Nothing is more annoying to a person who is high than being forced to listen to another person's conversation. So now I went out to enjoy my own head as much as the scene.

No sooner had I sat down on the back steps of the house, however, than out comes Julia, a beautiful, spiritual-looking girl, molded from the same exquisite porcelain as Katherine Hepburn. She seemed very frail and haunted, like the heroine of a Gothic novel. She knelt beside me and spoke in her pretty British accent. She said she was afraid. She felt strange. She wanted reassurance. I said, "Don't worry, it's nothing. Just a little hash." But at that moment I caught the chill of her anxiety. Panic is notoriously contagious. Now that she had put the bug in my mind, I began to think: "Perhaps we've taken too much. Now we're in for it. Who knows what's going to happen?"

So my comfort was hollow comfort. As I moved my lips and uttered the assuring phrases, I began to do a backward zoom from the lovely scene before me to that dark little back room where we sit all hunched up when we're really scared and obsessing like mad. The tensions in my mind made me restless. I got up and went back into the house. I was seeking reassurance. What I saw was not reassuring. Everybody was still sitting around the table as if in a trance. I don't think they had spoken one word since I left. How long had it been since I left? I was getting disoriented. I have a marvelous sense of time. Even I can measure hours when I'm asleep. A mental alarm clock. Now I couldn't tell whether I had been out in the garden a couple of minutes or half an hour. Tracey was nodding. Marie, his French girlfriend,

was staring dumbly. Our hosts had the same foolish smiles on their faces. They were nodding like signifying dolls, as much as to say, "We know...we know!" It was like one of those science fiction movies where the spaceship sprays the city and everybody goes into a freeze.

Now I'm getting nervous. I can see this stuff hits you in waves. Every so often the fog lifts and you feel like you've recovered. Then the strange feelings come down on you again and you stare helplessly out into the deep. It reminded me of when I was a child in Atlantic City. My father was trying to teach me to swim. He would take me in the water and hold me horizontally in his arms. I was fine as long as my feet were on the shingle. The moment I felt my legs go up into the surf I would start to scream and kick and fight to get back on the beach.

At this point, Julia came up to me again. Now she was looking extremely distraught. I decided that the best thing would be distraction. Engage her in serious conversation so she wouldn't notice how strange she felt. Talking is my natural tranquilizer. Even in my moments of greatest fear, talking to someone about anything always acts to calm me.

As it happened, Julia and I had known each other for years. We had shared many experiences. We began to speak very seriously of our relationship. The conversation was deep and frank. She told me things that I had never imagined. Suddenly in the midst of this revealing discourse, she toppled over and fell at my feet. I stared at her recumbent body for a moment and thought: "Damn! Just as I was making my point!" Without a moment's hesitation, without the slightest effort to aid her, I turned away and followed the train of my thoughts out into the street.

At this moment, I began to experience the delusion that would slowly escalate over the next couple of hours until I was practically out of my mind. My throat and mouth were very dry. I wanted to swallow, but I couldn't swallow. I felt a spasm in my throat. Slowly I became convinced that if I tried to swallow, I would strangle. The saliva would catch in my windpipe. I would gag. I wouldn't be able to breathe! The more I thought about it, the more I began to panic. The more I began to panic, the more I began to think: "I'm trapped! I'm caught! What can I do to escape?" I kept testing my mouth. "Can I swallow now? Can I take just a little swallow?"

"No!" The answer was "No! If you swallow, you die!"

So I'm standing out in the nice, quiet suburban street before the house, preparing to die. My mouth is parched, and I would give anything for a sip of water. "That would be *instant death!*" the minatory voice in my mind booms. "The first swig would be like a knife in your esophagus. You would gasp and blanch. You would fall on the ground, like Julia. You would as-

phyxiate and *nobody would help you!* These people are all *helpless!*"

Now I'm practically at my wit's end, like the character in the horror story with the walls advancing on him. I decide to make one last effort to control my mind. I'll go out into the street and walk—not walk, but *march!* I'll raise and lower my feet like a soldier on parade. One, two, one, two. With military discipline I'll conquer this thing. Walk it off the way you walk off drunkenness.

But it doesn't work. The heat of the sun dries me out even more, and the pounding of my heart sends another rhythm racing through my body that contradicts alarmingly the steady tramp of the brave little soldier.

I turn back into the house one last time. Tracey is now completely comatose. He's lobbed out in a chair like a giant cat, sound asleep. Only it doesn't look like restful sleep. His neck is awry and his tongue is lolling out of his mouth. Marie is curled up in the fetal position on the sofa. For all I know, they both may be dead. Julia is now sleepwalking, and the host couple is wandering around in a wimpy way, uttering inanities. I'm so distracted that I can't bear to talk to them.

Then a phrase enters my mind: *The Swallowing Reflex*. "That's it!" I snap. "I've lost my swallowing reflex!"

Suddenly, I'm a white-coated clinician. I'm receiving myself as a patient in the emergency room. I've got a clipboard in my hand. I'm making notations. "Patient has lost swallowing reflex . . . presents symptoms of acute disorientation . . . left lobar grunge inoperative . . . Pabrunski syndrome . . ." The moment I visualize this desperate scene, I suddenly realize what I must do. I must get *medical aid*. At once!

In New York there would be no problem. Anytime of day or night you can press a button and be in a hospital. Doctors, nurses, technicians, clinical apparatus operate 24 hours a day, never more than a score of blocks away. "Down here, though," I think, "who the hell knows where to turn? Why do these things always happen to me on Sunday?"

Then, to rationalize the step I'm about to take, I start worrying about the others. "Who knows what shape they're in? Who got them into this pickle? Me, with my goddamn hash brownies! Now, who's the responsible one? Who's still enough in touch with the situation to recognize the danger and pull us out of this peril? Me! It's got to be me. I've got to make a move. Now!"

So I collar the engineer and tell him, affecting to be calmer than I am, "Look, man, this stuff is terribly strong. I myself am out . . . How are you feeling?"

"Well," he says, "I just ate one and I'm feeling pretty good."

"Oh yeah," I counter, "well, I ate three and Tracey here ate *four*. We're really in trouble, and I think it's time we finally

did something about this situation."

"Like what?" he says, looking at me in astonishment.

"Like getting some medical help." I reply sternly.

"Well, it's Sunday," he fuffers—but I was way ahead of him on that track.

"We could go to a hospital," I snap.

"A hospital!" he exclaims breathlessly, as if I had said "a charnel house."

"Why not?" I persist, getting a really hard edge on my voice.

"Well, how could we get there?" he puzzles. "I wouldn't dare to drive. Can you drive?"

"Me, *drive*?" I scream. "Are you crazy?"

Now I have something to do. I can get hot with this guy. Really bear down on him. Break his ass. He puts up one final line of resistance. The worst thing he could have said to me under the circumstances. "Please," he begs. "I don't want any scenes around here. Everybody knows me. This could hurt me."

I come into his clinic presenting the rare symptoms of classic Mideastern hashish intoxication, and this asshole is telling me to be quiet and sit down.

Now I'm really looking daggers at him, staring at him as if he were the most contemptible little bit of vermin on earth. Exploding with moral indignation, I start to read him the riot act. "Do you mean to say that you would imperil the lives of four innocent people just because you're afraid of what the neighbors will say? Do you want to have the responsibility for four lives on your hands?" I'm really getting way up in the pulpit and hammering out the Word when finally he cracks and backs down and goes off into the kitchen with his tail between his legs. I never dreamed that when he got into that kitchen he would pick up the phone and dial the *emergency number!*

Five minutes later, as I'm sitting out on the front steps of the house brooding over my swallowing reflex, I hear a siren screaming up this quiet, genteel residential street. The siren gets louder and louder, until it comes swinging into the driveway in the form of a white fire department emergency vehicle. The truck screeches to a halt and three firemen come running out like they're going to put out a fire. They're toting oxygen tanks and medical gear, and they're really hustling.

One big, curly, klutzy fireman comes running up to me and grabs my pulse with

one hand while he gapes at the watch on his other hand. I'm so spaced that I sit there like he was shining my shoes. Then he whips out a sphagnumeter and wraps it around my arm. Pump, pump, pump. A stethoscope in the ears, and a *pssssst!* He turns around and shouts, "Hey, Chief! Come over here. This one's took real bad!" When the chief comes over, the medic riddles off the data: pulse, 140; blood pressure, 210; marked tremor; blah, blah, blah. . . . The chief stares down at me and says, "What did you people eat?"

For the first time, it hits me that I've got my ass in a jam. Here we are out of our nuts on hashish, and the law is staring us in the face. If I were a long-haired kid I would have been a goner. It's beautiful, though, how the middle-class, middle-aged can fake their way out of a bust. We're so self-righteous, we're convincing. "Who? Me? Drugs? Are you crazy? I'm a doctor, a professor. I can be a victim, but I can't be a criminal—get that straight!" What's more, my mind doesn't jam when I'm in a jam. It goes right into overdrive.

"I don't know, Chief. . . . We ate something . . . some cookies that a guy gave me at the hotel. He was, ummm, a musician."

"Well, who is he? Is there any way we can find him?"

"I don't know . . . he prob'ly left. He gave me those cookies . . . I thought they were just pastries. Now I realize they must have had drugs in them. He was a *rock musician*."

They run around the house and grab the remaining brownies and put them in a plastic bag like they were radioactive. Then they get on the phone and call an ambulance. There are so many of us that they call two ambulances. More sirens scream down Pastel Boulevard. The neighbors are all over the place. The shit is hitting the fan. The guy who owns the house is now going crazy. As we learned later, he's the architect for the *police department!* Now his house is the scene of a big drug wipeout.

I'm put in the first ambulance with Marie. A medical attendant rides in the back with us. He's a nice, sympathetic young man. He can see that I'm going nuts. As the ambulance starts racing toward Jackson Memorial Hospital in Miami, which has a special drug ward, the noise of the sirens and the alarming trajectory of the vehicle dashing around corners and barreling down highways start to get to me. I turn to the attendant, practically with tears in my eyes. I tell him that I've lost my swallowing reflex, that I can barely breathe, that I'm terrified that if I try to swallow, my tongue will stick in my throat and I'll strangle.

"What shall I do till we get to the hospital?" I beg him, reaching out instinctively to hold his hand.

(continued on page 96)

HIGH STYLE

wet DREAMS

A lot of water has flowed under the bridge and over the dam and through the sluices and out of the culverts and into the sink and over the dishes since the last time you went to the beach in an itsy-bitsy teeny-weeny yellow polka dot bikini, a thong or Dad's plaid trunks. Last year's motif was nude beach à gogo, which bought the farm when Fashion Ave. realized nudists don't buy clothes. So seaside style is back this year in a dazzling variety of materials, including plastics, chamois, leopard skin, cloth-o'-gold and thin, highly tensile steel. Just add water and serve. These wet dreams of the female persuasion have no intention of doing any such thing as they stand around bored in a loft somewhere demonstrating correct wear of the "dry look" in their black-ribbed mini-maillot (right), from Elon of California,

\$28; and silver bikini from Fiorucci, 125 E. 59th St., New York, N.Y. \$30. The silver nylon très chic loss-leader tote bag is by David Leong, 249 W. 29th St., New York, N.Y. Footwear, cut-offs and hair ornaments from Fiorucci.



Everybody at Muscle Beach either has a wet dream or is one. Left to right: She's discussing Peruvian affairs in her red metallic bikini from Fiorucci, \$30. He's a real hunk in a \$25 chamois loincloth (same kind Idi Amin wears) from Serendipity, 225 E. 60th St., New York, N.Y. The water (courtesy of New York State Water and Utilities Commission) shining on the next guy's turquoise plastic boxer trunks—also available in other colors—by David Leong, \$15, makes them look like tank camouflage. The lady on





the far right in the chamois bikini from Serendipity, \$30, is catching a few rays and wondering if the sun will bleach her hair, while her friend in the leopard nylon bikini from Fiorucci, \$28, and silver skull necklace by Richard Erker, 138 W. 25th St., New York, N.Y., is tying knots in it. Bags and jewelry from Fiorucci; sunglasses by Wendy Gell, 150 Spring St., New York, N.Y.; footwear from Fiorucci and Early Halloween, 180 9th Ave., New York, N.Y.; hair by Irnfried von Wechmar of Gerard Bollei. □



DOPE IN THE CINEMA

PART III BY JOE KANE

WHEREIN DOPERS AND COMMIES BECOME ONE

The global bloodbath had finally ended. Millions were numbered among the dead. Others were maimed beyond recognition. Yet many of the few survivors felt the worst was still to come.

For America had a new set of enemies. Call 'em Red China, Soviet Russia—the names aren't important. What was important was the belated return of the American antidrug film: the cold-war narc thriller era had begun.

Among the staunchest of America's cold warriors was our old friend Harry J. Anslinger. Having singlehandedly saved both nation and day from the post-Depression, prewar Marijuana Menace, the spirited head of the Feder-

al Bureau of Narcotics wasted little time in finding new fields to conquer. The exact nature of those fields was not important, as long as they yielded pernicious psychoactive crops that could be conspicuously put to the torch by those tireless protectors of the public good, the brave lads of the FBN.

Though Anslinger had succeeded in burning a third-degree dread of the evil weed into the American consciousness and in putting antimarijuana laws on federal, state and local books, the victory had not been without its Pyrrhic dimensions. By backing such antidrug disquisitions as *Reefer Madness* and *Assassin of Youth*, he had encountered

ensorious opposition, not only from the Legion of Decency, but from the film industry itself. The powerful Production Code Authority had already decreed that "illegal drug traffic must never be presented." And while the *Reefer Madness* movies may not have been blanketly banned, their exposure had been severely limited.

World War II had further diverted both industry and audience from what had always been a marginal, however sensational, phase of the American exploitation film, and by 1947 the drug movie had all but disappeared. All of which would never do, not if Harry J. were to strengthen his position in the federal law en-

forcement firmament. A new game plan was indisputably in order, and the growing cold-war fever would furnish him with a brilliant one.

By the late 1940s, marijuana, cocaine and opium had already run their course as viable celluloid evils. But the heroin "problem" was just beginning to assert itself in America's ghettos, generating big bucks for a network of foreign harvesters and importers, Cosa Nostra distributors, local dealers and those lawmen and public officials who profited from the routine narcotization of latently troublesome ghetto dwellers. By linking that narcotization program with an international Commie conspiracy, the film industry, eagerly aided by the FBN, not only shifted the blame from the actual perpetrators, but also invented an entertaining variation on the already popular anti-Red espionage thriller.

Though PCA heads were still withholding Certificates of Approval from drug movies, Anslinger circumvented their authority by cooperating with the producers of *To the Ends of the Earth*, a 1948 chase film that served as the basic model for the modern cold-war narc adventure. With film industry folk playing fretful rounds of Name That Commie at clamorous HUAC hearings, the PCA could hardly come down on the virulently patriotic approach to the "drug problem" taken by *To the Ends of the Earth*. Even better for Anslinger's purposes was the fact that this approach didn't necessitate the on-screen simulation of drug use, that aspect of the antidrug film that had most riled morals guardians in the past.

While *To the Ends of the Earth*—based on "source material" from the "hitherto secret files of the U.S. Treasury and Federal Bureau of Narcotics"—is set in the Thirties and pins the opium—not heroin—trafficking rap on the Japanese, a foe still fresh in the minds of postwar moviegoers, it faithfully adopted the terse, no-nonsense style of the Red Menace movies.

Press notices about the film were noticeably reticent

about specifying the precise nature of the "soul-destroying, body-enslaving evil" it so vigorously reviled. That reticence was frequently applauded by film critics who shared the public's profound fear of drug use, a subject almost as off-limits as the long-closeted horrors of homosexuality, incest and the violent overthrow of the United States government.

Taboos were so strong that filmmakers would often refuse to identify the specific drugs in question, referring to them only as "dope," "drugs" or "narcotics," thus blurring any distinction among them. In other films, they were scarcely mentioned at all, only alluded to obliquely.

To the *Ends of the Earth* opens with a brief stock footage shot of Anslinger signing a U.S. agreement calling for increased international cooperation in the apprehension of global dope merchants. From here the scene shifts to San Francisco, where between-assignments narc Dick Powell tends his garden under the gaze of his loving mom. This pastoral tableau is interrupted, however, by a phone call from Harry J. himself. The Chief, it seems, wants Powell to investigate an uncharted Japanese vessel steaming away from the California coast to the safety of international waters. Powell promptly does as instructed, only to recoil in revulsion when the ship's Japanese captain unceremoniously deposits a hundred helpless opium-plantation coolies into the briny deep.

His sense of decency offended, Powell pursues both case and ship to Shanghai, where he catches wind of an international opium-smuggling operation headed by the mysterious "Jean Hawks." Our hero surmises that this unidentified archenemy of civilization-as-he-knows-it is the sinister Signe Hasso, widow of a prominent irrigation engineer and governess of orphaned Oriental girl Maylia, whom the narc affectionately dubs "Princess." Powell next picks up the ring's trail in Egypt, where the opium crop was once cultivated by Signe's since-assassi-

nated spouse, the irrigation engineer. Several suspected smugglers commit suicide along the way, but the elusive Jean Hawks continues to elude.

At a major drug distribution point off the Jersey coast, however, Powell dramatically unmasks Hawks as none other than the seemingly innocent moppet Maylia, whom he immediately ceases to call "Princess," describing her instead as a "bundle of human garbage."

The film closes with a montage of tight close-ups on the international narcs who've aided Powell, as our native narc narrator pleads for continued cooperation among the watchdogs of civilization in all parts of the globe.

To the *Ends of the Earth* not only got its point across to properly paranoid patrons, but won the critical kudos of most of the nation's film reviewers, whose support served to reinforce the film's antidrug message. Anslinger acquired even greater power the following year by actively assisting in the production of another narc adventure, Universal's *Johnny Stool Pigeon*. In exchange, Anslinger was permitted to scrutinize each stage of the film's working script and submit the finished product to other FBN bigwigs, Customs commissars and the Secretary of the Treasury for their official benedictions. This privilege was later expanded when Anslinger was granted informal but effective veto power over all prospective narc film scripts.

Though not as grand as *To the Ends of the Earth*—which boasted of having been two years in the making at a cost of some two million bucks—*Johnny Stool Pigeon* charted a parallel course with T-man Howard Duff (a poor man's Dick Powell) chasing a similar narcotics ring. The film's modest resources showed themselves most pointedly in the narc's limited path of pursuit. Whereas Powell's expense account enabled him to trek from San Francisco to Shanghai to Egypt, on to Cuba and finally New York, Duff hustles only from Frisco to Vancouver to Tucson to Mexico and back to Tucson. A To

By the time the Fifties arrived, the screen was all but aswarm with selfless narcs in relentless pursuit of suspected commie-connected dealers.

the *Ends of the Earth* at best, the film nevertheless met with a more than adequate box-office response, always the bottom line, even for studio propaganda films.

By the time the Fifties arrived, the screen was all but aswarm with selfless narcs in relentless pursuit of suspected Commie-connected dealers. Undercover agents Fred MacMurray and Claire Trevor took off after Mexican and American "hasheesh" smugglers in *Borderline* (1950), while Alexis Smith and Scott Brady gave chase to heroin traffickers in *Undercover Girl* (1951). The lower-bracketed *Federal Man* devoted much of its time not only to the usual dope running, but to demonstrating the "various scientific devices used by the narcotics bureau" to snare their prey.

Other B films—*Port of New York* (1949), *Customs Agent* (1950), *Woman from Headquarters* (1950)—recounted similar "exotic adventures." Even western swing band-leader Spade Cooley got into the antinarcotics act, routing a band of border drug peddlers led by the diabolical "Phantom Rider" in 1950's *Border Outlaws*. (Spade's narc, and indeed his entertainment future, were dimmed considerably, however, when he was later sent up the river for murdering his wife.)

While Anslinger was bestowing copious blessings on *To the Ends of the Earth* with one hand, he was raising the other in vehement protest against the proposed importation of a prize-winning Canadian documentary entitled *Drug Addict* (1948). Directed by Robert Anderson, the film

had been loudly lauded in liberal circles as a reasonably compassionate look at Canadian heroin addicts. When word of the film reached FBN headquarters, Harry J. hopped on his high horse and made a mad dash to head *Drug Addict* off at the border. Exercising his by then considerable clout, he filed a "friendly request" with the Canadian government to bar the film from American screens, presumably because the addicts in question weren't shown participating in normal addict activities—i.e., raping virgins, garroting infants and hurling themselves out top-floor windows while brandishing Russian flags. He further maintained that the documentary "contained scenes of addiction which tended to glamorize the drug habit" and he feared the "education of irresponsible elements as to their [drugs] use."

For his part, director Anderson professed to understand his film's being denied commercial release but felt it unfair "to block its use for educational, legal and medical groups." No way, replied Harry J., and *Drug Addict* was promptly sent packing. Other, less enlightened, foreign films of the era, like Italy's *Brief Rapture* (1952), an unwitting remake of *Cocaine Fiends*, and *Three Forbidden Stories* (1953) suffered similar fates.

While on the subject of enlightenment, it was also in the early Fifties that the first of the so-called educational shorts, bearing titles like *Narcotic Evils*, *The Dangerous Drugs* and *H, the Story of a Teenage Addict*, began making the rounds of American elementary and high schools. One of the earliest, the ten-minute *The Terrible Truth* (1951), set the tone for scores of such films to come. An early exponent of the domino theory of drug abuse, the short described how a teenage girl smokes an occasional joint and "in a few days becomes an addict, which leads to a criminal record and a blighted future."

In a parallel vein, *The Dangerous Drugs* (1957), produced by the Narcotics Education Foundation of America and narrated by Ronald Rea-

DOPE IN THE CINEMA: PART III

gan, traced the "path to complete drug addiction that chronic users follow." Another, *Heroin Addiction—Living Death*, adopted cold war terminology in taking a hard look at life behind the "heroin curtain." The genre wouldn't really take off until the late Sixties, however, when authorities could link drug use with a broader and more easily identifiable enemy: those native aliens in their midst who sought to subvert the dominant culture via political activism, social deviance and mind-expanding drugs.

As for the boys back at the FBN, the narcs 'n' smugglers trend generated by Anslinger continued well into the decade. If he accomplished little else, Anslinger had effectively demonstrated that his narcs could be every bit as bad as his bite—in the movies, anyway.

In the past, those few films offering reasonably compassionate portraits of drug addicts, like William Wellman's *Heroes For Sale*, had invariably resorted to employing characters who'd become hooked against their will. Usually they were troubled combat vets who'd been treated with morphine to ease the pain of severe war wounds. By the 1940s, however, the paranoid Production Code Authority had decreed that the rigors of drug addiction were no longer to be portrayed in any manner whatsoever, no matter what the cause of addiction or how arduous the addict's attempts to reform.

One film that violated both the PCA's edict and the tradition of involuntary addiction was Otto Preminger's adaptation of Nelson Algren's *The Man with the Golden Arm* (1955), in which the protagonist, would-be jazz drummer Frankie Machine (Frank Sinatra), is seen more as a product of civilian environment than military mishap. Though he too returns from the war with a gutful of shrapnel, it is the misery engendered by life in Chicago's Polish ghetto that prompts him to turn to the

needle. Even here the film concentrates on Frankie's attempts to resist the destructive lures of the slums; a character who had adjusted to his addiction would not have been deemed fit to serve as the sympathetic subject of a Fifties film.

Trying to keep himself straight long enough to fulfill his delusional musical ambitions, Frankie is eternally hounded by friendly neighborhood pusher and private demon "Nifty Louie" Fomrowski, sleazily enacted by Darren McGavin who, with a flick of the fedora and a tug at his toothpick, never tires of reminding him that "I'll be around." Burdened by insurmountable problems, Frankie repeatedly succumbs to Louie's call. But at the movie's end, he hangs up his spike after spending a single night writhing about a padded cell in what has to rank among the quickest cures on record.

While hardly a realistic depiction of the traumas of heroin addiction, *The Man with the Golden Arm* was adjudged sufficiently "frank" to be denied an MPAA seal and was subjected to intense censorious interference. Preminger, however, had successfully circulated his "ribald" *The Moon Is Blue*—which contained such then-verboten vocables as *virgin* and *seduction*—sans seal just two years earlier and resolved to do the same with *The Man with the Golden Arm*. Unlike *Blue*, *Golden* managed to elude the Legion of Decency's "Condemned" classification (they found it merely "morally objectionable in part"), marking the first occasion where a seal-less film avoided that fate and considerably strengthening Preminger's position. Though Otto did agree to delete a 37-second sequence showing Sinatra cooking up a spoonful of smack, he refused to make any further concessions. Instead, the film's impressive box-office statistics put the PCA in a serious fix. Realizing that the industry now had to compete with cost-free television and more contro-

Authorities linked drug use with aliens who sought to subvert the dominant culture via political activism, social deviance and mind-expanding drugs.

versal foreign film fare, the Production Code Authority was forced to loosen its strictures against the depiction of drug use, among other topics previously held taboo, eventually granting *Golden* a seal in 1961. The enterprising Otto had made his point, and from that point on studio moguls no longer viewed as synonymous entities the PCA's wishes and the PCA's commands.

Instead, many industry execs began exploring the profitable potential of lensing "controversial" films. Darryl F. Zanuck decided that coughing up a quarter of a million for the film rights to Michael V. Gazzo's smashing Broadway horse play *A Hatful of Rain* might not be as cavalier an idea as it would have been a few years before. An entry in the late Fifties New York Neo-Realist cycle, *A Hatful of Rain* (1957) revived the stereotype of the involuntarily addicted combat vet (Don Murray), who'd caught his habit in Korea.

This archetypal addict turned up again later that year in United Artists' *Monkey on My Back*, a melodramatic recreation of the World War II-related addiction, subsequent civilian struggles and eventual cure of boxer Barney Ross (Cameron Mitchell), who, unlike the fictive Frankie Machine, required a full four and a half months at Lexington to kick. As for the film itself, *Variety*—always quick to accurately isolate and evaluate movie trends—sounded a sober warning on the subject: "The public can't be counted upon to hold still

This page—*Junkies on Their Backs*: Frank Sinatra, Don Murray and Cameron Mitchell take cold turkey treatment lying down in *The Man with the Golden Arm*, *A Hatful of Rain* and *Monkey on My Back*. Then same trio, back on the smack track. Opposite—Federal Bureau of Narcotics agent Dick Powell pursues pandemic poppy peddlers *To the Ends of the Earth* (1948) in first of the Anslinger-approved postwar narc

for too many variations on a story line that has as its focal point a tormented hophead." Particularly, we might add, if they were all as poorly crafted as *Monkey on My Back*.

Despite that ominous augury, the generous b.o. response accorded *The Man with the Golden Arm* not only kept studios hot on the smack track, but led them to expose the dangers posed by other drugs as well. In 1956, James Mason underwent a sudorific bout with cortisone in Nicholas Ray's classic Middle-American Gothic thriller *Bigger Than Life*.

As an overworked, underpaid schoolteacher moonlighting as a cab dispatcher, Mason develops a coronary condition aggravated enough for doctors to place him on the newly discovered "miracle drug." Growing overly fond of his ego-expanding medicine, he rapidly degenerates into a raving, right-wing domestic dictator who excitedly advances reactionary theories, heaves footballs through the bay windows and keeps his wife and small son virtual prisoners in a split-level version of the Castle of Otranto. As a result, Mason, who also produced the film, had to face heavy critical artillery mustered by the pharmaceutical industry, whose spokespeople accused the film of being overdone. Whatever its medical accuracy, *Bigger Than Life* remains an engrossing exercise in high-key domestic dramaturgy and an effective paean to the prevailing paranoia of the age.

Dex reared its ugly head in *Death in Small Doses* (1957), a film asserting that it is not the speed freak's goal to discover the world, but to race up and down the same stretch of highway. Given the industry's pronounced penchant for exaggeration, actor Chuck Connors did a creditable job as the dex-driven trucker, enthusiastically demolishing sets, cutting mean terpsichorean rugs with roadhouse floozies and blinking uncontrollably behind the wheel of his monster rig. To fulfill the title promise, he pays with his life

for his chemical transgressions, a fate that by the Fifties was no longer demanded of every screen dooper. In those relatively enlightened times, a nightmarish cure or long stretch in stir would suffice.

Marijuana proved Gene Krupa's temporary undoing in *The Gene Krupa Story* (1960), with Sal Mineo as the swaggering seminarian-turned-skinks-wizard who is knocked off his high hat by a scandalous reefer bust that sees him hit the skids and, later, the comeback trail. In United Artists' *Paris Blues* (1961), a tedious effort of a decidedly dated liberal bent, troubled trombonist Paul Newman attempts to coax fellow musician Gypsy (Serge Reggiani) out of a debilitating cocaine dependency. The turning point in this sermonic subplot arrives when the pair happen upon "the Pusher," a woe-begone hophead pathetically picking at an equally woe-begone guitar, producing sounds that might be charitably described as avant-garde. As it develops, the hophead was once one of the finest Flamenco guitarists ever to strum 'round those parts. The pair pause to soberly consider the former great's sorry state.

"Look at him," Newman commands.

"He is only one year older than me," gulps Gypsy.

"That's you in one year," Newman, with flawless logic, concludes.

"Gulp," says Gypsy.

"One year!"

The grateful Gypsy, getting the point, vows immediate reform.

Another excuse for presenting antidrug propaganda was the Yellow Peril potboiler, a durable racist subgenre that had yet to see its overdue demise. *Confessions of an Opium Eater* (1962)—one of American-International's purloined titles, pinched from De Quincey rather than Poe, for a change—featured one outstanding opium fantasy: the slow-motion, paranoid pursuit, replete with odd-angled falls from windows and rooftops, of title character

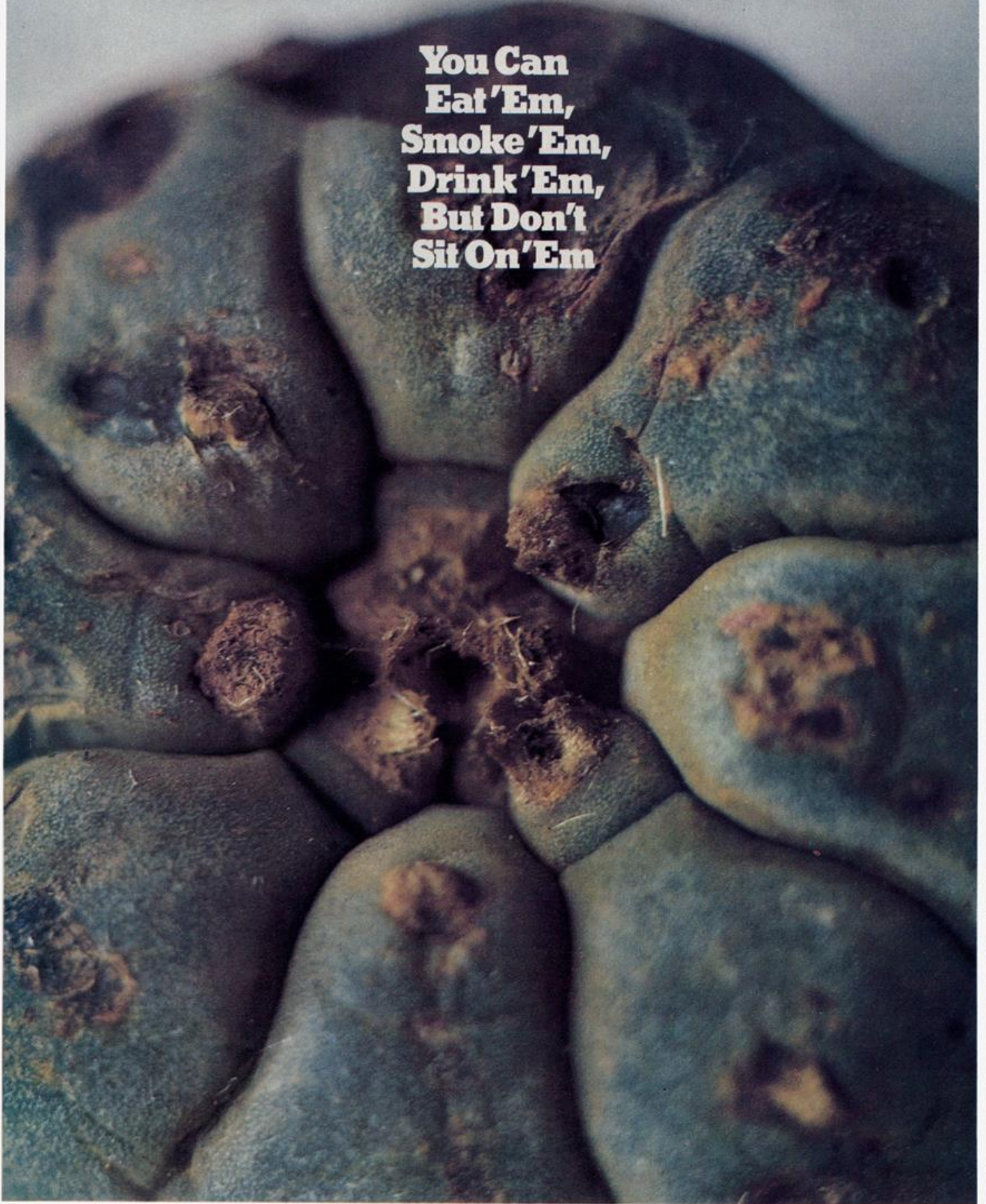
(continued on page 80)

'n' pushers thrillers. James Mason as cortisone-crazed schoolteacher in *Bigger Than Life* (1956). Russ Tamblyn as teenage narc in *High School Confidential* (1958). Christopher Lee as leader of band of drug-crazed assassins partial to hate-filled rituals in *Terror of the Tongs* (1961).



PSYCHEDELIC CACTI

**You Can
Eat 'Em,
Smoke 'Em,
Drink 'Em,
But Don't
Sit On 'Em**



Peyote

By Robert Lemmo

Which cacti will get you high? That depends on your definition of "high," your metabolism, your culture and mind set and a thousand other factors. An Oto Indian peyotist told Weston La Barre, author of *The Peyote Cult*, in all sincerity, that peyote doesn't work outside of prayer meetings—he had tried it.

Most knowledge of psychoactive cacti comes from Mexican and American Indians, especially the native shamans and *curanderos* ("healers") who use the plants in religious and visionary contexts. Science has just not gotten on the stick in research into psychoactive cacti. Although use by Indians strongly suggests that many of the alkaloids found in cacti are hallucinogenic, only mescaline, macromerine and gigantine are officially recognized as such. Many alkaloids remain unidentified, and the vast majority of plants go unanalyzed.

Still, existing research, coupled with Indian knowledge of cactus use, enables us to identify about 50 species of cactus that will get you off, in one way or another. However, not every ritual hallucinogen used by Indians makes for a nice recreational high.

By far the best known and loved hallucinogenic cactus is peyote. This is often confused with *mescal beans*, *mescal buttons* and *mescaline*.

The mescal bean, or red bean, is the seed of a small shrubby evergreen, *Sophora secundiflora*, found in drier parts of the American Southwest and Mexico. The seeds are found in a beanlike pod and contain cytisine, a highly poisonous alkaloid of the nicotine group. Besides inducing visions, these seeds, called *frijillitos* in Mexico, commonly bring about nausea, convulsions and, if taken in large amounts, death from respiratory failure. Use of mescal beans goes back at least 1,000 years in Mexico and has diminished somewhat since the spread of safer and more pleasant peyotism. But to this day the "Road Man," the peyote leader of certain Plains tribes such as the Kiowa and Comanche, wears mescal beans as part of his ceremonial dress. Other Plains tribes have been reported to mix peyote and *S. secundiflora* in a drink—a concoction as cataclysmically potent as Al Capp's legendary Kickapoo joy juice.

The word *mescal* properly refers to *Agave americana* or other *Agave* species and to the spirits distilled from the beer of the plant, which is called pulque. The genus has over 300 species; some of the common names include century plant and Indian cabbage.

An important point must be made here: Mescal does not contain mescaline. The confusion over these two very distinct psychoactives arose when Arthur Heffter



Agave americana var. *mediopicta* fa. *alba*



Agave americana

Other Plains tribes have been reported to mix a concoction as cataclysmically potent as Al Capp's legendary Kickapoo joy juice.

isolated the chief psychoactive agent in peyote in 1896 and called it mescaline. Make no mistake, the powerful drink made from the agave plant and the hallucinogenic peyote brew have very different effects. Unfortunately, the confusion that surrounds them was exacerbated by the name of the Mescalero Apaches, who were peyote users in Heffter's time, but whose name derived from the agave plant.

Peyote

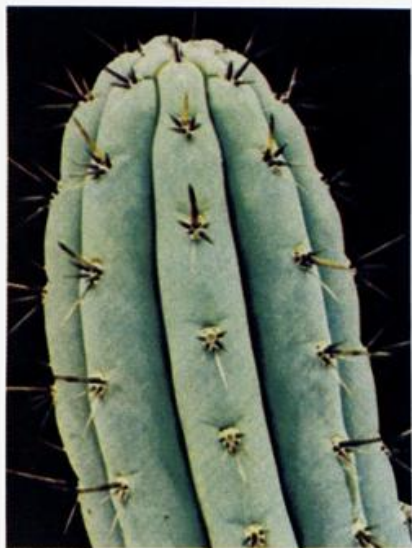
When peyote cactus, *Lophophora williamsii*, is dried, the outer edge of the plant curls around the top, giving a buttonlike appearance. Peyote grows on both banks of the lower reaches of the Rio Grande and for quite a distance southward into Mexico. Brewster, Zapata, Jim Hogg, Presidio, Starr and Webb counties in Texas are the most prolific in peyote; the plants are usually found in limestone-desert and desert-scrub areas. The name of the sacred cactus in Nahuatl, the language of the ancient Aztecs, was *peyotl*, meaning something like white, wooly and/or caterpillar, referring to the plant's white tufts of hair. This is the term adopted by many of the Plains tribes and later Anglicized to *peyote*. When early European pioneers of the Southwest and Mexico discovered mescal, they "alcophilically" dubbed it dry whiskey. Carl Lumholtz, a Norwegian explorer-anthropologist-naturalist

whose 1902 classic *Unknown Mexico* remains the most comprehensive account of Mexican cactus use, reported that even straight-shooting Texas Rangers developed a taste for this "dry whiskey." Taken prisoner in the Civil War and deprived of all manner of booze, the illustrious imbibers soaked peyote (which they called white mule) in water and swilled the tea to transcend the mere physical boundaries of their POW camp. Sounds better than "Hogan's Heroes."

People with proper respect for peyote will cut the head off the plant at an angle when collecting it. This way, the root and the bit of plant left in the ground can regrow. A stump decapitated in this way will sprout several new heads on the single rootstock. These clones are considered primo. It is said that the Santo Domingo Indians guarding the Northern Arizona peyote fields will damage people who don't show this respect. The belief that the woolly tufts of hair on peyote contain strychnine is a fallacy. The hairs act as a terrible irritant to the digestive tract, and eating buttons without first pulling them causes massive internal itch.

There are as many ways to eat peyote as there are to eat chocolate; it's up to you. You can make tea and drink it, boil it down and stuff it into capsules, mix it with tutti-frutti, wash it down with O.J. or just get into it and chew it up real well, which will leave a strong taste in your mouth but is probably the best way to get off. Descriptions of the raw taste of peyote range from intensely repugnant to mildly disgusting to nice and tasty—this last judgment not uncommon among long-time users.

Speaking of long-time users, evidence of peyote use can be found on west Mexican burial art dating back to the year one, or thereabouts. Use by the Huichol-Cora Indians of the Sierra Madre Occidental may date back further, and it is generally held



Trichocereus macrogonus

Huichols undergo a session of purification in which they must publicly announce the name of every lover they have had, the presence of spouses or present lovers notwithstanding.

that the Huichol peyote ceremonies remain closest to pre-Columbian rituals.

The Indian use of peyote is so ancient and complex that it defies anything less than book-length description, offered by La Barre in *The Peyote Cult* and Artaud in *The Peyote Dance*, but here's a spotty glimpse at the plant's use through history.

How did humans first come to eat the strange-looking button?

According to one of the Indian tribes, in ancient times, a pregnant woman, unable to keep pace with her band of companions, gave birth all alone in the desert. Weak and milkless, without food, she lay under a leafy bush watching the circling vultures, when a voice came to her: "Eat the plant that is growing beside you. That is life and blessing for you and all your people." She pulled up some of the spongy cacti and ate them. A short time later she revived with enough milk to feed her child and the strength to overtake her companions the same evening. She showed the cacti to her uncle, a *curandero*, who pronounced the wondrous plant beneficial "for everyone."

Maybe it was so for that tribe, but according to the four surviving Aztec books of religion, peyote was taken only by high priests.

However, every year, a group of Huichol Indians travels 300 rugged miles northeast

of their homes "to find their life" in a reconstruction of the first peyote hunt undertaken by the ancient gods. The first time the gods convened, according to myth, each found he was somehow ill or physically distressed. Tatewari, deity and first of the Huichol shamans, informed them that they were unwell because they had not traveled to the land of Wirikuta (San Luis Potosi), the place to the east, where the sun was born. They were to prepare themselves for a long and difficult journey to the land of peyote and eat neither salt nor chili. Not all the gods made it—Hummingbird Person and Rabbit Person had to abandon the arduous trek. However, the principal gods followed Tatewari to the sacred mountains at the end of the world, where peyote revealed itself to them.

In preparing for the hunt, Huichols undergo a session of purification in which they must publicly announce the name of every lover they have had, the presence of spouses or present lovers notwithstanding. Only the very old are allowed to abbreviate; anyone else whose memory fails is reminded and chided into revealing all adventures. No Huichol would knowingly omit a romance; to go on the hunt in an impure state would subject not only the individual but the whole party to severe spiritual and physical dangers.

Peyote is a relatively new sacrament to the Indians of North America, except in southern Texas, where the cult is at least hundreds of years old. In about 1870 the rest of the Southwest had its psychedelic revolution, which involved the famed Mescalero Apaches. The Kiowa and Comanche were in the vanguard of peyotism among the Plains Indians, who in general look to peyote like Wimpy to hamburgers.

Many see this boom as a reaction against the corrupting influence of the white man. The peyote rituals renewed the Indians' contact with the earth, their gods and their ancestors; the drug was considered a cure for alcoholism, tuberculosis and venereal disease—ailments unknown in America prior to the Europeans' arrival.

Peyote has always been recognized as strong medicine. When collecting the cactus, the Huichols touch it to the forehead, heart, eyes and throat for its benign influences. Both Indian healers and early U.S. Army medics used it as a painkiller, and fresh buttons are used today to make poultices for fractures and snake, insect and animal bites. A woman of the Native American Church told me of a friend who put a split green button on a black-widow spider bite immediately after the little creep struck. Two hours later the victim had no fever or pain, and the wound was no more inflamed than a wasp's sting. She also told me that many people like to consume peyote as a tonic, one a day.

In 1933, a Swiss pharmacy launched an extensive advertising campaign for their new tonic, Peyotl, which claimed to "re-

store the individual's balance and calm and promote full expansion of his faculties." But in 1939 the League of Nations convinced the Swiss to sell the drug only on prescription—another tragic blow to the short but sweet run of dynamic drug-store tonics. One of the most effective advocates of peyotism was Quanah Parker, a half-breed Comanche leader from south Oklahoma who was taken deathly ill with an unknown ailment and given up as doomed. He was cured by a local *curandero* with peyote. Soon anthropologists observed many apparently successful treatments of rheumatism, fevers and a whole array of vexations, and "modern science" decided to take a look at the bountiful button. University of Arizona researchers have separated a water-soluble, crystalline substance from an ethanol extract of peyote that they report exhibits antibiotic activity against a whole spectrum of bacteria. The name *peyocactin* has been given to the principal antimicrobial component; of particular interest is its inhibitory action against 18 strains of penicillin-resistant *Staphylococcus*.

Peyote is quite beneficial to mental health when taken in the context of peyote meetings—group therapy sessions where life anxieties are worked out with the support of friends, the shaman, a rich religious tradition, positive power objects and illuminating mescaline. Meetings, which

The Kiowa and Comanche were in the vanguard of peyotism among the Plains Indians, who in general look to peyote like Wimpy to hamburgers.



Carnegiea gigantea

are usually held once or twice a month on Saturday nights and last through the night, concentrate on healing, prayer, the promotion of rain, the celebration of an event or anniversary or simply partying, but always with a respectful attitude. As Quannah Parker said, "The white man goes into his church and talks about Jesus; the Indian goes into his teepee and talks to God."

Cereus

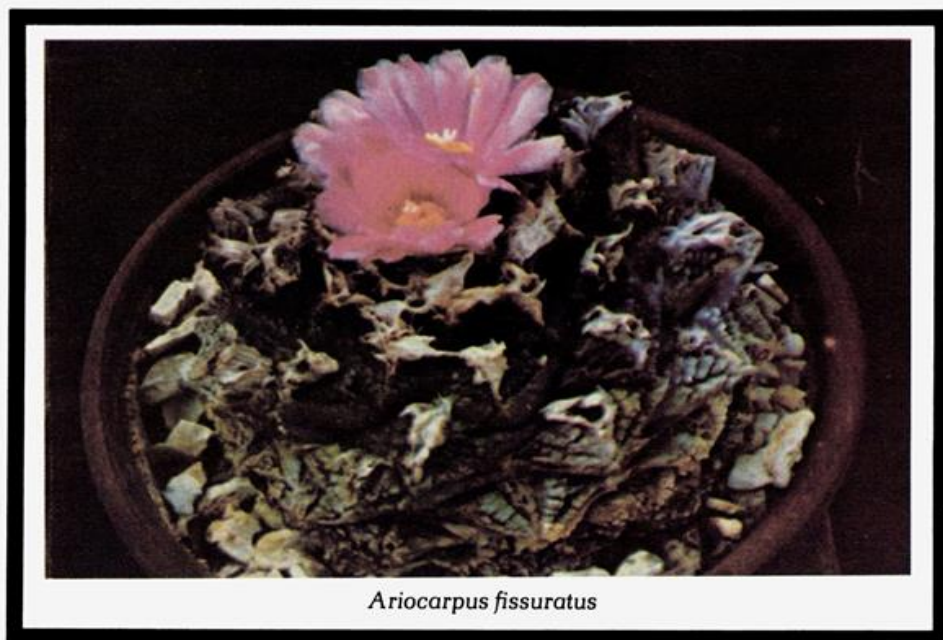
Saint Peter is the most popular hallucinogenic cactus after Father Peyote. San Pedro is the name given a number of the species of *Trichocereus* that contain mescaline. Most commonly, it refers to *T. pachanoi*, a tall, columnar cactus that branches from the base and reaches heights of 20 feet. It has a varying number of prominent ribs (most commonly, seven). The rarer, four-ribbed plants are considered more powerful, and thinner branches are preferred to thick ones.

T. pachanoi contains about 1.2 grams of mescaline per kilo, as well as high concentrations of the powerful alkaloids hordenine, candicine and anhalonine—all found in peyote. Other mescaline-containing species of *Trichocereus* are *T. macrogonus* (short brown spines), *T. werdermannianus*, *T. bridgesii* (long yellow spines) and *T. terscheckii* (a species from Argentina that reaches heights of 40 feet). Names are very often mislabeled in commercial cactus stores, but species without mescaline include *T. camarguensis*, *T. candicans*, *T. chiloensis*, *T. lamprochlorus*, *T. peruvianus*, *T. schickendantzii* and *T. spachianus*. You can get off on these mescalineless Trichs, but it's not as much fun. People who have tripped on San Pedro describe it as very pleasant and mellow, with all the trippiness of peyote but none of the nausea or body distress.

San Pedro is usually cut into six-inch slices and boiled in four or five gallons of water for at least seven hours before consuming. After it has boiled for several hours the skin can be removed, but this is best not done too soon, since the highest concentration of mescaline is just under the skin. The method of ingestion is optional: you can swill down the soupy liquid or boil it to a gum and stuff it into capsules. No doubt you can eat it raw, but unless you're prepared to eat the stubs of spines, too, you'll lose that high quantity of alkaloid right under the skin. Smoking is probably one of the least effective ways to utilize a psychedelic cactus. Boiling is the best; it maximizes the enjoyable and minimizes the disagreeable effects.

The state flower of Arizona grows on a scientifically recognized hallucinogenic plant—the unmistakable, majestic saguaro (*Carnegiea gigantea*), a fat stick-figure with a number of upraised arms, familiar to every horse-opera fan.

The saguaro has been having a rough



Ariocarpus fissuratus

time of it lately, its high mortality and low birth rates being variously ascribed to its slow growth in combination with rodents, radiation, moths or changing climate. Those who would damage one of these living leviathans just to get high are liable to be damaged themselves by a cactus lover observing them. However, a little strolling in the desert will soon reveal an age- or wind-fallen specimen large enough to satisfy the psychic needs of an army.

Commonly called organ-pipe cactus, *Cereus jamacaru* contains the active alkaloids hordenine and tyramine—both present in peyote. Big specimens of the variety, which is native to Brazil, are 30 feet tall and bear eight-inch spines. These tough plants can survive a winter low

temperature of 45 degrees Fahrenheit.

Young branches of *Pachycereusectenaboriginum* (Indian's comb) are crushed by the Tarahumari to extract the juice, which they drink with water to produce "dizziness and visions." It and *Pachycereus marginatis* contain the alkaloid pilocereine.

Two species of *Echinocereus*—*E. eyriesii* and *E. merkeri*—have been reported to contain hordenine, but virtually no research or analysis has gone into verifying this claim. It will be very fortunate if they are indeed potent, since *E. eyriesii*, the Easter Lily cactus, is one of the commonest and most easily grown of all cacti and is found in almost any window-sill collection. (continued on page 94)

FOUR WAYS

Say, have you seen glad hands of hemp upraised
to you in welcome? Have you been amazed
to smell sweet hemped pollen on the air?
Have you felt the bright peyote's tiny breast
or kissed it? Heroes and poets suckle there,
the alpha and omega of their quest.
Have you heard the morning-glories trumpeting
happy fanfares for the sun's rebirth
or tasted the merry mushroom's mirth
in cool primeval shadows of your mind?
Bush or cactus, fungus or vine, one thing
dwells in each—various, but of a kind—
and it lives in you if you will eat thereof:
a natural grace like the memory of love.

—J. F. Burke

DOPE IN THE CINEMA

(continued from page 75)

Vincent Price by a gang of mischief-minded tongs.

Another entry, Hammer's *Terror of the Tongs* (1961), gave an entertainingly lurid account of the dread Red Dragon Tong, scourge of Hong Kong circa 1910. A casual, uncredited remake of *On the Waterfront*, *Terror* traced vengeance-seeking Britisher Geoffrey Toone's efforts to halt the tong's activities, which include extorting dock workers and operating a vast opium distribution network, with tong leader Christopher Lee playing John Friendly to Toone's Father Barry.

It was only with the coming of the rock-and-roll monster and its legions of teenage slaves that drugs again became an issue in a new flurry of epics like *Wild Youth* (1960) and *The Cool and the Crazy* (1958), though the majority of the "juvenile delinquency" movies (of which there were well over 50 released between 1955 and 1960) were content to vent their spleen on adolescent sex and violence, with heavy petting, switchblades and hot rods being singled out more for criticism than dope.

The earliest of the J.D. exposes, and the first to emphasize drugs, was *Teenage Menace* (1953), an obscure release remembered only for defying MPAA antidrug strictures two years before the better-known *Man with the Golden Arm* raised a more formidable protest. As an obvious grindhouse attraction, its lack of MPAA approval didn't interfere with the limited exposure available to films of its ilk. Indeed, *Teenage Menace* played in 41 states before encountering the wrath of the New York State Board of Regents, which labeled it "the most dangerous film of its kind."

Echoing sentiments that had been voiced by censors as early as 1915, the Board's ruling, which was overturned by the courts, represented yet another attempt to reject films daring to even allude to the existence of forbidden pastimes. In point of fact, *Teen-*

age Menace was a typically hysterical account of the "mental and physical misery" experienced by an addict whose heroin habit, contracted from high school pushers, proves predictably fatal by film's end. Maybe Fifties censors feared that dying on drugs offered too attractive an alternative to buying a bullet in Korea, say, or finding oneself on the business end of an angry hydrogen bomb.

The high school heroin trade was also the subject of *Wild Youth* (1960) and *High School Confidential* (1958), which starred Russ Tamblyn as a young student-narc living with his "aunt" (Mamie Van Doren) out to apprehend a smack-and-reefer ring run by Ray Anthony, Jackie Coogan and John Barrymore, Jr. The film's accuracy level was alarmingly low, but it did spin its less than credible tale with a good deal of mindless energy and contained more choice lines than a barrel of coke—an indignant Van Doren to an uptight educator: "Don't tell me you never rode in a hot rod or had a late date in the balcony!"

Lobby posters for *Wild Youth* promised patrons they'd see an actual junkie in the act of shooting up, while exhibitors were exhorted to "arrange with scrap-metal dealer to use a badly wrecked car—preferably a sports model—in your foyer with the sign above it reading: Was he a narcotics addict?" In the film itself, two teenage punks flee a state honor-farm, only to run afoul of a vicious smack trafficker and some of the best bad dialogue ever to escape the addled cerebrum of an overworked screenwriter—"You're about as rotten as they come, Switch. When they made yours, they threw the mold away."

More convincing was the cast of the evocatively titled *The Cool and the Crazy*, two of whose members (Dick Jones and Dick Bakalyan) were busted while on location in Kansas City when "their ducktails and delinquent appearance attracted the attention of the local police." *Stakeout on Dope Street* (1958) chronicled the intrigues of a trio of teens who uncover a stash of heroin in

Wild Youth

promised a junkie shooting up, exhibitors were told to use a wrecked car with the sign "Was he an addict?"

an empty lot. Not ones to look a gift horse in the mouth, they decide to peddle it themselves, with predictably disastrous results.

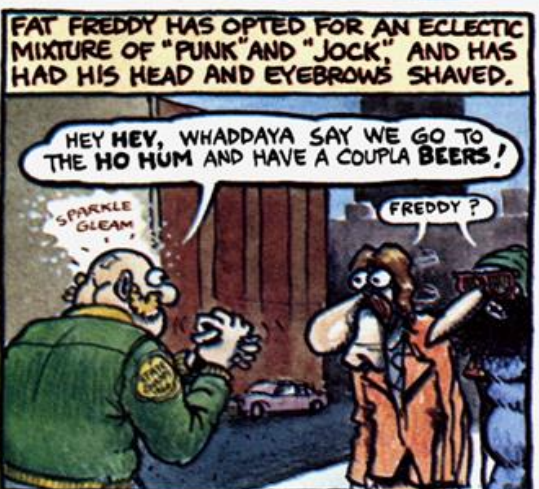
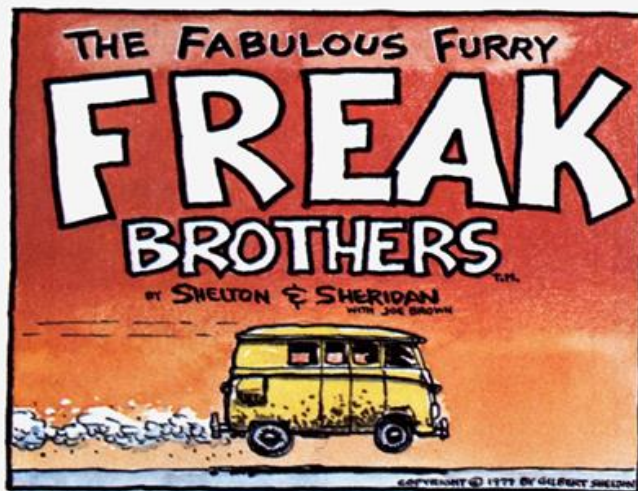
A more apocalyptic view of the problem was presented in American-International's *Panic in the Year Zero* (1962), an Armageddon quickie positing the notion that the high shall inherit the earth, at least until Ray Milland catches up with them. In that one, Milland, a resourceful post-holocaust familial fascist, leads his little nuclear unit out of a bomb-ravaged L.A. into the seemingly safer environs of a less-populated wilderness. There he encounters a trio of pillaging, plundering, murdering, maiming, raping and generally rampaging skag fiends who have their way with his daughter (Mary Mitchel) and visit serious bodily harm upon his teenage son (Frankie Avalon). Enlisting the aid of his trusty shotgun, Milland briefly enlightens the atomic-age addicts as to the errors of their ways. At the time, the junkies of *Panic* ranked among the most violent ever seen on screen; you'd almost think they'd been smoking marijuana the way they carried on.

And speaking of marijuana, after heroin had had its day in Hollywood's tacky tribunals, grass was taken to similar task in *Key Witness* (1960) via one "Muggles," a reefer-toking, jive-talking hood and part of a gang (along with a young Dennis Hopper and Johnny Nash, more recently recycled, as a reggae singer) out to terrorize solid citizen Jeffrey Hunter. That the film was aimed a notch above the usual run of wild youth shockers made its portrait of the pot smoker as a young psychotic all the more mendacious. Papa Joe Grande's ne'er-do-well

nephews engaged in some on-screen dope smoking in Orson Welles' memorable *Touch of Evil* (1958), while a less adept bordertown exposé, the deservedly unsung *Tijuana Story* (1957), cast a more conventional eye at the problem, as a guilt-torn James Darren rushes to a watery grave rather than face a pending drugged-driving charge.

An odd period artifact worthy of mention was Bramlett C. Price's *One-Way Ticket to Hell* (1955), a "semidocumentary" charting the inexorable downward progress of one Cassandra, an emotionally unstable high schooler who falls in with a pack of pot-smoking bikers, graduates to H and eventually gains admission to the title destination. What makes the film of interest is the fact that filmmaker Price was a UCLA grad student who submitted the \$14,000 work as his thesis. The film went on to cop first prize in the Screen Producers Guild Intercollegiate Awards competition, narrowly besting such fierce rivals as *This is College Radio*, *The Living Room of the University* and *Clay on Your Hands* (a probing look at pottery) and to secure widespread commercial release with abundant critical acclaim. The New York Times, for one, extolled its portrayal of "how high schoolers go the 'route' from marijuana to morphine," while expressing gratitude that the film, perhaps as befit a creation of the Silent Generation, was "fortunately without sound" during those scenes depicting "the convulsions and frothing at the mouth typical of narcotics withdrawal." As for auteur Price, he seems to have checked into oblivion shortly thereafter.

For a complex variety of fairly simple reasons, Hollywood hacks never succeeded in finding a salable handle on the so-called "beat generation." And it wouldn't be until dope-crazed "hippies" turned the subcultural corner a full decade later that Hollywood hacks would make economic amends by grinding out histrionic exposés portraying the "psychedelic" set. ■



MEANWHILE, AT CITY POLICE HEADQUARTERS:

THESE COMIC BOOK CHARACTERS ARE HEROES TO EVERY HOPHEAD AND GLUE-SNIFFER IN THE STATE! THEY ARE SYMBOLS OF SOCIETY RUN AMUCK! WE MUST KILL THEM!



BUT CHIEF, HOW WILL WE EVER FIND THEM? ALL THOSE HIPPIES LOOK ALIKE TO US!



THESE COMIC BOOKS CAN CUT BOTH WAYS, MEN! I WANT YOU ALL TO STUDY THESE BOOKS UNTIL YOU HAVE ASSIMILATED THE LANGUAGE AND CUSTOMS OF THIS SUBCULTURE!



BACK OUTSIDE THE HO HUM TAVERN:

C'MON! WE GOTTA FIND A WIG FOR FAT FREDDY! WE'D BE A SHOO-IN FOR THAT \$1,000 PRIZE!



BUT AT EVERY WIG STORE THE FABULOUS THREE ENTER, THEY HEAR AN IDENTICAL STORY...

NOPE, FELLOWS, NO WIGS AT ALL! SOME GUY CAME IN HERE AND BOUGHT EVERY WIG WE HAD JUST A FEW MINUTES AGO!



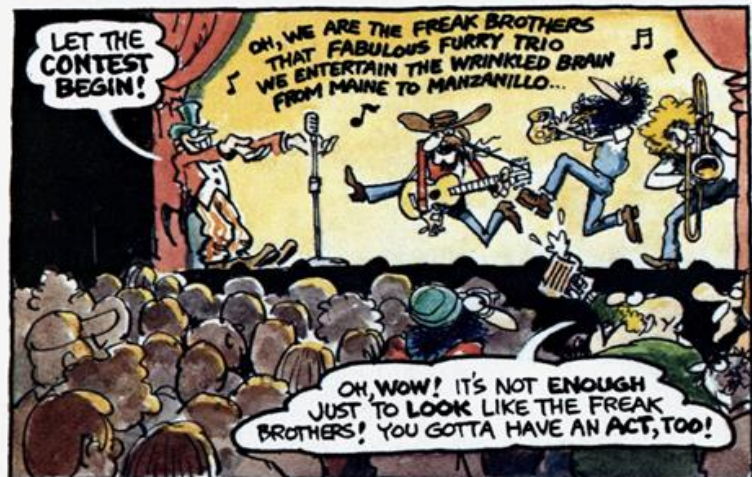
THAT CERTAINLY IS STRANGE!

WE MIGHT AS WELL GO BACK TO THE BAR AND WATCH THE CONTEST, ANYHOW!



LET THE CONTEST BEGIN!

OH, WE ARE THE FREAK BROTHERS THAT FABULOUS FURRY TRIO WE ENTERTAIN THE WRINKLED BRAIN FROM MAINE TO MANZANILLO...



OH, WOW! IT'S NOT ENOUGH JUST TO LOOK LIKE THE FREAK BROTHERS! YOU GOTTA HAVE AN ACT, TOO!

AFTER FIFTY-SEVEN ACTS OF ROCK AND ROLL FREAK BROTHERS, COUNTRY AND WESTERN FREAK BROTHERS, BLUEGRASS FREAK BROTHERS, REGGAE FREAK BROTHERS, GLITTER FREAK BROTHERS AND TRANSVESTITE FREAK BROTHERS, THE CONTEST DRAWS TO A CLOSE.

LAST CALL! ANY MORE ENTRIES? IT'S ALMOST CLOSING TIME!

HEY, BARTENDER! THREE MORE BEERS!

YEAH! THREE BEERS FOR ME TOO!

BANG THUD



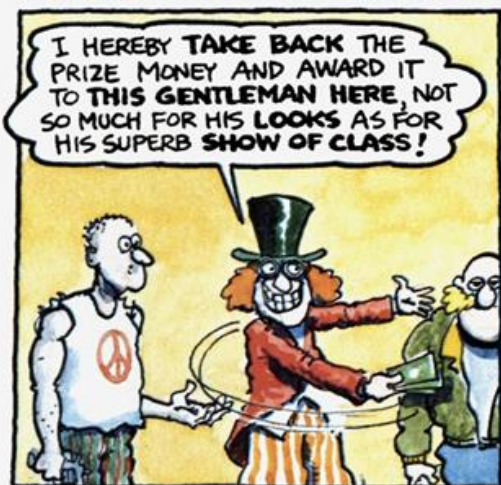
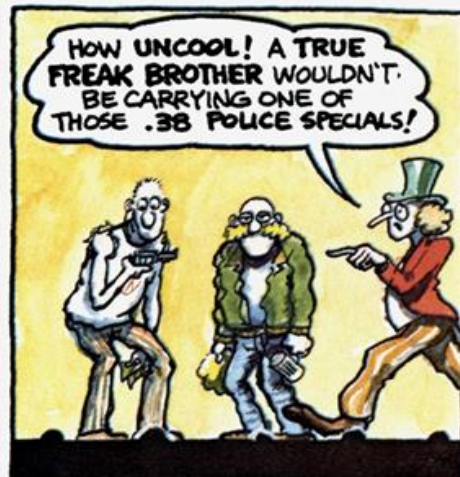
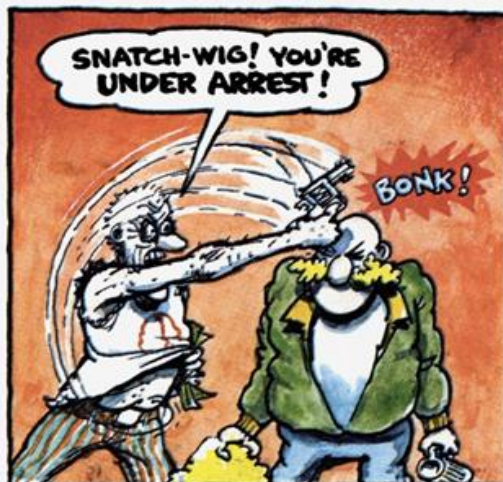
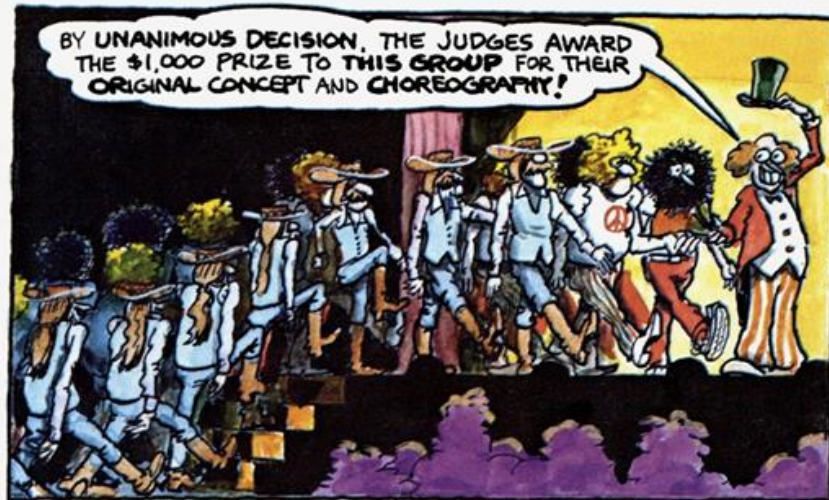
CRASH

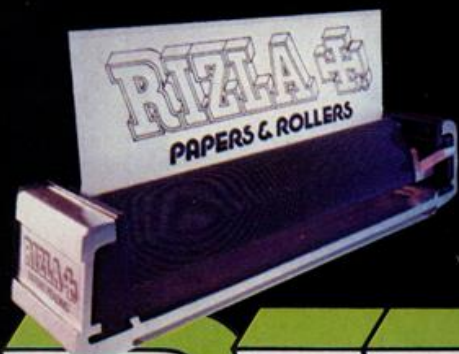
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apron. Rolls 2 sizes.
(Removes from case)
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frame with silk apron.
Rolls 2 sizes.
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CULTURE HERO

BLONDIE

by Neal Barlowe

New York 1977 feels like London 1966. Kids are rocking out like the sky's the limit—making music that's never been heard before. Maybe it's sunspots, or maybe decades start in the middle, but whatever the reason, a new wave of rock is rolling out of Gotham, turning on the world to the sound of the Seventies.

Some call it punk rock. And many of these rockers are punks—no doubt about it. But the music is too diverse to be so simply labeled. What

most of the New York bands share is a scene, rather than a sound, having come out of the local club circuit—especially Max's Kansas City and CBGB's, a converted Bowery bum bar. Aside from venue, any similarities are purely coincidental.

Among the most exciting and original of the new New York bands is Blondie, a hard-rocking outfit fronted by the scene's leading lady, Deborah Harry. Her name is Debbie, but you can call her Blondie. Not only is she beautiful, but she can sing too. And not only can she sing, but she's a real smart cookie. And so are the boys in the band, led by Blondie's old man, guitarist Chris Stein.

The Blondie sound is eclectic, to say the least—ranging from the Shangri-Las to surf music, to sci-fi acid rock fusing with the mambo. It's hard to explain, but it's easy to listen to and understand. Blondie has taken a great upbeat pop sound, added hilarious although subtle lyrics and pumped it all up with good, clean sex to achieve an act you can't refuse.

Blondie's first album, *Blondie* (Private Stock), shows it all off. It's so pop and tight and good that it sounds like a one-band invasion. And this could be the disc that takes "punk rock" into the nooks and crannies of the nation. With songs like "X Offender," "Kung Fu Girls" and the amazing "Attack of the Giant Ants," how can they lose? High Times sent writer Neal Barlowe to interview Debbie Harry and Chris Stein in bed to find out. Here's what he came up with.

Neal: How did you break into show biz?

Debbie: A large battering ram.

Chris: We struggled and struggled for years, living with hardship and broken bottles and bums on the Bowery. And we struggled and struggled and struggled and struggled until there was no end in sight.

And then suddenly we saw the light at the end of the tunnel and we said, "This must be it. It's show business up ahead." And it was right there in front of us. We were living in a big dive and playing at CBGB's all the time and nobody used to come.

Neal: Were you in bands before?

Chris: Debbie recorded an album for Capitol with a baroque folkie rock band in '68. It was called the Wind in the Willows.

Neal: Easy listening?

Debbie: Depressing listening.

Chris: I was in a lot of bands. One called Fananganang. I was in a band called the Morticians, which became the Left Banque. I was in the Millard Fillmore Memorial Lamp Band; we used to play in Washington Square all the time.

Neal: Are you from New York?

Chris: Everybody in the band is from Brooklyn or New Jersey.

Neal: How old are you?

Chris: Thirty-seven.

Debbie: Seventeen.

Neal: How long have you been in the business?

Debbie: All my life, in business of one sort or another. I always wanted to be a movie star.

Neal: Did you ever act?

Debbie: No. I was always too shy.

Chris: I was once a leaf in the fourth grade. It was pathetic. I had brown crepe paper all over me.

Neal: What were your favorite groups in high school?

Chris: I always liked Dylan, the Stones, the Beatles, the usual shit. I still like the Stones. They're getting a little boring now. I liked them up until "It's Only Rock and Roll."

Debbie: I used to like Dave Brubeck a lot.

Chris: I liked Henry Mancini a lot too. And sound tracks. *Dr. No* was one of my favorites. And *Peter Gunn*.

Neal: What was your first work of art?

"People told me I looked like Zsa Zsa Gabor, then I got Marilyn Monroe for a while, then Jean Simmons."



Shig Ikeda for Private Stock Records

Chris: I used to draw spacemen constantly.

Debbie: My first major work was finger-painting the walls of my bedroom. My mother didn't like it.

Neal: What do you think about spacemen now?

Chris: I'm still waiting. Spacepeople are like the Messiah. It's like a branch of Jesus freaks who forgot about Jesus and are waiting for the spaceships. I don't know if anybody knows when. Maybe Patti Smith.

Neal: What are your big influences?

Chris: Everything.

Debbie: The sun, the moon.

Chris: Don't be ridiculous. I like ethnic music. Buddhist monks. I like the Runaways. They're a big influence on me.

Neal: Who are your favorite artists?

Chris: I always liked Andy Warhol a lot.

Debbie: I like the guy who did those big lily-pad paintings. Cézanne?

Neal: No, you mean the one that sounds like Manet.

Debbie: Monet?

Neal: Yes.

Chris: There's this Russian Symbolist called Nikolai Kalmykov.

Debbie: All my cats are named after artists. There's Vermeer and Dan. Remember Dan Christianson?

Neal: Who are your favorite movie stars?

Chris: John Garfield, Humphrey Bogart, Rondo Hatton, Bela Lugosi.

Debbie: I liked Charles Bronson for a while. I go through stages. I like Lionel Atwill, Charles Laughton. I like a lot of character actors. As for matinee idols, I like Brando, James Dean, early Clark Gable, Cary Grant, Belmondo, and I sort of liked Charles Aznavour. I like him because of his name mostly. For girls, I like Carole Lombard a lot. She was very hip and beautiful. I also liked Marilyn and Brigitte Bardot.

Blondie has taken a great upbeat pop sound, added hilarious, though subtle, lyrics and pumped it all up with good clean sex.



Opening photo by Kate Simon

Shig Ikeda for Private Stock Records



Kate Simon

"Masturbation is fun... it makes a cloudy day sunny."

because of their great looks.

Neal: Is there anybody people always told you you look like?

Debbie: I used to get Zsa Zsa Gabor a lot, then I got Marilyn Monroe for a while. Then I got Jean Simmons.

Chris: Gene Simmons, the guy from Kiss?

Neal: No. Spartacus's girlfriend.

Debbie: Right.

Chris: I used to be Alice Cooper a lot. I used to wear make-up all the time. You go through periods with archetypes. If you wear make-up people think you look like Alice Cooper.

Neal: What kind of make-up did you wear?

Chris: Heavy black shit. Like a maniac, not feminine. That was during the glitter period, and I used to like to freak people out on the subways. But it's too much trouble to wear make-up. I feel sorry for Debbie. She has to take it off every day. It's a mindless trip, not worth the effort.

Neal: Are you interested in politics?

Chris: No, not really. I think Kennedy getting shot had something to do with the Beatles, but that's about as far as my interest goes.

Debbie: Yeah, I'm a humanist.

Neal: Like Bertrand Russell?

Chris: Like Johnny Rotten.

Neal: What were or are your favorite radio shows?

Chris: Oh, Rodney Bingenheimer's show, which is on KROQ every Sunday in Los Angeles. That's about it. Nineteen sixty-nine was a good year for radio; everything was good. Now it's for the birds. Radio's become a mishmash. They play a great song, and then they play ten terrible songs. Each radio station plays everything.

Debbie: "Twenty-first Precinct."

Neal: What magazines do you like?

Chris: Punk. I like *High Times*. I like seeing all those pictures of dope.

Debbie: I'm sort of a sadistic person. I like magazines when they make me nervous and I want to rip them apart. Like whenever I look at *Vogue* I just wanna kill it. I wanna tear that fuckin' magazine up, shit on it, piss on it, whatever.

Neal: What's punk rock?

Debbie: Punk rock signifies a time and space. It has nothing to do with rock and roll. It's a time signature.

Neal: Last book read?

Debbie: *The Bride of Fu Manchu*.

Chris: The last 20 pages of *Two-Minute Warning*, the one about the sniper in the stadium. It was terrible. He only shot about seven people.

Neal: Did you ever smoke pot?

Chris: Yes.

Neal: Did you ever take acid?

Chris: Yes. That's how come my hair is so white.

Debbie: I lost my memory. I think it had to do with taking acid every day. It's coming back.

Neal: Would you take it again?

Chris: Sure, if I got out in the woods and wasn't so preoccupied.

Neal: Do you like traveling?

Debbie: I really love it.

Neal: What's your favorite airline?

Debbie: Pan Am.

Chris: I like TWA because of the building at the airport. It's really terrific. Speaking of acid, my friends and I used to take acid and go to Kennedy Airport and drive around in circles and run through the buildings. So every time I go to an airport I have a flashback. Also, whenever I hear Muzak now, I think of tripping because of the airport. Muzak to me is the most psychedelic music. More than acid rock. It puts you in such a tranquil state. I heard a Muzak version of "Satisfaction" recently.

And in California I heard a Muzak version of "The Ballad of John and Yoko."

Neal: What do you think is going to happen in the future?

Debbie: It depends on whether the saucers land or the poles shift; that'll have a lot to do with the future.

Chris: And all the planets are going to line up in 1980-something.

Neal: 1982.

Debbie: I think that's really going to do a number, and I'm not even a Seventh-Day Adventist or a Fifth-Day-of-Pentecost or anything.

Neal: Do you believe in God?

Debbie: I believe that there are cosmic forces that unite everybody scientifically, and spiritually, I guess. I don't know about formalized religion. It doesn't really make it for me.

Chris: No, there's nobody you can complain to. There's no Complaint Department or anything.

Neal: Do you play any sports?

Debbie: I used to play tennis. I'm really attracted to skateboarding. I like swimming. I like fucking.

Neal: What do you think about masturbation?

Chris: It serves its function.

Debbie: [sings] "Masturbation is fun... it makes a cloudy day sunny."

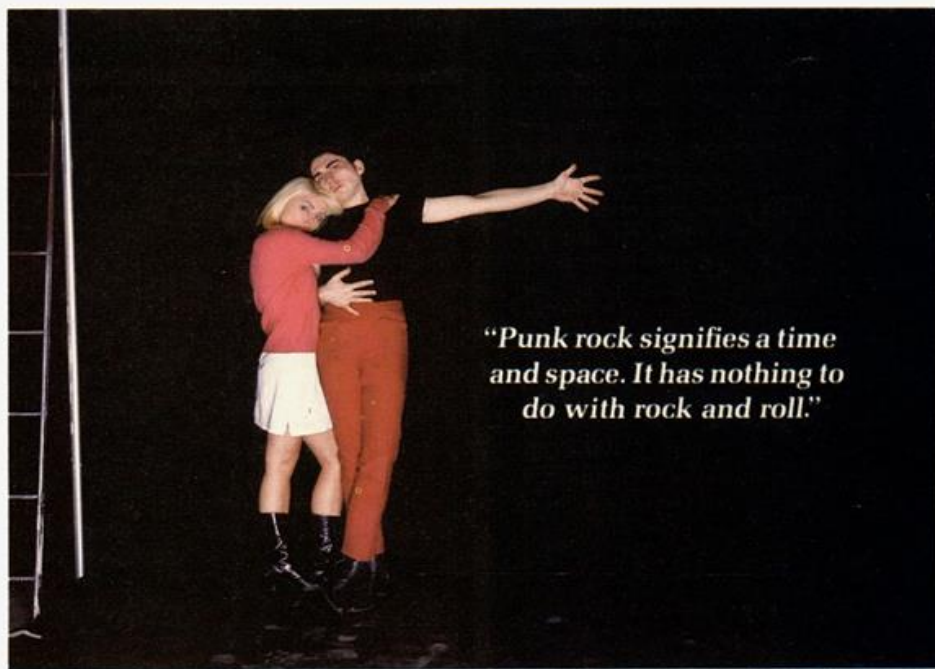
Chris: When you've gotta do it, you've gotta do it. Some of my best friends jerk off. If it wasn't for masturbation, where would Playboy be?

Neal: Do you think psychedelic is going to come back?

Chris: Definitely. There's going to be a resurgence of acid rock. I want to move further in that direction.

Neal: Do you have any message for the youth of America?

Chris: Yeah, drop outta school, everybody! And buy our record. ■



"Punk rock signifies a time and space. It has nothing to do with rock and roll."

Shig Ikeda for Private Stock Records

Captain Crunch

(continued from page 52)

tain Crunch. "For the first time, it opens that country up to the prying and probing of American phone hacks."

The Captain says he's accomplished many elaborate feats with Blue Boxes and similar devices. He used to have a switchboard with computerized Blue Box equipment in the back of his Volkswagen bus. He would drive into the country, pull up beside a remote pay booth, hook into the phone and spend hours sending calls all over the globe. He routed one call around the world clockwise several times, from San Francisco to London to Sydney, Australia, and back to San Francisco. Then he sent it around the world counterclockwise a few times. In all, the call covered the equivalent of half the distance to the moon. During one exceptionally busy week, he reportedly made thousands of long-distance calls.

On another occasion he phoned himself from completely around the world. Using two adjacent pay phones, he routed his call from the first phone through Tokyo, New Delhi, Athens, Pretoria, São Paulo, London, New York and finally to a California operator who rang the second phone. He yelled "Hello!" into the first phone and 20 seconds later he heard his own voice dimly through the worldwide electronic maze, a dozen tremulous echoes of "Hello!" ringing in his ear. He recalls that the echo was "far out," but he could barely hear himself talking.

The development of the Blue Box fostered an underground network of phone phreaks with names like Peter Perpendicular Pimple, Al Bell and Tom Edison. In the rigid social stratification of the phone phreak community, the elite are referred to simply as "the top ten phone phreaks."

"We can tell, just by dialing into an exchange, the kinds of equipment being used," says the Captain. "The top ten phone phreaks have techniques they've developed over a long period of time of obtaining information continuously." They are after codes, numbers that go into WATS lines when dialed and give toll-free

access anywhere in the country, or numbers that plug the phreak into a computer system. One dialed code might produce a busy signal. But if several phone phreaks dial the same busy signal using this code, they can talk over it and, in effect, have a conference call.

"It's a crude way of communicating," the Captain claims. "You hear the obnoxious busy tones beeping every two seconds. But it's a way of communicating, and that's what phone phreaks are trying to do: develop techniques of communicating by using circuits the phone company doesn't."

"Nobody is bothered by this. The top ten phreaks have a strong moral code—they never hurt anybody. They constantly supply oodles and oodles of information down

number and another phreak (who may be thousands of miles away) dials the second number.

"Loopounds just sit on loops," Captain Crunch says in a disgusted tone. "They are handicapped kids or high school kids, and they're either excessively fat or excessively skinny. They're social rejects who just sit on loops to meet people. I feel sorry for them. But I've met a lot of people through loops. I get on them just to find out who's on them. I was on a loop in the New York City area, and I ran across several mentally retarded people, including a guy who is 28 but has the mentality of a 6-year-old kid."

The phone phreak elite uses three basic methods to obtain the all-important code

information. In the first method, called "Scanning" after a famous British phone phreak, the phreak painstakingly scans all possible number combinations, determining which combinations are codes and what those codes do. Using this technique, Captain Crunch found out that the phone company's routing codes always begin with 0 or 1 in combinations from 000 to 199. He also discovered the code route to the autoverify circuits that are used by operators to see if a line is busy and can be used by phone phreaks to tap a phone. "Scanning is a thorough technique," the Captain explains. "It leaves no stone unturned, and it's virtually undetectable. It's slow and cumbersome, but it reveals an incredible amount of information."

Crunch refers to the second method of find-

ing codes as "social engineering," which means bullshitting: "Say you need a code to reach a central office. You phone a test board and say you're with a test board in another city and you need a certain code. The phone company guy thinks you're also with the phone company and he'll give you the code."

The third way to get codes is through an inside source, usually an operator. "An inside source," says the Captain, "can determine whether or not your line is being tapped, inform you if the phone company is onto your game and supply you with endless information. Of course the source could also be an informer, paid to give you information to trip you up." The Captain has gotten most of his information from

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through the chain of command to the lower-echelon phone phreaks."

Directly below the top ten in the phone phreak pecking-order are the pseudo-phreaks. They know how to make Blue Boxes but lack the sophistication of the top ten. Below the pseudo-phreaks is the proletariat of phone phreaks who use Blue Boxes only to make free calls. The Captain becomes agitated when he talks about them: "These are the lowest scum in the whole phone phreak community. These are people who build Blue Boxes to sell to the Mafia."

The lumpen proletariat of phone phreaks the Captain calls "loopounds." A loop is a pair of numbers that connect two phreaks when one phreak calls the first



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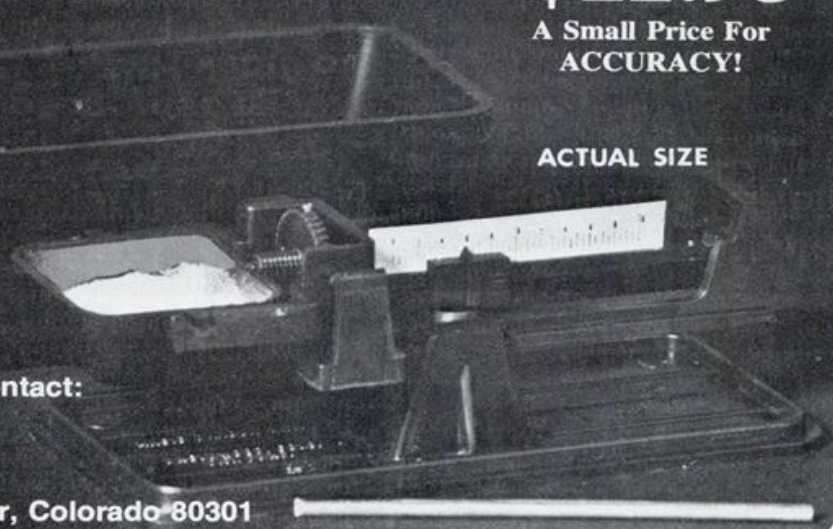
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scanning or social engineering, but much of the information passed around by the phone phreak network does come from inside sources. For instance, TAP, a phone phreak newsletter put out by the New York phreak known as Al Bell, publishes the new credit card codes at the beginning of each year—information that could only come from inside.

Captain Crunch grew up in the bucolic setting of Petaluma, a small northern California town noted for its chicken farms. He's always been fascinated by electronics. His favorite childhood toy was a remote-control electric car; his favorite subjects in school were science and mathematics.

His father, who was in the Air Force, was very strict: "I never was allowed to do what most kids did, like have a BB gun or a slingshot," he says. When he was 12, his father was transferred to England. The Captain hated the strict British schools. After he almost flunked out, his parents sent him to a school for American nationals where he was encouraged to experiment with electric motors and generators. He promptly modified his bicycle generator by stepping it up to 10,000 volts.

When his father was transferred to Travis Air Force Base in California, Crunch entered his freshman year of high school in nearby Vacaville, which he remembers as a farming town "that reeked of onions you could smell 5,000 feet above the town." During his first month of high school, he was constantly harassed by bullies, getting into half a dozen fights each day. He took up weightlifting to improve his skinny physique, and he remains a physical culturist. In 1963, his family moved to San Jose, where he spent his senior year in high school building a 20-watt pirate radio transmitter. He was suspected of being the person who cut into the Santa Clara County sheriff's radio network to play rock songs, including one song called "Little Piggies." The transmitter was shut down after the Captain received a visit from a Federal Communications Commission (FCC) agent.

In 1964, the Captain followed in his father's footsteps and joined the Air Force. He was stationed in Alaska, where he worked on "radar systems and other classified stuff." In his free time, he built and operated a 200-watt radio station that broadcast over a 450-mile radius, including parts of Siberia. But "up there, nobody cares," he recalls. "I got a call from the FCC monitoring station saying they enjoyed my show and asking me not to use profanities."

While in the Air Force, Captain Crunch learned about AUTOVON, which is run by RCA and is a supposedly secure military phone system separate from the commercial Bell network. An AT&T spokesman said, in 1973, that it was impossible for phone phreaks to penetrate AUTOVON, but the Captain has known how to gain access to the system since 1970.

There are actually two AUTOVON networks. SAGE AUTOVON is the communications network for the Air Force tactical command. General Purpose AUTOVON is used for administrative calls. There are five levels of priority usage within each AUTOVON network: Routine, Priority, Immediate, Flash and Flash Override. Each higher level bumps off calls on lower levels. The Flash priority is used only for national emergencies. "Any calls that are this high cause many heads to roll fast," the Captain says. Flash Override is used only by the Air Force chief of staff or the regional commands, such as the North American Air Defense (NORAD).

"Never, ever, use a high priority such as Flash," the Captain warns. "Since you are on a high level access, and the military doesn't know who you are, all kinds of alarms are set off. Never stay on more than a few minutes. Those fuckers don't fool around on a trace."

Crunch routed his call through Tokyo, New Delhi, Athens, Pretoria, São Paulo, London, New York and finally to California, yelled "Hello!" into the first phone and 20 seconds later heard his own voice.

After he left the Air Force in 1970, Captain Crunch moved to Mountain View, California, a sunny town between Palo Alto and San Jose. There are so many electronics factories in the area that it's known locally as Silicon Gulch. There are as many advanced-technology companies in Silicon Gulch as in all of Great Britain and West Germany. The Captain worked for a company that manufactures advanced radar systems.

But the Captain's real love was phone phreaking. As his fame grew, it became more and more likely that he'd get caught. And in May 1972, the King of Circuits was turned in by some pseudo-phreaks who snitched to the FBI. Bob Scott, a Los Angeles phreak, told the FBI that the Captain was using a Blue Box in his Mountain View home. At about the same time, Don Erickson, a Riverside, California, phreak, supplied the FBI with three pages of information on Crunch. Yet the only way the FBI could detect the Captain's Blue Box was by putting an audio tap on his line. They did, and then they recorded his calls. One morning when the Captain was driving home from an engineering class, the FBI moved in, an event he remembers well.

"Something went wrong with my car, so I pulled off to the side of the freeway. Just

then, two cars pulled in front and in back of me, and two cars screeched to a halt on either side of my car. Ten or twelve FBI agents jumped out of the cars and said, 'You're under arrest.' I was later charged with violation of Title 18, Section 1343, of the U.S. Code, fraud by wire, a felony. The agents interrogated me for three hours in the back seat of an FBI car.

"At the same time, they had broken into my house and were taking photos of everything in sight. They confiscated a cassette recorder with tapes of Blue Box tones, my address book, which I never got back, and a broken Blue Box. They asked me who I knew, and how long I had been a phone phreak. All I said was that I wanted to call an attorney. Eventually, they took me to the county jail, where I was finally released on my own recognizance. A few months later, I copped a plea, pleaded nolo contendere and got five years probation and a \$1,000 fine."

In the summer of 1972 the Captain went to Miami, Florida, to raise money for his legal expenses. His Yippie phone phreak pal, the Al Bell who publishes TAP, got the Yippies to fly Crunch to Miami to meet Abbie Hoffman, who was planning demonstrations for the upcoming Democratic National Convention. But the connection never worked out.

"Abbie was too tied up with the convention, and he never got to help me. Miami was a hot hellhole. Things were hot in more ways than one—the FBI was tailing everyone. I thought I'd better not stay there. I headed back to California via New York City, where I saw a phone phreak friend. That's when the FBI found out I'd been in Miami. My attorney had told me it was O.K. to leave California, but it wasn't. A bench warrant for my arrest was issued, and they held me in jail for a week before they let me depart for California. I was charged with unlawful flight, but they dropped the charges after they found out it was a mix-up."

On probation for five years, Crunch intended to stay out of trouble. But in 1975 he discovered the autoverify circuits that can be used for phone tapping. He claims that phone phreaks have since used the autoverify circuits to tap the FBI office in San Francisco, the FCC, the San Francisco police and the CIA. None of these agencies will comment on the allegations, but the FBI soon found out that the Captain knew how to use an autoverify circuit, and he was again arrested with the help of an informer. The informer was Adam Bauman, a Los Angeles phone phreak who Crunch describes as having "a trickster personality." In fact, it was Bauman who called Nixon about the toilet paper "crisis" in 1973.

In mid-1975, Bauman began to "pull pranks on me," the Captain recalls. "He kept calling me up and enticing me into exchanging techniques with him by throwing out tasty bits of information. He

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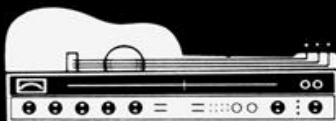
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was doing things that real phone phreaks consider to be uncool, like charging calls to other people's numbers and using corporation credit cards."

The corporations being billed for Bauman's credit card calls notified the telephone company, which in turn contacted the FBI, which soon arrested Bauman and pressured him into telling everything he knew about Captain Crunch. Bauman agreed to become an undercover phone provocateur. He bought his way into the Captain's confidence by giving him technical "inside" information that had been fed to him by AT&T's security agents at the behest of the FBI. He unsuccessfully tried to get the Captain to build him a Blue Box.

Finally, the Captain claims, the FBI provided Bauman with a small portable Blue Box with which to frame him. On February 20, 1976, Bauman visited the Captain at his Mountain View apartment. The two went together to a nearby phone booth on a busy street, where Bauman allegedly placed a Blue Box call to a mutual friend in Pennsylvania. The Captain says he didn't hear the Blue Box tones because of heavy street noise, and so didn't know it was an illegal call. As Crunch tells it, Bauman told him their mutual friend wanted to talk with him. "When I picked up the phone, it was still ringing. I talked to my friend when he answered. The FBI taped the Blue Box tones, then my voice and presto! Instant probation revoke."

The FBI was interested in busting Captain Crunch not only because he knew the secrets of autoverify and AUTOVON, but also because Bauman had told them the Captain was tapping their own lines and had a copy of the operating manual for the National Crime Information Center (NCIC) computer. The NCIC is the FBI's national data bank containing computerized information on every individual who has ever been arrested or investigated by local, state or federal law enforcement agencies.

Captain Crunch denies having ever gained access to the NCIC computer. He explains that he didn't have any reason to use it and that he assumed it was secure. That is, he figured that any penetration of the NCIC system would leave traces, and the FBI would naturally assume that he had been the culprit. But the intense interrogation by anxious FBI agents after his arrest made him change his mind: "It wasn't until the FBI revealed their extreme paranoia while questioning me that I realized the system must have some serious holes in it which make it accessible to nonofficial intrusions." As for the charge that he was tapping the FBI, Captain Crunch claims it was actually Bauman who was doing it, and furthermore, "in the last six months, every phone phreak was doing it. It was a fad."

What Captain Crunch knew, whenever he knew it, is pretty simple. As he explains it, all you have to do is locate a terminal

input to the FBI computer. If inside sources fail, then use a "dedicated data line," which is a sort of giant extension cord that runs from one computer to another. If a phone phreak were to make a physical connection to the dedicated data line, he would be able to receive the information transmitted over it. The information would be in the form of electronic data, and he would have to decide what "format" it is in. This is done by recording the data and taking it to an electronics laboratory for analysis.

But there is an even simpler way of gaining access to the NCIC computer, pride of the FBI. The phone phreak simply hooks into the phone lines used by the computer of any small town's police department. Think of the famous cartoon of a large fish swallowing a medium-sized fish, which, in turn, swallows a smaller fish and so on. The principle is the same, but in reverse order. The phone phreak "fish" hooks into the police department's computer, which goes into the NCIC computer, thereby allowing the "fish" to electronically "swim" undetected into the NCIC computer. Not, mind you, that Captain Crunch recommends that a law-abiding citizen do any such thing.

Faced with the prospect of a long prison sentence, Captain Crunch made a deal with the government. In return for telling the FBI how phreaks tapped into their private lines and how the military's AUTOVON network could be penetrated, the government reduced his sentence to four months. His FBI interrogators were especially interested in any links Captain Crunch might have had with Bay Area underground guerrilla groups such as the New World Liberation Front. The Captain emphatically denied any knowledge of the revolutionary underground.

In all, Crunch and his attorneys held six long meetings with Justice Department officials, who he says were "freaked out" by revelations of his electronic surveillance wizardry. FBI agents admitted to the Captain they had noticed strange clicking and beeping noises on their private lines, but they said they had been baffled as to who might have been listening.

The Captain assumes the government used the information he provided to correct the gaps in the FBI and military communications networks. He is especially proud that his cooperation with the FBI was achieved without having to reveal a single name or point the finger at any of his fellow phone phreaks. The FBI was satisfied merely to learn his electronic techniques. "I sat on a lot of this information for years because it was highly explosive. I didn't want to be responsible for people getting in trouble because of it, but I've already told the FBI everything, so now I want to spread my knowledge around as much as possible," he says.

John Draper, Captain Crunch, served four months in federal prison in southern

California in the winter of 1976. He spent his time weightlifting, playing tennis and writing a book.

No more diddling with the dials for the Captain. The government and the phone company can rest a little easier—one future Alexander Graham Bell II has been safely squelched. However, we know there are at least nine more still out there tinkering and puttering and trying to make a... Make a what?

Well, it's hard to say exactly what will come of the phone phreaks' inventiveness. It's even hard to envision, because the end product will be some weird system of cybernetic interrelationships and not a cotton gin. But whatever they come up with will still be a product of that essential American high—that feverish burst of activity in the toolshed, banging something together for the sheer love of doing and making.

Americans have always been able to generate euphoria in themselves by rearranging the bits and pieces of the material world—creating odd yoga postures in the entire web of maya, if you will. What other country has 10,000 high school drop-outs who can turn an ordinary Chevrolet into a fire-breathing, nitromethane-fueled juggernaut capable of 200 mph in less than ten seconds? What other country would turn a change in the national speed limit into a radar detection/CB radio/VASCAR/Sonar war of electronic surveillance? What other country has 16-year-old blind kids that know more than the president of AT&T?

It's no accident that America is the richest country on earth. It's no accident that we have more cars than China has toilets. There are more sophisticated electronics technicians involved in the live recording of a Pink Floyd concert than manning the secret military weapons systems of any of our allies or enemies. And remember when our Apollo space station linked up with the Soviet's Soyuz II? That told the story if anything ever did. Their spaceship was a lump, the work of conscript peasant labor. It seemed to be made of cast iron, with lumpy round boltheads dotting the interior and a tangle of extension cords all over the floor. Outside it looked like an old steamboat boiler. Our ship, on the other hand, was a paean to modern technology, a beautiful construct of miniaturized circuitry and brush-finished chrome. It looked as good as a pimpmobile.

We're still a nation of makers and doers. A nation of builders. And the phone phreaks are builders, too. They're building knowledge. Building the knowledge of how to use an enormous artificial nervous system the way a toddler builds knowledge of his organic nervous system so that he can make his body do things. Right now the phone phreaks are just learning to talk. But when these electronic toddlers get to First Grade, watch out! Captain Crunch is Captain America. ■

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Psychedelic Cacti

(continued from page 79)

Echinocactus

Echinocactus is the subtribe to which peyote belongs. The Tarahumari Indians respect the psychedelic power of almost all plants now called echinocacti.

Psychoactive echinocacti include those of the genera *Ariocarpus*, *Obregonia*, *Aztekium*, *Strombocactus* and *Gymnocalycium*. *Ariocarpus retusus* and *A. fissuratus* are known to the Huichol as *tsuwiri*, or "false peyote." The plant does not actually look much like peyote, but the Huichols maintain that the cactus can manifest itself as true peyote to those who have not properly purified themselves for the peyote hunt. The Huichol thus shun the intake of *Ariocarpus*, which they say causes terrible visions, horrible sicknesses of the body, madness and death—the prototypical bummer. Legal-high entrepreneurs sell ariocarpi as "peyote cimarron." Although ariocarpi contain no mescaline, they are probably not as bad as the Huichol make them out to be. The principal alkaloids are tyramine, hordenine and anhalonine, all in peyote.

Ariocarpus are true mimics, "living rock" cacti that will match exactly the color of the soil or rocks in which they are growing. In their native habitat of limestone-desert-scrub areas in Brewster, Cameron, Maverick and Pecos counties in Texas and Chihuahua and Coahuila states in Mexico, the plants are easily overlooked as weathered limestone. As with peyote, the root of the cactus shrinks in the summer, pulling the head of the plant down into the ground. In cactus collections, these babies aren't easy to cultivate.



Astrophytum capricorne var. *senile*

Another "living rock" cactus, which the Nahuatl language refers to as *peyotl*, is *Obregonia denegrii*, a plant much like an artichoke, found in northeast Mexico, especially in the state of Tamaulipas. It should be remembered that *peyotl* means white or wooly in Nahuatl, and it may be that the plant is so called simply because it has tufts of white hairs similar to those of peyote, but you can count on just about any echinocactus to contain the powerful alkaloids tyramine and hordenine.

Aztekium is a monotypic genus; that is, it comprises only one species: *A. ritleri*. Its multiple grooves and ridges give it the appearance of an Aztec sculpture. In addition to hordenine and tyramine, *A. ritleri* contains a good dose of caffeine.

The "chin" cactus group includes the genus *Gymnocalycium*, which comprises

"The white man goes into his church and talks about Jesus; the Indian goes into his teepee and talks to God."

a number of mescaline-producing species, including *G. gibbosum*, *G. multiflorum* and *G. platense*. No published researchers have looked for mescaline in the other 30 or so species of *Gymnocalycium*, but it seems a worthy task for any space/time cadet with high goals. However, it should be mentioned that there is a major risk in such exploration. Another alkaloid common to

Photographs on pages 77-79, 94 and 95 from *Pocket Encyclopedia of Cacti* by Edgar and Brian Lamb, reproduced through

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the gymnocalycii is anhalonine, the strychninelike chemical in peyote. Any mammal ingesting a cactus superrich in anhalonine (if there is such a cactus) would find itself seriously lacking in its favorite gas: oxygen. Someone had to eat that first mushroom, right?

Gymnocalycii are called "chin" cacti because of the cleft and protrusion under each tubercle of the plant. Cactus dealers commonly sell similar-looking plants as "gymnos." The one clue to a true gymno occurs only when the plant is in bud, early spring to July: the flower tubes and stems have a scaly appearance but are smooth to the touch. Edgar and Brian Lamb's *Pocket Encyclopedia of Cacti* (Macmillan, 1969) has color photographs of 11 species of *Gymnocalycium*.

Other cacti of interest in subtribe Echinocactus are the four species of *Astrophytum*, which contain hordenine and tyramine: *A. asterias*, *A. capricorne*, *A. myriostigma* and *A. ornatum*.

Mammillaria

Members of genus *Coryphantha*, commonly called pincushion cacti, have two mescaline-related alkaloids not found in any other cacti. *Coryphantha macromeris* and *C. runyonii* contain macromerine and N-methyl-3,4,-dimethoxy-phenethylamine, both recognized by science as hallucinogens, as well as the old standbys tyramine and hordenine, shown to be hallucinogens by years of practical application. Although specific research hasn't been done, the similarity of the various species of *Coryphantha* suggest that others are worth looking into: *C. echinus*, *C. muehlenfordtii* and *C. vivipara*. These are found throughout Arizona, New Mexico and Texas and in northern Mexico.

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Pelecyphora valdeziana

The genus *Mammillaria* is often mentioned in accounts of Indian use of cacti, simply because until recently just about any cactus of a certain size and shape was labeled *Mammillaria*. Today, many of these psychoactive cacti are classified in separate genera, but more than 300 species are still considered members of the genus. They grow throughout the southwestern U.S., Mexico and northern South America. Although we may rightly suspect many of these little pincushions to be psychedelic—they are all respected by shamans—science can only tell us that *M. heyderi* contains that N-methyl-3,4 monster and hordenine.

Another hordenine-loaded genus in the group is *Dolichothele*, which is found throughout the U.S. Southwest and Mexico. Of particular interest to heads are *D.*

sphaerica and *D. longimammi*, the last name meaning long-nippled.

Three species of *Pelecyphora* are also known to contain hordenine and the peyote alkaloid anhalidine: *P. pseudopectinata*, *P. aselliformis* and *P. valdeziana*. All three go by the name *peyotl* in the South and are used as medicine, physical and spiritual.

There you have it: some history, some information, some indications. Keep a stout heart while exploring the realms of cosmic cacti; if ever your courage should wane, remember the faith of the young Comanche button-eater embroiled in the once intense tribal strife between peyotists and anti-peyotists. Confident in the supernatural protection of the cacti, he suggested that his group line up across from the nonusers and "shoot it out." ■

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Hashish Eater

(continued from page 68)

The guy is in this racing ambulance, staring at this middle-aged man with graying hair and Ben Franklin glasses who is exuding panic and hysteria and holding his hand! He struggles to come up with the answer. Finally, he hits it. "If you're so frightened of swallowing your tongue," he says, "maybe you should hold onto it with your hand."

"Right!" I exclaim, staring at him like a dog who's just had a thorn plucked from its paw. Without a moment's hesitation, I reach up and take hold of the tip of my tongue with my left hand while I remain clasping his hand with my right. In this bizarre fashion, Professor Albert Goldman, A.M., Chicago, 1951; Ph.D., Columbia, 1961; Phi Beta Kappa; *Who's Who in the East*—the whole schmeer—arrives at the hospital, tongue in hand.

We come schlepping in like a load of junkies picked up off the corner. I come marching in while holding my tongue, Julia still looks like a sleepwalker. Tracey arrives in a wheel chair. Marie looks like she's being pushed forward with little rollers beneath her feet. The architect and his wife have also arrived, but now they seem less like our hosts than our keepers.

The atmosphere of a drug clinic is not designed to soothe the mind. Kids are screaming with LSD hallucinations, ODs are nodding out in chairs. People are throwing up with loud retching sounds. No sooner do we appear than all these restless, bright, young Jewish doctors pounce on us, doing their medic bits.

"All right," says the one with the clipboard (I wasn't wrong about that part), "what's wrong with these people?"

"I can't swallow... I've lost my swallowing reflex," I insist, brushing off the poor ambulance attendant who held my hand.

"What are you talking about?" says the doctor, looking at me in astonishment, not recognizing at first that I'm clinically insane.

"Doctor, I ate three hash brownies and now I can't swallow. You've got to give me something to restore my swallowing reflex," I demand, heartened at last by the opportunity to tell my story to somebody I trust. Seeing him staring at me without reacting, I throw my sinker: the other symptom that has been gaining on me for the past hour. "Another thing, Doctor. I keep reaching up to take off my hat—and I'm not wearing a hat!"

Now, imagine you spent years and years in medical school and you prepared yourself to save the world. Then you come down to this whack-out clinic and you have to listen to this shit. When I do my bit about the hat, he smiles and says, "Well, that's hash. It sort of produces a tightening around the head. That's why you keep reaching up for your hat."

Next, he decides to test us and see how far gone we are. He goes over to Tracey, the big cat, lobbed out in his wheel chair; his big, black, pussycat head down on his chest. Tracey is Exeter, Harvard College and University of Chicago Business School. Numbers are his game. Now dig the shape he's in. The doctor goes up to him and says, "Hello, what's your name?"

Blurred answer.

"All right, Mr. Zong. I want you to count backward from 50 by sevens. Could you do that for me, please?"

Mumbles.

"Just start now—50? Then, the next number would be... what?"

Pause. "Umm, 40... 40... 43!"

"Good. Right! Now the next number counting backward from 43 by seven would be... what?"

"30... 30..." Silence. Tracey Long, B.A., Harvard; M.B.A., University of Chicago, could not count backward from 50 by sevens.

Finally, the doctor comes up to us and offers his solution to our problem.

"Look, there are two things you people can do. We can give you an emetic and you can throw this stuff up..."

Before he gets the word "emetic" out of his mouth, I'm protesting. "Throw up! That's the worst thing I could do! I can't swallow and you want me to throw up! I'll suffocate, strangle on my own vomit! You won't catch me throwing up!"

"O.K., O.K.," he soothes, "you don't have to do it. The other thing is you can just sit here in this little chair and be quiet, and it will pass over."

Now I'm really hurt. He's treating me like a child. I come into his clinic presenting the rare symptoms of classic Mid-eastern hashish intoxication, like you read about in books—that is, if you can read—and this asshole is telling me to be quiet and sit in a little chair. "Look, Doctor," I try one last time, "I can't swallow, I can't breathe!"

"You're swallowing and breathing as you talk to me," he chants like a little girl going ta-ta-ta! "You've had a dose of hash that has probably peaked already, and if you don't make a fuss and get yourself all agitated, it will pass over. So, please, stop worrying and just be quiet."

With that, he turns on his heel and goes across the clinic. I'm feeling utterly exhausted at this point and haven't the energy to dispute the issue. A quarter of an hour later, the chief of the clinic breezes by. He calls the young doc over, asks him what gives with the odd-looking crew in the corner. I hear the young doc tell the older doc, "That one [meaning me] was very paranoid when he arrived; that one, blah, blah blah..." So there I was, sitting in a clinic full of sick junkies on a Sunday night in Miami listening to some little twerp of an M.D. describe me as "paranoid"—and all because I ate one or two hash brownies too many. Fuck Alice B. Toklas! ■

Excerpted from *Entering the New Age of Pot*, to be published in the fall by Harper & Row.



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Health

Diabetic Needles No Shot in Arm

Insulin worsens one of the most common types of diabetes, which would be better treated with diet and exercise, say researchers who have studied the chronic disease.

Of the three million American diabetics who use insulin, only one-third have juvenile-onset diabetes, caused by a malfunction of the insulin-producing cells in the pancreas and treatable only by an external supply of the hormone.

The remaining two million insulin users suffer from the maturity-onset form of the disease in which enough insulin is produced but cannot be properly used by the body's cells.

Obesity afflicts about 90 percent of all maturity-onset diabetics. Shots or pills overcome the insulin imbalance for a while, but in the long run they make it worse and lead to greater weight gains and arteriosclerosis. Maturity-onset diabetes can usually be controlled by diet and exercise alone, scientists at four medical centers have discovered.

Diet therapy, common in the 1920s, was largely abandoned when synthetic insulin became available.

Western Docs Dig Underground Herb

A London biologist has broken new ground by following health food healers eastward to seek the roots of medicine—ginseng, to be exact. Curative claims for the slow-growing tuber have long been pooh-poohed by experts, but Western medics may now be ready to dig it at last. Stephen Fulder's recent article in *The New Scientist* reviews Russian and Chinese research that confirms even the most extravagant claims of barefoot doctors. Used in the Orient for three millennia as an energizer, preventive medicine and longevity tonic, ginseng has been condemned as useless in the West because it doesn't cure any specific diseases.

Professor Israel Brekhman of Vladivostok's Institute of Biologically Active Substances has documented 35- to 100-percent increases in stamina in both mice and men as a result of ginseng use—proof that the Vietcong soldiers and Russian cosmonauts who chewed the root

weren't just shell-shocked or spaced out. Ever quota-conscious, the Russians also found the herb ups efficiency in boring, repetitive work like proofreading and telegraphy.

Mouse tests in Russia and Bulgaria have yielded dramatic evidence that ginseng offers protection against a wide variety of stresses: bacteria and virus infections, effects of alcohol and medicines, radioactivity, environmental poisons, temperature extremes—even injections of cancer cells.

Fulder's article raises the hope that American medics may develop increased interest in ginseng's powers of prevention. Still, it's doubtful they will adopt the practice of their ancient Chinese brethren, who got paid only as long as their patients stayed healthy.

New, Improved Trash

One candy manufacturer has decided to tell it like it is. Topps Chewing Gum, Inc. has marketed "Garbage Can-Dy," a two-inch, hard sugar-candy replica of a garbage can full of soup bones, old sneakers, fish heads and empty soup cans. Ingredients? Dextrose, corn syrup solids, magnesium stearate, citric acid and artificial flavors and colors.

Biorhythms Out in Left Field

Biorhythms are a wild pitch, says a biologist who fielded the performances of major league ballplayers against their body



rhythms and found no relationship between the two. University of Nebraska Dr. James Fix chose a random roster of 70 players, looked up their birthdays and calculated their physical, emotional and intellectual cycles according to biorhythm theory, which claims that 28-, 33- and 38-day periods predict a person's best and worst innings in these three fields. Numerous companies have ground out lower accident rates by pegging the calculations to employees, but Fix says the rhythm method fouled out on the diamond. ■



Fifth Amendment Shields Silent Men

Slammed with unusually harsh first-offense sentences of eight and ten years, respectively, for refusing to finger their coke sources, two Pennsylvania men, Pio Garcia and Wilfredo Antonmarchi, have won resentencing in appeals court to protect their Fifth Amendment rights.

Despite prosecution promises during plea-bargaining, the law does not guarantee defendants immunity from new charges that result from turning in their connections. Thus the accused are forced to choose between long sentences for insisting on their constitutional right to silence and possible leniency for exposing themselves to the dangers of ratting—both the new charges and inmate reprisals.

Faced with this dilemma, Garcia and Antonmarchi had little choice but to relinquish their Fifth Amendment freedom from self-incrimination.

Supreme Court Endorses Eavesdropping

Undercover agents can legally spy on meetings between defendants and their lawyers, according to a Supreme Court ruling. The 7 to 2 vote reversed an appeals court ruling that held such tactics violated the right to counsel.

Brett A. Bursey served 18 months for vandalizing draft board offices in Columbia, South Carolina, in 1970. Police agent Jack Weatherford helped in the crime and was busted but immediately set free. Not knowing Weatherford was a cop, Bursey and his lawyer invited the agent to pretrial strategy conferences, which Weatherford attended to keep from blowing his cover.

After release, Bursey sued Weatherford for violating the lawyer-client relationship. The Nixon court turned down the appeal, arguing that Weatherford's eavesdropping was "not deliberate" and did not deny Bursey a fair trial.

Taxpayers Tapped for Agents' Defense

The Justice Department has asked the House Appropriations Committee for \$4.8 million in tax money this year for private

attorneys to defend its agents against lawsuits brought by taxpayers. Nearly a million dollars has already been spent on cases involving surveillance and harassment that go back as far as 40 years.

The best known of the recent suits include those by the Socialist Workers' Party, Grove Press, Jane Fonda, Jack Anderson and the families of murdered Black Panther leaders Fred Hampton and Mark Clark. Pending cases include a \$10-million suit against the FBI filed by antiwar activists Judith Clavir and Stewart Albert and a \$750-million claim by the Church of Scientology.

Racist Sentenced to Black History Course

Judicial efforts to make the punishment fit the crime continued last December when a Minneapolis, Minnesota, judge sentenced James Akkerman, convicted of assaulting a black man, Sherman Henderson, with a



broken bottle, to take college courses on minority history and race relations. Besides the education, Akkerman was sentenced to five years on parole, payment of Henderson's medical expenses and "unpaid, useful" work in the Minneapolis black community.

California Lets Highgoners Be Bygoners

Grass possession convictions older than two years may not be used against Californians by any public agency, according to a decision of the state's supreme court last January. The full legal effects of the case are not yet known, but it should help prevent government job discrimination against those with pot in their past.

It may also keep prisoners from being saddled with additional time in probation hearings for prior grass convictions, whether or not their arrest records have been destroyed. ☐

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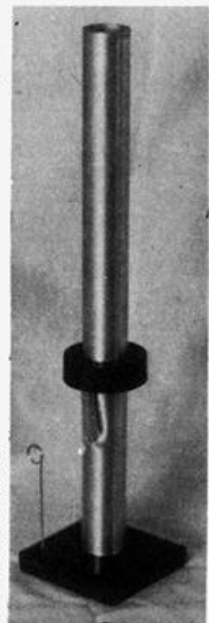
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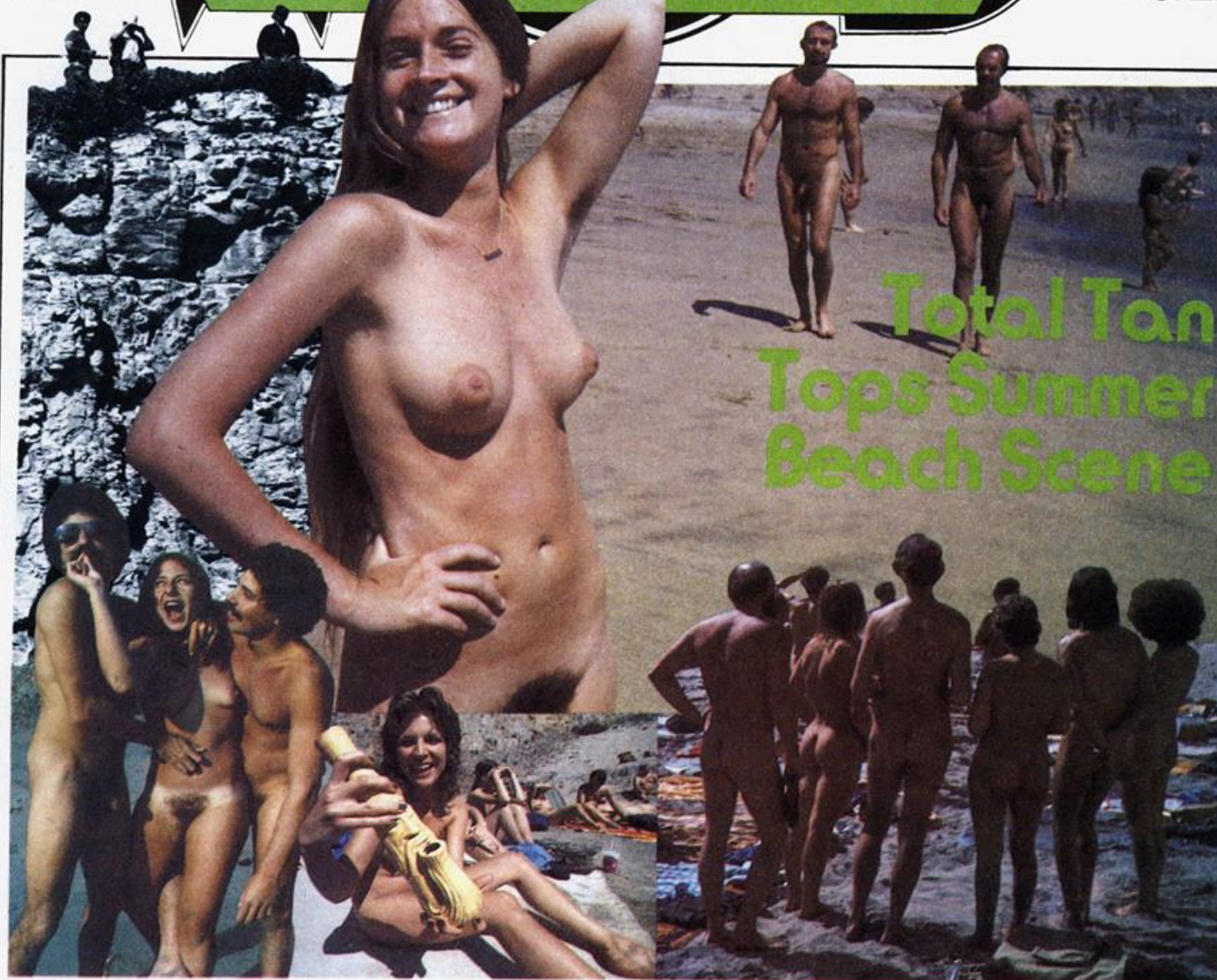
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AMERICAN READING NEWSMAGAZINE

No. 22



Total Tan Tops Summer Beach Scene

There was nothing the Woodstock Generation enjoyed more than tearing off their clothes in a druged frenzy and frolicking under a sunny sky. Preferably, at a rock festival. Hopefully, by a body of water. Obliging, in any available puddle. Today, you diggers-turned-C.P.A.s, lawyers and insurance salesmen, puffing on your bargain Mex while the old lady changes little Asteroid's diapers, dream of that bygone splendor-in-the-mud. Hippie Daze may seem like ancient history now, but in the Gold-

en West, it's still happening. All year long. And no wire fences, strychnine, decibel rot or crowds. Just Nirvana-by-the-Pacific.

There are literally dozens of free beaches (as in "free of clothes") within an hour of San Francisco in either direction. Panther Beach, just north of Santa Cruz, is a major attraction for West Coast lovers. Crossing the coastal railroad tracks overgrown with clover and honeysuckle, the path winds down a natural rock staircase carved into the cliff by eons of wind and water.

The entire cove is protected from the elements by a golden horseshoe of cliffs, which act as a mammoth solar reflector for that glorious all-over tan. Sadly, the cliffs also serve as a perch for the hated but humored Panthers of Panther Beach. They lurk above in aloha shirts and windbreakers, spyglasses at the ready.

Although nude bathing abounds at "free beaches," there is only one legally sanctioned nude beach in America—Black's Beach, just north of San Diego. This sum-

mer many of the areas where nude beaches have sprung up will probably legalize the "Bathing Suits Optional" sections along the surf. The nude beach craze has also bitten parts of Florida, Long Island and even Sydney, Australia, which has one of the largest nude beaches in the world.

Like marijuana laws, nudity laws have no substance other than questionable moral dictates, and these will crumble as the warm weather heats urges for a primal romp on the sands of Lotus Land.

David Patrick

HIGH CRIMES

"We Have No Captain...Just a Crew"

In a classic struggle on the high seas, the tramp freighter *Night Train* has been subdued by the Coast Guard cutter *Dauntless*, bringing about the end of a legend known to smugglers and D-men alike from Vancouver to Cape Horn. Fifty-four tons of Colombian gold were seized, the second largest bust in history.

"This is the ghost ship we've been looking for," Miami Regional DEA Director John E. Van Diver said proudly. "For more than two years, nobody had even laid eyes on it. During that time, we have seized 100 tons of marijuana that came off this vessel."

The 110-foot rusty freighter and its swarthy, bearded, 13-man crew were nailed off the northeastern coast of the Bahamas. The *Dauntless* ordered the *Night Train* to heave to, but "instead they turned the vessel and attempted to ram us," Commander Jon C. Withol said. "So we gave them three bursts across the bow with our .50-caliber machine guns." The *Night Train* continued to run, but the cutter opened up with three-inch cannons and the freighter finally surrendered.

The *Night Train* saga came to an end after D-men posing as smugglers arranged to make a pickup in a speedboat 85 miles east of the Bahamas. The crew is being held on bails up to \$500,000 each. The

crew reportedly said, "We have no captain...just a crew."

● A Brampton, Ontario, man is on trial for smuggling a ton of hash into Canada. Robert Rowbotham, 26, and his associates were captured after a Mountie testified that "every time he was ordered by his superior to tap a telephone in an apartment building, he simply pried open a Bell Canada terminal in the basement with a screwdriver and tapped the phone."

● Key West High School's basketball team has been withdrawn from the Class AAA playoffs because marijuana was smoked on the team bus after a game. Principal Clarence Phillips said, "It's just too blatant when kids will light up that stuff while on a school bus

with three coaches on it." The team was withdrawn when no one confessed or pointed out the culprit.

● You've had a busy year, little men... Customs records for 1976 show nearly 21,000 people busted, 1,125 pounds of coke seized, 271 pounds of heroin, 7,953 pounds of hash and 388 tons of pot. Miami D-men set the pace with almost one-third of all seizures.

● Peruvian police seized four tons of pot on a plantation deep in the northeast jungle.

Top Pot Pops

A ton of pot yields approximately one million joints. The following million-sellers join the smuggling hall of fame, which may give them



Bell tolls for *Night Train*, brought to bay with 54 tons after two-year chase.

some relief. These smugglers got caught. Don't let it happen to you!

Grimy Gulch Airstrip, Everglades, Fla.: DC-4, 2,000 lbs, no arrests.

Fort Lauderdale, Fla.: 6 speed-boats, 4,000 lbs, 5 arrests.

Donna, Texas: 2 trucks, 18,000 lbs, 1 arrest.


Franklinton, La.: 2 tractor-trailers, 36,000 lbs, 7 arrests.

Palm Beach County, Fla.: single truck, 2,500 lbs, 2 arrests.


Sarasota, Fla.: safehouse, 8,500 lbs, 9 arrests.

Fort Lauderdale, Fla.: 2 boats, 2,300 lbs, several arrests.

San Juan Puerto Rico: freighter *Calabres*, suspected 240,000 lbs. scuttled during pursuit, 22 arrests.



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COCAINE CONFIDENTIAL

Doc Testifies Coca Leaf Cures

A man on trial for conspiracy to smuggle 17 pounds of nearly pure cocaine seized near Portland's waterfront last fall is contending in court that the coca leaves found in his pocket were prescribed to him as spiritual and physical medicine. Hugo Gomez-Silva, 28, a Colombian national, was popped in a motel room with the leaves, a gun and a dripping wetsuit shortly after the seizure of the stash.

Contending that it cannot be proved Gomez-Silva conspired with two other arrested men to import the illegal drug, the defense called Dr. Jacob Fried, a Portland State University anthropologist specializing in Latin America. Fried testified he interviewed Gomez-Silva in Spanish for an hour and was satisfied the coca leaves were prescribed to ward off bad fortune by a native *brujo*, a combination herbalist-witchdoctor. He said Gomez-Silva was told to boil the "tunda" leaves and bathe in the solution, which he had done before leaving for the United States and intends to do again, if acquitted.

• Los Angeles D-men flashed a \$680,000 bankroll to set up a deal that netted the cops 12 pounds of top-quality blow. Two men and a woman were arrested after narcs arranged for a transaction at

Brackett Airport in La Verne, California. Deputies and DEA agents arrested the trio and raided their home, where they found the 12 pounds stashed in a storage shed adjacent to the property.



New kid in town: African sticks like the above are seeping into the market, with more in sight. Individually wrapped, slightly smaller than a Thai stick, the potent pot retails at about six dollars a stick.

Howard Berman

• A man was seized at Miami International Airport and charged with importation of 14½ ounces of cocaine last February after Customs officers became suspicious over the manner in which he was walking in a pair of suede Earth Shoes. The 27-year-old Fort Lauderdale man had arrived in Miami aboard a commercial flight from Colombia.

• A pair of platform shoes a Customs inspector thought was "not made for walking" sent a Colombian stewardess to jail. Agents said they found more than a pound of coke in the clodhoppers. James Dingfelder, spokesman for Miami Customs, said the platform shoes, not usually worn

by stewardesses on a flight, caught the eye of an alert inspector.

• The light sentencing of Stan Akers, Jr., son of former Speaker of the House Stan Akers, for possession of cocaine is causing a furor in Phoenix. Superior Court Judge Lawrence Doyle gave Akers 30-60 days and 7 years probation for what narcs called "\$125,000-worth of cocaine." Although none of the flood of editorials and news articles mentions the weight of the cocaine, the money figure translates by police estimating procedures to somewhere between five and seven ounces. Supporters point out that a first offense of this amount is often punished only by probation.



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JOHN WILCOCK'S
OTHER SCENES

Greyhound Diary

Taking advantage of Greyhound's "go anywhere in America for \$50" got me from Los Angeles to New York in four days (stopping for one eight-hour sleep about halfway). It was a fascinating investigation of nitty-gritty Americana, seeing all the things you wouldn't cross the street for, eating lousy food in shoddy cafeterias and most of the time suffering from discomfort and fatigue. It was an excursion into concentrated banality, and I wouldn't have missed it for anything.

(Phoenix, Arizona. Ten hours out of Los Angeles)

I've already learned that the way to keep a double seat to yourself is to read an opened-up newspaper ostentatiously every time a new batch of passengers boards the bus. The first change of drivers took place here, and the new man, like the old, gave us the standard rap about how smoking was allowed only in the back three rows. "And even then," he said, "no pipes, cigars or marijuana." Avoiding the temptation to smoke in the toilet to the rear, I had hopped off to take a few quiet drags at the far edge of the parking lot when I was approached by a black dude who bummed the joint from me and offered to sell me an ounce of "dynamite Mexican." Having gone through a bad time at the Mexican border only a few days back (my perfumed-rag-wrapped stash eluded the dog's sniffing), I was still paranoid, so I passed up the nighttime deal. In the suburbs here are dozens of retirement-type trailer camps with identical signs: "Adults Only, No Pets" ... highway massage parlors with winking lights ... Oasis Bar, "Ned Cross, Not Red Cross" ... Professor Pudge's Rock Emporium and Dinosaur Shop ... "Our Business Is Exhausting" (advertising a muffler repair shop) ... Gold Mind Bookstore ... Mining Camp Cafe ... Superstition Motel.

(Tucumcari, New Mexico)

"No Shoes, No Shirt, No Service," says the sign in the grubby cafeteria where we make a ten-minute stop for ghostly chicken salad sandwiches and excellent hot chocolate.

(Amarillo, Texas)

The waiting-room talk—of schedules, time and distance estimates and bitching about the numerous lengthy "rest" stops—is interrupted by two city cops hitting randomly on one of our black fellow travelers. No reason is given for demanding he produce identification, and within minutes he is back with us on the bus. But it never seems to happen to a white passenger.

(Oklahoma)

Today's new driver repeats the warning about no smoking and adds, "This includes pot, grass or locoweed. We have a new rule: anyone caught smoking marijuana, we put it off the bus, and we don't detach the passenger from it. It's not a matter of whether it's good or bad, I've heard all different views on that, but the feds get real nasty with us if we don't enforce the rules."

Oklahoma highway signs tout the Cowboy Hall of Fame, the Softball Hall of Fame and the John Birch Society.

(Tulsa, Oklahoma)

The black baby who's been squalling for the past few hours suddenly becomes the concern of the lady across the aisle, who's been traveling with her alarm clock perched on the window ledge. She offers the baby's

parents chicken soup concentrate, which she says she always carries. I never travel without packets of nuts and raisins and one of those plug-in heaters with which to make a cup of tea in barren hotel rooms. Greyhound bus cafeterias sell a \$2.79 thermos that can be refilled for 15 cents at most others in the chain. Vending machines offer a one-dollar inflatable cushion, which I find to be a good investment. Also useful: a stock of nine-cent stamps for post cards.

(St. Louis, Missouri)

The men's room at the bus station here is the dirtiest of the trip: no soap, no paper. And margarine, no butter, in the cafeteria. The suburbs of Indianapolis fly by: mile after mile of old wooden frame houses with porches, used-car lots, junk fooderies, bars with go-go girls and an occasional porn bookstore in a refurbished red barn. Indianapolis. What a fitting sentence for, say, a New Yorker to be sentenced to residence here as an alternative to going to jail. Rehabilitating, possibly, for both parties. Playing the bus depot pinball and novelty machines becomes an (expensive) occupation; for variety you can buy 25-cent "jokes," such as the matchbox inscribed "Six Positions for Eating Pussy," which, when opened, reveals a sketch of six kittens feeding from a mother cat. Etc., etc. But there are ways to save money, too. At Columbus, Ohio, a helpful washroom attendant demonstrates how to open the pay toilets with a pocket comb instead of a dime.

(Columbus to Pittsburgh)

Three teenage girls who got on at the last stop are chattering away discussing—of all people—Sargent Shriver. Although I can't hear what they're saying, it isn't the first time his name has come up on my travels. Once, on a transatlantic flight, a former Miss Rheingold sitting next to me reported that Shriver had told her the best way to sleep on a plane was to lie on the floor with your head under one seat with your feet under the one in front. It's just barely possible—I tried it—but there's no room to turn over. Even the bus driver, who rarely talks, was chatting away on this stretch, discussing truckers' driving habits with a burly man up front. "Oh, they're O.K.," the driver said, "but some of them drive that center line pretty good."

(Washington, Pennsylvania)

By automobile, a cross-country trip is mostly turnpikes, but Greyhounds are always stopping off at little towns like this—old-fashioned-looking places whose narrow streets are lined with sooty buildings like the Yorkshire mill towns of my youth. These are the fast-disappearing remnants of romantic (to me), gritty, small-town America, with neighborly businesses to match: Jake's News, Danny's Lounge, Len's Restaurant.

(Philadelphia)

It's almost over now, and I glance around at the few sleepy survivors who are still with us for the last lap. Once again it's a relief to know that I won't be spending the rest of my life with them on some remote desert island—why do I always have that thought about my companions on buses, planes, subways and elevators?—but I'm sorry the trip is over. I peer over the seat at the book my neighbor up front has been reading for the past 700 miles. "We are all on this planet together," reads the top line.

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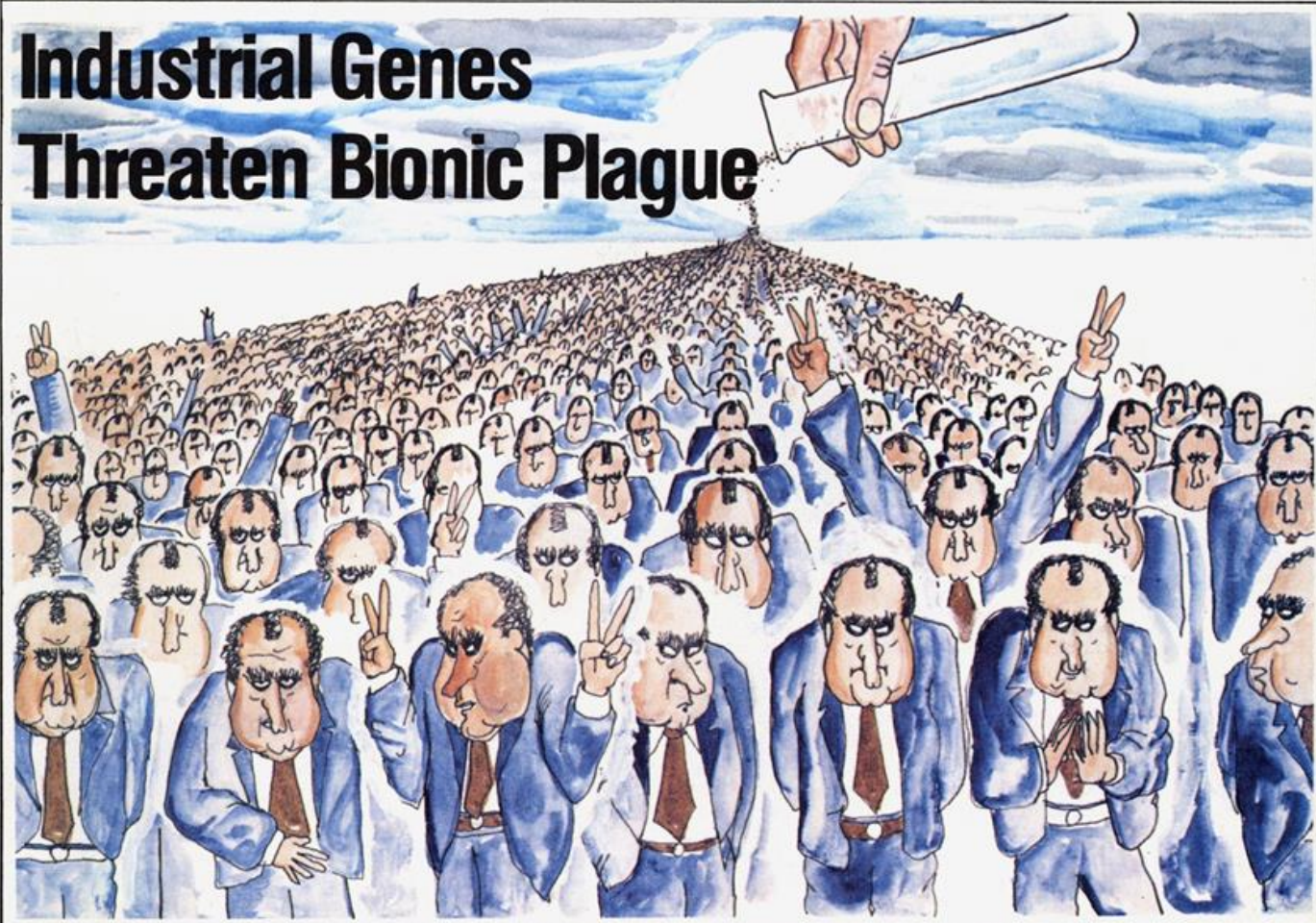
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Industrial Genes Threaten Bionic Plague



Joe Dea

by Craig Silver and Gary Stimeling

Fearing that a new generation of Frankensteins will create a new generation of monsters, scientists, public officials and private citizens are trying to close biology's new frontier of genetic engineering—cloning and gene recombination.

The key to both is DNA, the heredity molecule in each cell that provides a blueprint for the entire organism. Cloning is a method of asexual reproduction by which one cell is used to create carbon copies of existing plants, animals, people and bacteria. In recombinant DNA research, pieces of genes from different species are joined together and transplanted into living cells, usually bacteria. Thus, an entirely new species is made from parts of natural ones.

Both of these techniques raise the specter of new, strange and perhaps dangerous life forms, and uncontrollable acceleration of evolution. Many researchers have painted grim pictures of devastation caused by escape of mutant bacteria in a lab accident. Disaster is all the more likely because the research bacteria (*Escherichia coli*) inhabit the normal human intestine.

Genetic research has been the subject of public forums in Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan and California, and two bills now in Congress propose restric-

tions on it.

Bypassing public debate, however, major drug companies are entering the lucrative field in secret. Gene juggling is being done by Miles Laboratories, Upjohn Company, Merck, Sharp & Dohme, Pfizer, Hoffmann-La Roche, Eli Lilly & Co. and Abbott Laboratories. Abbott PR-man Tom Craig spoke for the industry when he said his outfit will release no info because "it creates more alarm than is justified." At least nine other firms plan to enter the secret sweepstakes soon.

An unpublicized meeting of

government agencies last fall gave industry a cozy, behind-the-scenes go-ahead to do the research without government regulation. In less than six hours, the Food and Drug Administration, Environmental Protection Agency, Center for Disease Control and National Institutes of Health voted for lax, voluntary safety rules, with each company to police its own researchers. The experiments will proceed in secret to protect patent rights.

Scientists who oppose research curbs claim that genetics has already cashed in some unexpected bonuses—like the bacteria, already patented by General Electric, that eat oil spills. But critics argue that nature cannot be held within predictable boundaries. The same oil-eating bacteria, for example, might infect oil deposits, pipelines and your car's gas tank.

Critics of cloning fear that dozens of Idi Amins, Rockefeller, Nixons and other thugs will be unleashed on us after—or even before—the originals have died. Woody Allen raised some not-so-funny cloning questions in his 1974 film *Sleeper*, in which a dictator is resurrected by cloning cells from his artificially preserved nose. But proponents of genetic engineering posit that the Virginia

Woolfs, Pablo Picassos and Bill Bradleys of the world could also be duplicated. Besides, social psychologists hope to use genetic research to settle the age-old dispute of whether intelligence is hereditary or environmental.

One of the most visible critics of genetic manipulation is economist/politician Jeremy Rifkin, head of the Peoples Business Commission, formerly the People's Bicentennial Commission. The PBC held a noisy demonstration at a recent forum on DNA research at the National Academy of Science in Washington, D.C., at which Rifkin commandeered the microphone and told the forum that the genetic issue has "moral, theological and social" dimensions that cannot be left to scientists or to the government.

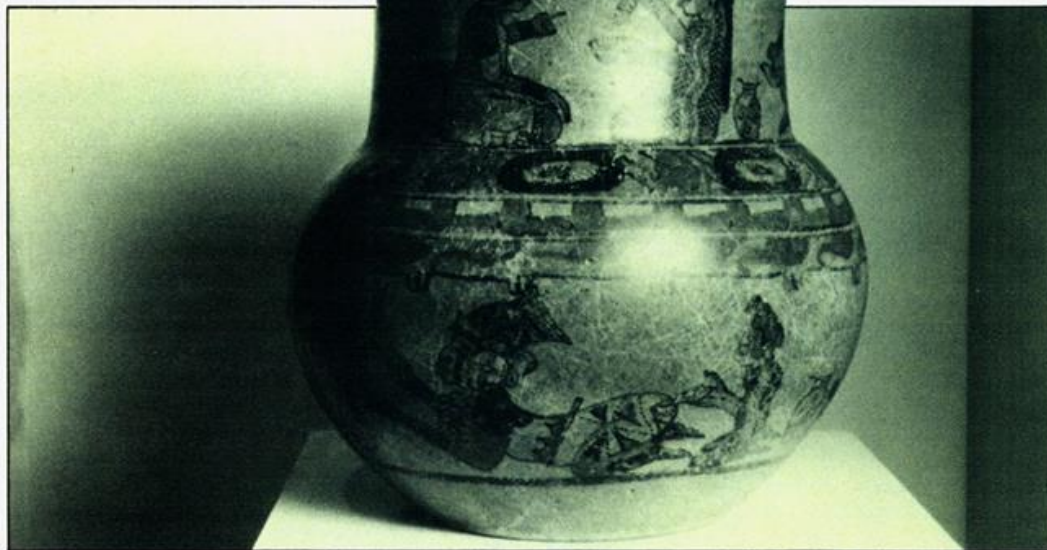
"Who should be responsible? I don't think scientists, the government, the Church or even you and I should make such decisions," Rifkin said. To bolster their argument, the PBC has put together a book—*Countdown to 1984*, to be published next year by Bantam—which, according to Rifkin, describes "how close we are to George Orwell's 1984 and Aldous Huxley's brave new world in terms of thought control and experiments with human genetics."

Anal Highs Turned On Indians

Recent studies have shown that South and Central American Indians, never cultural laggards when it came to getting high, engaged in yet another fascinating thrill: psychoactive enemas. A classic Mayan vase portraying an "enema ritual" is presented as evidence, along with early Spanish documents on the phenomenon.

The article, by Peter T. Furst and Michael Coe in *Natural History*, describes how the "Huastec people of northern Veracruz and southern Tamaulipas had pulque squirted into their breech." The authors mention morning glories, hallucinogenic mushrooms (*Stropharia cubensis*) and *Psilocybe* as popular enema highs. According to the study, native rubber-tree sap was used to fashion pliable enemas, a practice unknown in Europe until two centuries after the discovery of the New World.

In addition to the Mayans and the Huastecs, the Incans and Mexican Huichol tribes also entertained by enema. The practice, in fact, is "by no means dead in



Pre-Columbian Mayan vase depicts anal high.

Peter T. Furst

Middle America. While conducting research among the Huichols, ethnographer Tim Knab was shown... a woman shaman in the community of Santa Catarina. She

prepared her peyote by grinding it to a fine pulp and diluting it with water. Instead of taking the mixture by mouth, she injected it rectally, experiencing its effects al-

most at once while avoiding its bitter, acrid taste and the nausea that even some experienced Indian peyoteros continue to feel as they chew the sacred plant."

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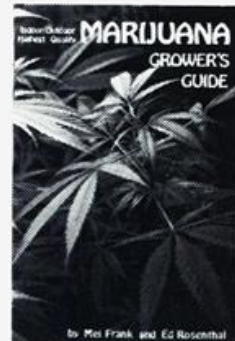
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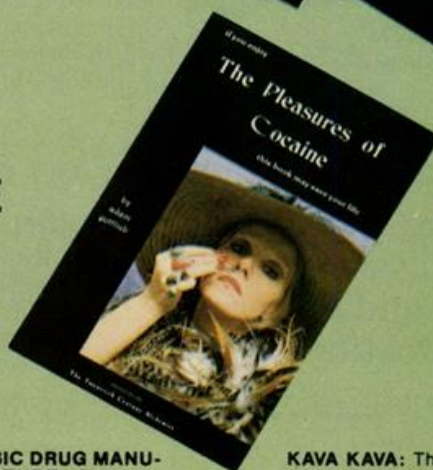
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Water-pressed hash	just fair to good	kilo	50-100
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		oz	3-7
		kilo	100-200
		oz	5-9
		kilo	125-250

AUSTRALIA

Domestic grass	improving scene	oz	20-40
Nepalese hash	good when found	lb	200-350
Indian hash	just fair, decent	oz	75-150
Afghani hash	scarce of late; excellent	lb	900-1250
LSD	some blotter	oz	70-90
		lb	800-1100
		oz	100-140
		lb	1100-1550
		hit	2-5
		100	100-225
Cocaine	mostly poor quality	gm	75-125
		oz	1600-2200

AZORE ISLANDS

Angolan grass	dark buds; very good	oz	40-65
Mozambique grass	rare of late	lb	450-700
Qualaludes	usual	oz	60-90
Dormadinas	standard stuff	one	500-800
		100	2-3
		100	75-150
		one	1-2
		100	75-150

BELGIUM

Nigerian grass	usually stash amounts	oz	30-50
Chitral hash	excellent head; scarce	lb	425-550
Lebanese hash	fair to good; cloth-sacked	oz	2-3
Nepalese hash	stale fingers	oz	45-75
LSD	improving slightly	lb	40-60
		hit	400-550
		100	45-75
		100	450-600
Cocaine	OK	gm	2-5
		oz	225-350
		oz	60-100
		oz	1050-1500

CANADA

Domestic	some bright spots	oz	15-30
Regular Mexican	steady supply and quality	lb	150-325
Top-grade Mexican	Oaxacan, sinsemilla	oz	15-35
Commercial	very good	lb	175-325
Connoisseur	Brown buds OK	oz	35-55
Colombian	occasional gold	lb	450-575
Hawaiian	scarce	oz	35-50
		lb	350-500
		oz	45-75
		lb	425-650
		oz	200-275
		lb	2200-3200
Afghani hash	available and good	oz	175-225
Indian hash	just OK	lb	1400-2200
		oz	125-200
		lb	1200-2000
Kashmiri hash	excellent when found	oz	165-200
Afghani hash oil	thick, black, potent	lb	1700-2400
Honey oil	very good	gm	30-50
LSD	good blotter	oz	400-800
		hit	35-55
		100	450-650
Cocaine	fair to good	gm	2-5
		100	150-250
		oz	75-125
		oz	1400-2000

COLOMBIA

Santa Marta gold, red	good to excellent; decent supply	oz	5-15
Machu Picchu	sweet smoke	lb	40-75
Punta roja	one of the best	oz	5-10
Colombian hash	decent at best	lb	40-75
		oz	5-10
		lb	45-75
		oz	25-50
		100 lb	2000-3000
Colombian hash oil	fair	oz	150-225
LSD	fluctuating supply; fair to good	lb	1800-2500
Mushrooms	natural trip	hit	3-5
		100	250-400
		oz	3-5
		lb	30-45
Cocaine	most good	oz	250-400
		lb	4000-6000

DENMARK

Lebanese hash	supply on decline	gm	2-5
Moroccan hash	thin green slabs; OK	lb	650-900
LSD	decent	gm	1.50-2.50
		lb	600-800
		hit	2-3
		100	125-175

ECUADOR

Colombian grass	good, constant	oz	7.50-10
		lb	75-150

Ecuadorian red	smooth smoke	oz	3-5
Cocaine	excellent flake	lb	60-125
		gm	25-40
		oz	450-700
San Pedro cactus	available	oz	free

ENGLAND

Moroccan hash	some good; fair supply	oz	50-75
Lebanese hash	just OK	lb	600-800
Afghani hash	thick black slabs; good	oz	70-85
Colombian hash	poor	lb	800-950
Hash oil	usually Afghani	oz	75-125
LSD	decent quality and supply	lb	800-1200
Cocaine	heavily stepped on	oz	50-65
Mandrax	around	gm	550-750
		hit	25-35
		100	375-500
		gm	1-1.50
		100	75-150
		gm	50-125
		oz	2000-2200
		one	1-3
		100	75-200

FRANCE

Yamba	hard to find	oz	40-75
Colombian	occasional supply	lb	400-625
Moroccan	fair to good quality	oz	35-65
Afghani hash	fresh slabs; potent	lb	450-700
Chitral hash	excellent	oz	25-50
LSD	OK trips around	lb	350-500
Opium	dreamy	gm	5-10
		hit	900-1200
		100	50-75
		100	500-750
		gm	2.50-5
		gm	200-325
		gm	10-15

GERMANY

Lebanese hash	short supply	gm	2-5
Afghani hash	good to excellent; OK supply	kilo	1200-1300
Moroccan hash	decent	oz	40-65
Thai sticks	good treat	oz	500-725
LSD	U.S. blotter; good	lb	35-50
Cocaine	OK rock	oz	475-575
		one	10-20
		100	750-1000
		hit	2.50-5
		100	200-350
		gm	65-110
		oz	500-750

HONG KONG

Mainland weed	OK	oz	8-12
Thai grass	strong smoke	lb	115-225
Thai sticks	excellent; available	oz	50-100
Afghani hash	rare of late	lb	750-1200
		one	8-12
		oz	75-175
		gm	7.50-15
		oz	75-175

ITALY

Colombian grass	poor to fair	oz	75-100
Lebanese hash	dry red	lb	600-850
Afghani hash	thin black slabs; good	oz	100-125
Moroccan hash	just OK	100 gm	300-400
LSD	brown blotter; some crystal	oz	100-150
Cocaine	improving slightly	hit	70-115
		100	200-275
		gm	3.50-5
		oz	300-350
		oz	45-75
		oz	900-1150
		oz	50-75
		oz	1000-1300

MEXICO

Torreon violet	mountaintop high	oz	5-10
Guadalajara green	tasty weed	lb	80-125
Oaxacan tops	good to excellent	oz	5-10
Guerrero gold	sweet tasting	lb	75-125
Pueblo	steady standard	oz	3-5
Magic mushrooms	natural high	lb	50-80
Cocaine	good flake	oz	5-10
Opium	available	lb	65-100
		gm	5-10
		oz	85-115
		oz	5-7.50
		oz	55-75
		oz	400-500
		lb	5000

THE NETHERLANDS

Senegalese & Congolese grass	purely stash	oz	50-85
Domestic grass	fair to good	lb	450-600
Moroccan hash	nothing special	oz	20-40
		lb	250-350
		oz	50-75
		lb	400-575

Lebanese hash	seldom seen	oz	50-85
Pakistani hash	available	lb	500-600
Kashmiri hash	pliable black; worthwhile	oz	50-75
Hash oil	thick black; good	lb	450-650
LSD	usually blotter	oz	65-110
		lb	600-800
		liter	1650-2100
		hit	2-4
		100	150-225
		gm	75-125
		oz	1300-2100
		gm	3-5
		oz	60-85

TURKEY

Turkish hash	highly desirable	oz	5-10
Antonia hash	very good	lb	75-90
LSD	rare	oz	7.50-10
Opium	excellent	lb	100-175
		hit	5-12
		100	500-600
		oz	3-7.50
		lb	60-85

USA

Contiguous

Regular Mexican	some decent	oz	15-30
Top-grade Mexican	excellent when found; tasty	lb	100-300
Jamaican	usually fair	oz	75-150
Commercial Colombian	readily available	lb	1000-2000
Connoisseur Colombian	quantity and quality on rise	oz	20-30
Hawaiian	dark brown, resinous	lb	250-400
Thai sticks	fluctuating supply	oz	275-450
Nigerian grass	small amounts	oz	40-75
Moroccan hash	thin green slabs; poor to fair	lb	275-500
Lebanese hash	stale red	oz	200-250
Afghani hash	fresh black slabs; good	lb	2100-3000
Nepalese hash	mostly fingers	one	15-30
Paki hash	decent	oz	190-250
Lebanese hash oil	scarce	oz	15-30
Afghani hash oil	thick, black; strong	lb	500-650
Honey oil	amber, very good	oz	75-110
THC	several types	lb	900-1200
LSD	different shapes and sizes	oz	100-150
Psilocybin mushrooms	supply declining	lb	1000-1500
Cocaine	improving slightly	oz	120-185
Qualaludes	available	lb	1400-1900
		oz	120-165
		lb	1250-1750
		gm	20-30
		oz	325-450
		gm	25-35
		oz	350-500
		gm	25-45
		one	375-600
		100	1-3
		hit	75-175
		100	1-3
		100	75-150
		oz	20-35
		lb	250-400
		gm	75-125
		oz	1600-2200

Alaska

Domestic	various types	oz	35-65
Regular Mexican	constant supply	lb	425-500
Cocaine	fair to good	oz	20-35
		lb	250-400
		gm	75-125
		oz	1600-2200

Hawaii

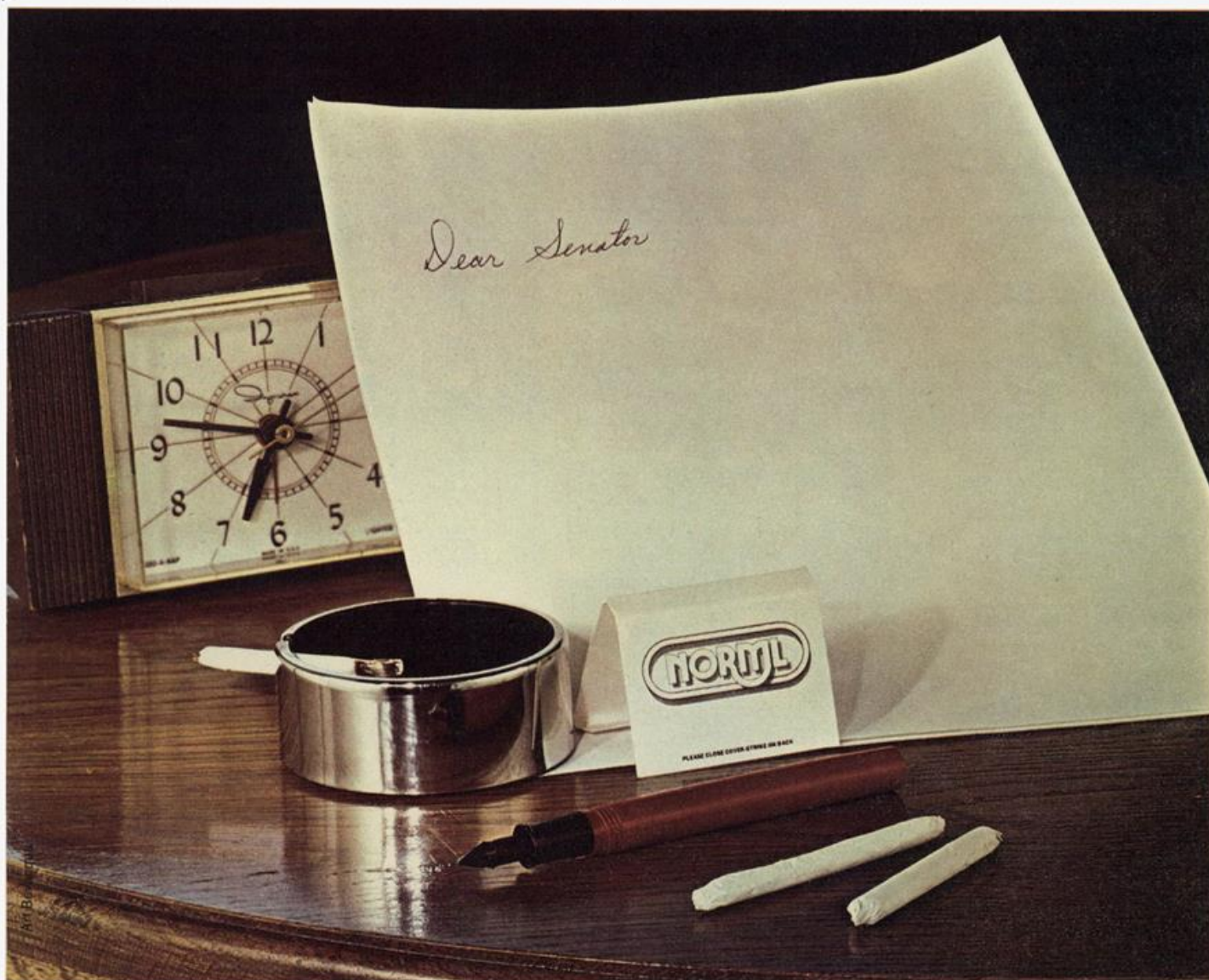
Kona gold	tremendous high	oz	75-150
Maui	super smoke	lb	1100-1700
		oz	100-150
		lb	1200-1800

California

Domestic	mostly sinsemilla	oz	150-250
Mexican	fair to excellent	lb	3000
LSD	crystal, blue tabs	oz	100-200
		lb	2500
		one	2-3
		100	200
Cocaine	usually flake of late	gm	60-75
		oz	1600

High Times welcomes anonymous reports, but please be specific about the area, type, quantity and quality of dope referred to. If you are aware of other prices or have other relevant information or suggestions, please send them in. The THMQ is intended solely for comparative purposes and in no way is meant as an inducement to illegal activity, or as an endorsement of dope usage or trafficking, or as an endorsement of any particular dope. ☐

In the time it takes you to smoke your next joint, you could write your Senator about it.



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You don't have to smoke marijuana to know that it's today's marijuana laws that are criminal. Let your elected representatives know how you feel.

*The South Dakota law becomes effective April 1, 1977. In a few of these states, the police have discretion to arrest or to give a citation in lieu of arrest. In all of these states, the penalty for possession of small amounts of marijuana is a fine, at most, with no imprisonment.

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HT 22



New Hope for Whales

California Governor Jerry Brown's latest whale-saving device is the huge jojoba shrub, which will be used to landscape his state's freeways. Jojoba exudes a waxy substance similar to the oil of the sperm whale. Environmentalists believe jojoba "substance" can replace whale oil in the cosmetics industry and put an end to wholesale cetocide.

DMT Carries Brain's Messages

Late Sixties DMT droppers were inoculating their brains with something that was already there, according to neuroscientist Samuel T. Christian and his co-workers at the University of Alabama Medical Center, who have discovered that dimethyltryptamine is one of the neurohormones that help transfer messages along nerve cells in the brain.

DMT is found in the same parts of nerve cells favored by LSD and increases in quantity during stress. Since schizophrenic episodes are sometimes associated with stress, Christian is suggesting at least a partial revival of the old psychotomimetic theory of the hallucinogen.

Rand Plans N.Y.-L.A. Supersonic Subway

A subway that would shoot passengers from New York to Los Angeles in 21 minutes has been proposed by the Rand Corporation's Dr. Robert Salter. The plan envisions 100-passenger cars propelled by electromagnetic waves through a vacuum tunnel at speeds up to 14,000 miles per hour. Salter estimates that at a total cost of \$90 billion, the system would pay for itself in 30 years at a one-way ticket price of \$50.

Pie in the Sky

NASA will orbit a frozen meat pie on a 1979 space shuttle to test Iowa State food scientist Allen Kraft's theory that outer

space be used as a giant refrigerator to store food in case of famine on earth, as well as to feed outbound astrophysicists.

Space Cities Prophesied

Bionic satellites will solve humanity's problems in a hundred years, says Princeton physicist Gerard O'Neill. In his recent book *The High Frontier*, space sage O'Neill charts a rosy future for a globe expanded to the outer limits. He says in 15 years a 10,000-person colony orbiting between the earth and the moon could be built using materials mined on the moon.

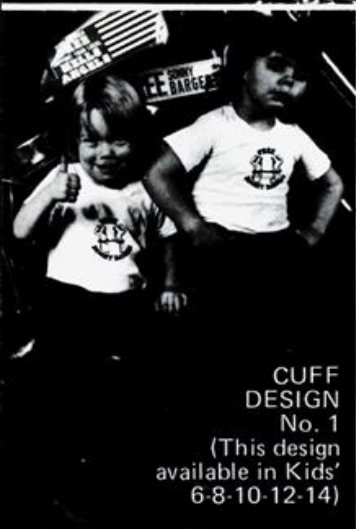


Interior and exterior views of the proposed Bernal Sphere, a self-contained satellite living-unit housing 10,000 humans.

O'Neill sees space stations beaming low-cost sun power to earth via microwaves, solving the energy crunch without nuclear plants and fueling efficient, zero-G manufacturing using moon-mined materials. Feedback from the void will mean a hitherto impossible standard of living for all, O'Neill says, thus defusing the international feuds and repression on which dictators base their power.

Diarrhea Plague Averted

Bacteriologist A. Chakrabarty fulfilled fears about recombinant DNA research as early as 1975 by creating a new disease germ in the General Electric laboratory at Schenectady, New York. Belatedly reporting the event in *Science* and *Rodale's Environment Action Bulletin*, Chakrabarty said he added a gene for producing the cellulose-digesting enzyme cellulase to the bacterium *Escherichia coli*, which lives normally in the healthy human intestine. Cellulose forms the roughage that is essential for proper feces formation. Chakrabarty quickly destroyed the new life form, realizing that if it escaped it could produce an epidemic of chronic, fatal diarrhea. ■



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Records

PETER GABRIEL, by Peter Gabriel (Atco SD 36147).



Those familiar with early Genesis have come to expect the unexpected from that band's former lead singer, Peter Gabriel. On his own, he is no less original than he was in a group situation. With his first solo album, Gabriel maintains his reputation for versatility, introducing nine new compositions, each characterized by a different style and voice.

Gabriel's lyrical sense of humor and novelty are featured in the barbershop quartet vocals of "Excuse Me" and the Latin rhythm of "Humdrum." In "Waiting For the Big One," he treads unfamiliar blues territory, responding to the music's style with an exaggerated vocal understatement.

"Moribund the Burgermeister" comes closest to sounding like Gabriel's work with Genesis, while the brisk skipping pace of the acoustic "Solsbury Hill" and the hard rock of "Modern Love" delve into the foreign (for Gabriel) regions of pop music and catchy tunes. "Solsbury Hill's" melodic repetition makes it the most likely hit-single candidate Gabriel has composed.

"Down the Dolce Vita" is Gabriel's lavish production number featuring the London Symphony Orchestra in combination with a funky upbeat guitar rhythm.

Gabriel's decision to risk his reputation by daring to experiment reaps a considerable reward. It permits him to discover new and often more accessible avenues of expression. Lest unreserved praise should make you wary of one opinion, be forewarned—appreciation of Gabriel's music demands a patient incubation period. Perseverance pays.

—Kris Nicholson

JAMES MONTGOMERY, by the James Montgomery Band (Island IL PS-9419).



The strongest rock music being made today is by those musicians with roots in the classic rock and roll and rhythm and blues of the Fifties and Sixties. The Rolling Stones, J. Geils Band, Bob Seger will always make satisfying music because they are in spiritual and physical

touch with the black American giants who originally created the music. Likewise the James Montgomery Band.

Montgomery, a Detroit transplant to Boston, took the band down to New Orleans—the Mother of us all—to record an LP aglow with timeless rock vibrations, and with the hand of producer Allen Toussaint.

Not only did the band have the taste and talent to cover and update several New Orleans evergreens—Huey Piano Smith's "Don't You Just Know It," Earl King's "Teasin' You" and Marshall Sehorn's "Stoop Down"—but they wrote and performed estimable rockers of their own.

There are no tortured professionals here, no heavy-assed featherweight blows against the empire. The James Montgomery Band makes songs of celebration. "City Music," "Foot-floppin'" "Hotcha Mama" are about dancing, sweating, balling, hanging out, riding around, just having a good time and rocking on regardless. This isn't to say they're mindless. They're just relaxed in a way that makes Springsteen seem self-conscious.

Montgomery's lead vocals are a little thin, but the strength of his feeling is incontestable and contagious. If the band could capture a little more faithfully on record the looseness and wildness that they project in live performance, they'd be unstoppable. As it is, their debut album for Island is solid journeyman rock and roll, and in a day when the real thing is in short supply, that's high praise and an urgent recommendation.

—Bill Adler

LOVE — BUILDING ON FIRE, by the Talking Heads (Sire Records, marketed by ABC Records).

TALKING HEADS



A Talking Heads album will be a giant step for humankind: Talking Heads' first single, "Love — Building on Fire," is out and selling out wherever it's stocked. If you can't find it, harass the brass.

No use trying to sound objective—I'm bombed out on this band. It's been that way for over a year. I keep liking them better because they keep getting better—tighter, tougher and, now, nicer. If you can imagine a totally joyful song coming on as hard as hate-rock and as lyrical as Elton John with Bartok's chops, you can grab a premonitory scam on the phenomenon.

The hype machine has latched onto more obviously punk-rock acts like the Ramones and Television, bands more leavened with banality, but the Talking Heads are holding the line on artistic development and making their mark in other, less commercial but ultimately more productive and permanent, ways.

The arrow in the single's title is lead

singer-composer-lyricist David Byrne's concrete shorthand for the words "goes to." So ask for "Love Goes to Building on Fire." The first time I heard this song was at New York's notorious CBGB's on the night someone lit the club's truck on fire. Needless to say, there were no fire extinguishers, so we had to douse the conflagration with buckets of the water that usually predominates their mixed drinks.

All three original Heads—add smoothie Chris Frantz on drums and ultra-foxy Tina Weymouth on bass—are reformed art students from the Rhode Island School of Design. They've just been joined by Jerry Harrison, a former Modern Lover and Harvard architecture student who fits the bill perfectly, rounding out the group's original chamber-music quality with the bigger sound needed for the big halls they'll be packing in Europe this spring.

—Michael Newman

CHANGES IN LATITUDES, CHANGES IN ATTITUDES (ABC AB990), and SEA LEVEL (Capricorn CP 0178), by Jimmy Buffett.



Jimmy Buffett's records have, at their best, exuded an escapist quality. The tall tales told from the viewpoint of dope-runners, beer-drinking beachcombers and philosopher-hedonists have elevated him to poet-laureate status.

Buffett is the master rhyme crafter and storyteller. His latest album *Changes in Latitudes, Changes in Attitudes* continues the tradition. There's the tender "Miss You So Badly," with its plaintive verse stuck inside satirical cracks about "motel maids and Roloids." We're taken to the "Banana Republics," where "some of them are running from lovers/some of them are running ... ganja/some are running from the IRS."

Some tunes are richer than in the past. The multilayered percussion of Mike Gardner and Nashville session whiz Ken Buttrey during "Margaritaville" manages to get the maximum possible juice out of the composition, and the tasteful presence of strings on three or four tracks provides a dose of further humanity to J.B.'s various characters/caricatures.

Wordsmithing is Jimmy Buffett's forte. Musically, this album sometimes approaches repetition. The chord structure of the title track, for example, is a Buffett trademark; vaguely Latinesque melody line, with steelish twang from guitarist Michael Jeffrey.



With *Sea Level*, another band from the south, the music is the thing—it's an instrumental album.

Sea Level is a new jazz/rock quartet with three former members of the Allman Brothers Band—keyboardist Chuck Leav-

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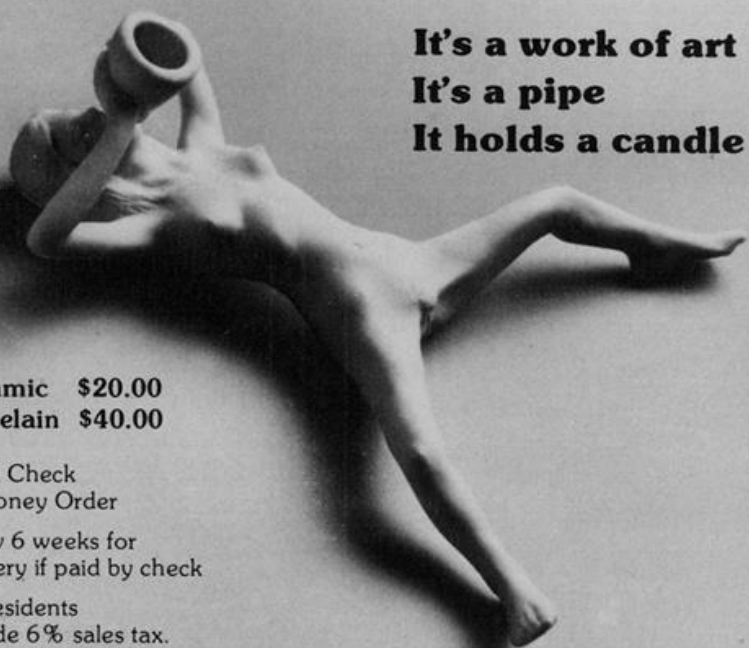
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ell, bassist Lamar Williams and drummer Jai Johanny Johansson, along with Alex Taylor's onetime picker Jimmy Nalls.

Long considered to be the true musical backbone of the ABB, Sea Level has woven a tapestry of eight impressive compositions for this album.

When the band first emerged, most people expected more boogie standard bar-band triviality, a characteristic that impedes much of the music of the southland.

Instead the results are a pleasant surprise. Leavell's "Rain in Spain" and "Tidal Wave" are ethereal sound-poems, with gently rolling McCoy Tyneresque keyboards simulating the rush of water and surf. There's a bluesy version of "Scarborough Fair." The album's designated "funky tracks" are reminiscent of the raunchiest of Herbie Hancock, with a semidisco flavor.

Two records from the south. Both pleasingly endorseeable packages.

—Russell Shaw

MILTON, by Milton Nascimento (A&M SP 4611). Brazil may be under the heel of a



repressive military government, but the generals and the government's coffee banditos can't stamp out magic. Magic in Brazil, as in Africa, is inextricably linked with music. Rituals are directed by the drums, and the master drummers know exactly which rhythms will induce spirit possession. And the most bewitching Brazilian music, including the samba, comes from Bahia, the mainly black-populated region where African concepts of rhythm and melody merge with European (Portuguese) notions of music.

Milton Nascimento, probably Brazil's most popular musician, exemplifies the fusion of musical cultures that occurred in Bahia. *Milton*, his first U.S.-label release, is a shimmering, almost totally undiluted dose of Brazilian aural sorcery. Nascimento's use of English-language lyrics on three of the LP's nine tunes is a concession to U.S. pop audiences, but the music is uncompromised, possessing the same intoxicating lyricism and rhythmic drive that characterized *Native Dancer*, his 1975 collaboration with saxophonist Wayne Shorter. Shorter and Herbie Hancock also play on this LP.

The most startling thing about Nascimento is his voice. He has an extraordinary range, his voice serving as both a melodic and percussive instrument. On several of the tunes he employs a soaring falsetto that confidently plummets into the lower registers. On "Raca (Hasa)" he alternates his ethereal tenor with his baritone to breathtaking effect.

The feeling this album can induce in the listener is best described by Nascimento

himself in these lines from "Raca": "There comes the damned saint euphoria/that hallucinates me, throws me and whirls me."

—George Destefano

THE MUSIC OF CHEOPS, by Steve Douglas (Cheops CH-1).



In the Fourth Dynasty of the Egyptian Old Kingdom, beginning approximately 2620 B.C., the Pharaoh Cheops raised a vast pyramid in the desert plateau at Giza. It was to be part of a large funerary plain, stretching to a modest-sized chapel at the desert's edge that could be reached by boat when the Nile overflowed, through a quarter-mile-long causeway to the eastern wall of the pyramid proper. The internal arrangement revealed two separate changes of plan during the actual building, the last involving "the construction of the marvelous Grand Gallery slanting upwards to the actual burial place, a stately hall of granite now known as the King's Chamber" (Sir Alan Gardiner).

Steve Douglas also bears an impressive archaeological past. Phil Spector's right-hand sax man during the golden Ronettes-Crystals years and a highly in-demand studio musician (Duane Eddy, Beach Boys, Elvis Presley, Stevie Wonder), he traveled to Cairo in February of 1976 to record himself unaccompanied in the 34-by-17-by-19-foot king's chamber. Having learned a few things about walls of sound and echo from Spector, he readied to apply its principles within the rejuvenative energies of the greatest pyramid of them all.

Little is known of Cheops, the ruler. He reigned between 23 and 63 years, and perhaps his afterlife was spent mourning the loss of his mother, the Queen Hetepheres, whose mummified body was not found among her mortal vestments when her burial chamber was discovered and opened within the pyramid in 1925. On Side One, called "The Pyramid," Douglas beckons and probes with his flute and horns, truly the pharaoh's piper, igniting a beacon so that the wandering soul of Hetepheres might find rest. In seamless tapestry, he spreads forth an aural sensation of Egypt, the desert which is drowned, a paradox reflected in the life within death that becomes the great pyramid itself.

Strike a sound, and the king's chamber carries it, taking tones and highlighting their harmonic edges, revealing sudden notes to the light, clustering others. The two—man and dimension—work in empathy, as must the wooden boat, sealed within the pyramid, combine with the air-ridden seas to enable its royal owner freedom of movement. The drone becomes insistent, the trills more spirited, riding waves of power that rise and fall as a lung, circular, so that not a breath shows.

There are questions that must be asked. On Side Two, called "The Sphinx," Douglas confronts the ultimate riddle of the man/lion, which is indeed the sphinx's origin. But to answer, one must speak Egyptian, and there are no records (written or otherwise) to show how the language sounded. At first, Douglas simply listens: the sound of the *muzzein* and the ass. Time is impenetrable to change. In the moment, one creates a language of need. He speaks in the tongue that speaks without words. Movements in the air. Captured by a Nagra tape recorder, which too converts the death of musical vibration to life again. Is this not as great a monument as the pyramid? Shall not Steve Douglas's name live as long as Cheops? The cave of the Oracle at Delos (Douglas's next project) can only provide future answers.

In the Fifth Dynasty, the Heliopolitan priesthood would begin its rise to ascendance in the Old Kingdom. The obelisk came into architectural vogue. And the pyramid stood for nearly five millennia, until Steve Douglas might enter the king's chamber under a full moon to perform his homage and honor eternity. —Lenny Kaye

JUBILANT POWER, by Ted Curson (Inner City IC-1017).



What a difference a decade makes. Ten years ago, jazz trumpeter Ted Curson was forced to live and work in Europe in order to earn his keep, like so many other black American jazz musicians. This, despite the fact that he had come up in the Fifties in good company, playing in the Charles Mingus band with soon-to-be-legendary reedman Eric Dolphy.

Last year he returned to New York to make a stand, along with a couple of former cohorts, and tore the critics up while amazing fans and other musicians with his sextet's unamplified but mighty swing.

That limbering swing is the long suit on Ted Curson's first new recording in years and the debut of his sextet. The live opening-cut provides instant aural evidence of the solo strength of Curson and his powerful reed tandem of Chris Woods on alto and Nick Brignola on baritone sax. Against surging, primal backgrounds, all three horns take turns leaping out for inspired solos and falling back to blow behind the next man. Woods, burning every note, exhibits his blues-drenched roots in a series of twisting flights; Brignola unravels one of the strongest, grittiest baritones on the scene with great authority, and may be the real surprise on the album. Like Woods, Nick's been hidden in big bands here and overseas; and though his concept is based on the intricacies of bebop, his baritone

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jumps off the record with a tangible sound whose muscularity and rich texture belie his breakneck tempos.

Their big band experience and what Curson learned from Mingus make this the biggest-sounding small group to come along in years. The music here is accessible enough to appeal to anyone who has ever been knocked out by an Eric Clapton jam, yet sophisticated enough to enchant jaded jazz freaks who know every Charlie Parker solo by heart.

—Peter Occhiogrosso

HOWLIN' WOLF (Chess 2ACMB-201) and LITTLE MILTON (Chess 2ACMB-204). Howlin' Wolf is one of the



grandfathers of contemporary music. His work was a direct source of primal inspiration for the Rolling Stones, Cream, Yardbirds, the Grateful Dead, Canned Heat, Paul Butterfield and the Blues Project, to name just a few who covered Wolf and his howlin' style. The Wolf's punchy, bouncy mid- to up-tempo blasts (ballads weren't his mojo) featured his deep, raspy vocals engulfing lyrical phrases with an inimitable immediacy.

Wolf's harp-blowing was not in a class with Little Walter and Sonny Boy Williamson, but his song writing, vocals and strutting stage style will keep his classic work alive for generations to come. Wolf died last year while in his mid-seventies. With songs like "Smokestack Lightnin'," "Little Red Rooster," "Spoonful," "Killing Floor" and "Evil," this volume, previously issued as *Chester Burnett a/k/a Howlin' Wolf*, is a joyous necessity.



Little Milton's main influence was the great, and still performing, Bobby "Blue" Bland, especially during Bland's true blues years before he went in a more MOR direction with ABC records. At times it sounds like Milton is Bland, but Milton never had hits and is primarily known only to true blues and some soul aficionados. His style is soulful with a bit of diffused gospel. A few tracks on this set have enticing backing vocalists with occasional horns more than punctuating the moods. Much of this material has never been released before, especially cuts with Milton doing his own guitar work.

The Chess Blues Masters Series, of which these albums are a part, includes Muddy Waters, Little Walter, Lowell Fulson, Sonny Boy Williamson, Jimmy Rogers, J.B. Lenoir and Sugarboy Crawford. It's a highly recommended set of classic albums for any record collection.

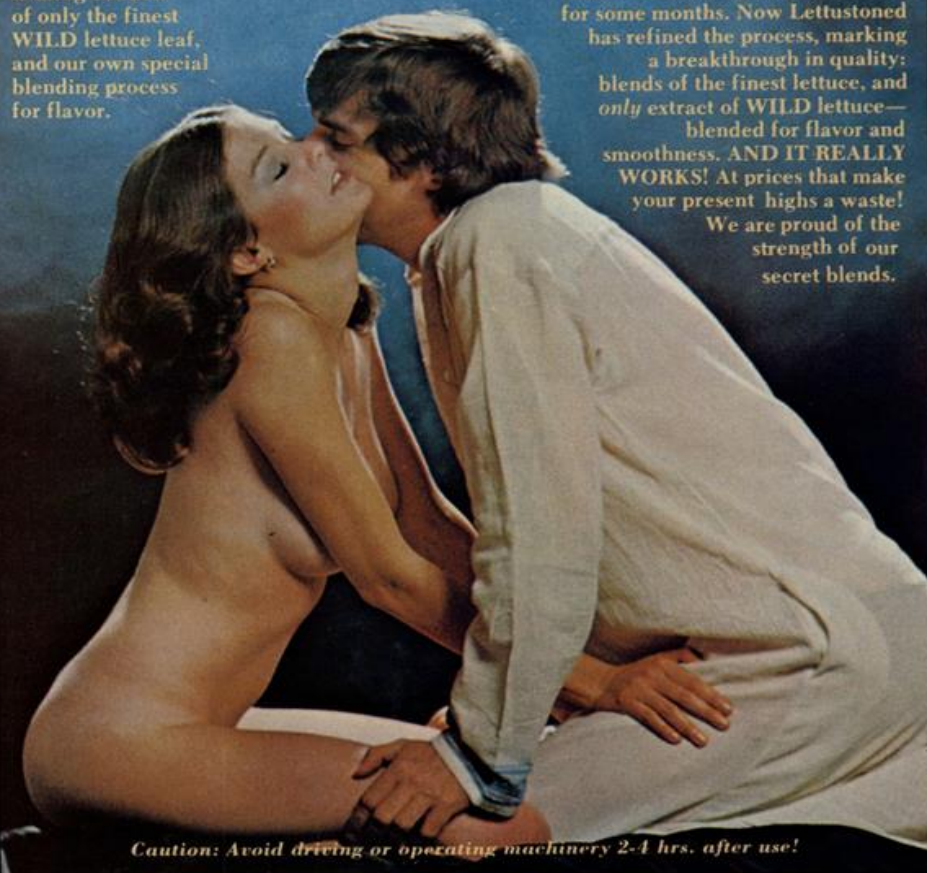
—Bob Grossweiner

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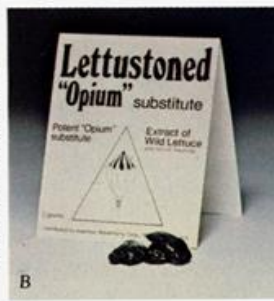
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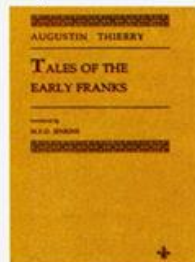
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Books

TALES OF THE EARLY FRANKS, by Augustin Thierry, translated by M. F. O. Jenkins (University, Alabama: University of Alabama Press, \$8.95). The Mer-



ovingians? Oh, they were the kings in France who presided over the Dark Ages, from A.D. 480 to around 700; they were Franks, a particularly barbarous and stupid variety of German—stout, broad-

shouldered blondies who were too mean to be challenged by their pagan neighbors, and so they spent most of their time chopping up their own Catholic kindred. Most Western historians since Gibbon give the Merovingians fairly perfunctory treatment, saying that it was the Dark Ages, and that explains everything. The Merovingians were a whole dynasty of extremely white people—the very originals, in fact, of all Caucasian aristocracy, who behaved exactly like Idi Amin—and nobody likes to be reminded of it. This is why only a handful of Americans have ever heard of them.

Which is a shame, because the Merovingian record is highly entertaining, colorful, bloody—even racy, in parts. The contemporary chroniclers were mainly clerics, educated and sensitive people who were outraged and dismayed at the horrors they continually witnessed: "Why can we not have a moment's peace? Why cannot we say, like the apostles between persecutions, 'Here at last are endurable days?'"

The main problem grew out of the Frankish rules of royal succession. *Tales of the Early Franks* deals with the one brief generation (very brief—560 to 585) of the four sons of Lothar I, who divided France among themselves at the old king's demise and unsystematically devastated it thereafter in continual fratricidal wars—one long technicolor saga of massacre, treachery, incest, plague, madness and gross ignorance, guaranteed to keep you reading long into the night.

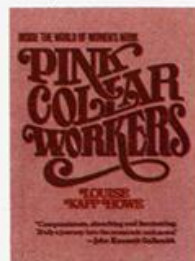
Augustin Thierry's account, written in 1840, is particularly enjoyable. A sentimental French nationalist, Thierry imbues these murky stories of tribal warfare and aboriginal lust with glamour, suspense and even the rudiments of grand Faustian tragedy. According to his romantic analysis, all the Merovingian kings (did you know that they never cut their hair on principle and

never bathed?) were too Teutonically morose to be responsible for so much complicated bloodshed: it was their wives, lovely red-headed Visigothic princesses imported from Spain, who orchestrated all the slow poisoning, exquisite torture and juggernaut plundering.

Besides his romantic misogyny, Thierry also possesses a very amusing set of ethnic prejudices: to him, the difference between a Gallo-Celt and a Saxon was as conspicuous and irreconcilable as the gulf today between Orangemen and IRA. Arabs and Israelis or Louisiana crackers and niggers. Absurd and infinitesimal ethnic distinctions like this can be cherished through whole centuries of the most amazing carnage.

—Dean Latimer

PINK COLLAR WORKERS: INSIDE THE WORLD OF WOMEN'S WORK, by Louise Kapp Howe (New York: G.P. Putnam's Sons, \$8.95); and **THE FEMALE EXPERIENCE**, by Gerda Lerner (Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill, \$12.50). Finally,



a book I can recommend eating to the next person who says "You've come a long way, baby" or anything to that effect. Yes, I blanched through my blush-on as I read the sorry statistics proving once again that the poor get poorer: "In 1950 the median income of families headed by women had been 56 percent of those with a husband as sole earner. By 1974 the income of the female-headed family had plummeted to 47 percent of the modest bundle the male earner was taking home." More? In 1947, women accounted for 27 percent of the unemployed; in 1973, 48 percent. Talk about bad figures. And while the media was pumping up the image of the female superstars—those breaking into traditionally male jobs or promoted to showcase spots at the top—the most significant change in women's work in recent years has been the vastly increased demand for pink collar workers—those providing services in overwhelmingly female-concentrated fields—and the resulting increased segregation of men and women within the labor pool.

Howe's pink collar workers—the beauticians, the retail saleswomen, the waitresses, the office workers and the homemakers—have more on their minds than ring around the collar. Things like living wages, benefits and job security. Things that trade unions have guaranteed for the mostly male blue collar workers and even for males in pink collar fields, where by virtue of sex discrimination they have excluded up to 99 percent of the workers in their industries. So how to close the widening income and unemployment gaps, particularly when employers count on A&P (attrition and pregnancy) to keep salaries minimal for pink collar jobs? Well,

some unions are going after the pink- and white-collar labor markets. But don't count on help from the U.S. Department of Labor. It publishes the widely used *Dictionary of Occupational Titles*, which rates the job of foster mother on a level with horse pusher and practical nurse on a par with chicken-shit cleaner.



More great unemployment-line reading is to be found in Gerda Lerner's landmark anthology of original documents detailing *The Female Experience* in American history. Eschewing the tried but false approach of out-

lining specific women's contributions to history, Lerner demonstrates how the majority of Americans have made history by developing and passing on to their children and organizations a characteristic consciousness. More than half the documents in the volume have never before been published, and most of the rest can be found only in isolated archives.

Maybe we have come a ways at that. From the sisterhood consciousness of the late Sixties (*Sisterhood Is Powerful*, *The Female Eunuch*) and the defensive humor of the Seventies so far (*Fear of Flying*, *Titters*), we can now face nothing but the facts, ma'am. Both of these must-have sourcebooks are equipped with excellent bibliographies and indexes, which render them weighty enough (when concealed together in a well-placed briefcase or handbag) to deter even the most aggressive of pigged-out advances.

—Pamela Lloyd Shakespeare

GUIDE TO BACKPACKING IN THE UNITED STATES, by Eric Meves (New York: Macmillan, \$7.95). "Take only photographs and leave only footprints" is an often-



heard admonition in hiking circles, and in this comprehensive guide to what's left of America's great wilderness regions, author Meves quotes it with approval. This is a practical

book, with fully 80 percent of its 248 pages devoted to a state-by-state breakdown of wilderness areas defined by the federal government as places "where the earth and its community of life are untrammelled by man...retaining its primeval character and influence."

Sound attractive? Sure it does. But don't go rushing off (if you're a novice at this game) without learning a few simple rules. It's important to your comfort (and sanity) to make the correct choices in everything from boots ("an extra pound on your feet is like five on your back") to tent, pack, sleeping bag and cooking equipment.

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—Paul Krassner, *New West Magazine*

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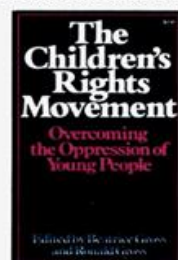
important as how much you carry; novices usually overestimate their capabilities. When you think you have your first trip planned, the author advises, cut it in half—that should be about right.

On a first trip, the apprentice should always accompany an experienced backpacker. Meves advises. Coping with steep grades, rain, bears, mosquitoes and other annoying insects sometimes proves to be quite enough to discourage beginners from further exploration. But "an opportunity to use all one's senses again, to feel rain, wind and sun, to hear the hush of the wind in the pines overhead, the roar of a waterfall and uncivilized silence itself, to see mountain vistas..." Well, who could resist?

Meves's book is an invaluable guide not only for the beginner, but for the experienced backpacker, because the major portion is practical information backed up by a lengthy index, list of equipment suppliers and complete addresses in every state to which to write for more information.

—John Wilcock

THE CHILDREN'S RIGHTS MOVEMENT: OVERCOMING THE OPPRESSION OF YOUNG PEOPLE, edited by Beatrice Gross and Ronald Gross (New York: Anchor Press, paperback, \$3.95).



In addition to all the psychic oppression of their birthrights according to Dr. Spock and Ms. Steinem, more dramatic instances of adult oppression include the epidemic of child abuse and even murder that claimed the lives of over 200,000 toddlers in 1976. Older, wilder children who fail to succumb to the inoculated routines of American life can be consigned by their parents, teachers, doctors, elders and betters to live in juvenile institutions that are still run in the Charles Dickens style. The editors advance various programs and bills of rights for kids that might amend all these degrees of adult fascism.

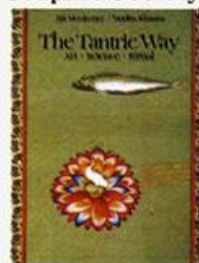
Alas, the children's rights movement is little more than a failure of nerve on the part of adults, a classic revolt against the lack of anything to revolt against. Ever since World War II, parents have been so appalled by the world they must live in that they have increasingly declined to train their offspring to do just that. The second generation of postwar adults is so confused by the Seventies that they would rather kill their kids than suffer them to live out the century.

These parents are abetted by the sprawling, decadent education industry, which turns out millions of semiskilled teachers every year, only a few of whom know anything worth teaching. Thus both parents and teachers have abdicated the hard labor of teaching necessary values and academic disciplines—like thrift, study

and Latin—and adopted the easy course of teaching kids “love” and “respect for each other” and like nonsense. As a result, national SAT averages are down somewhere with Soviet wheat production figures, and nobody reads anymore. This is a traumatic development for those of us who earn our daily bread in the magazine business, but economic realities show that we are protesting nothing more than our own obsolescence. Anybody who can watch TV can hold down just about any job on the market today, so who needs writers, editors and printers? Little does the Anchor Press suspect that it is digging its own grave with a garden trowel. Publish your underwear.

—Eric Kibbler

THE TANTRIC WAY, by Ajit Mookerjee and Madhu Khanna (Boston: New York Graphic Society, paperbound, \$9.95).



“What is here, is elsewhere. What is not here, is nowhere.” Such is Tantric esotericism. Tantra unfurls an infinity of veils predating by over 2,500 years the Vedas and the Buddhists. The Dalai Lama in his auto-

biography advises all comers against even wishing to comprehend the concept until inculcated with universal beneficence through lifetime meditation.

The Tantric Way throws open mystic and rarely traveled passageways to antique magic. Happily, it is an illumination as sheer, ineffable and paradoxical as could be hoped, and it manages to circumvent the long-feared placing of potentially diabolical powers in the wrong hands.

Mookerjee and Khanna include 228 photographs of Tantric art with the profound inspirational impact of vibrant psychical transmission. The traditional teachings, however, require precisely what can never be learned from a text: direct personal transmission of psyche from an adept.

Here the wondrous is revealed as historical: Indian alchemy created medicines compounded of mercury and air, mercury and blood, mercury and semen (or ashes or mica or sulphur or cinnabar or gold—but always with mercury), and, yes, swallowed them.

Be forewarned: no literal interpretations will ever achieve the intended result. Furthermore, Nagarjuna himself did a crash 12-year course in asceticism before he got hip to anything at all. A typical dilemma: “No one succeeds in attaining perfection by employing difficult and vexing operations; but perfection can be gained by satisfying all one’s desires.”

Supernatural powers are dealt with peremptorily in the quote from Ramakrishna at his kookiest. “If asceticism can teach you after twenty years only to walk on water, better pay the boatman and save your time.”

—Terese Coe

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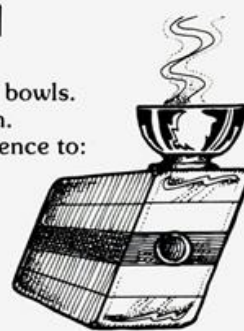


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FORT LAUDERDALE NEWS

Drug Billed As Aphrodisiac Taken In Book Store Raid

By OTT CEFKIN
Sun-Sentinel Writer

FORT LAUDERDALE—"Rush"—described as a drug—is being sold in some area adult book stores as an aphrodisiac, sheriff's agents said yesterday following a series of raids on eight alleged porno shops.

Meanwhile, a disagreement has developed over what "Rush" is.

Sheriff's agents say it's Amyl Nitrate, a prescription drug.

Officials of a San Francisco firm that has been distributing "Rush" nationwide say it is not Amyl Nitrate, but another chemical that does not require prescriptions.

Eight adult book store employees say "Rush" is what they got when agents hustled them off to county jail on charges of dispensing the substance.

"As far as we're concerned "Rush" and Amyl Nitrate are the same substance," a spokesman for the Broward County Sheriff's Department's Organized Crime Division said. "Our chemists reported an analysis of both chemicals showed them to be the same."

Agents said "Rush" sold in a small bottle marked "caution," made its appearance in Broward County about a month ago and was promoted as a "new high."

Agents said adult book store operators sold "Rush" to undercover

agents with instructions to inhale its vapors during the sex act.

The fancy package, also featuring expensive inhaling devices, is apparently geared to the swinging set known to use Amyl Nitrate as a sex aide.

Amyl Nitrate was sold openly—like aspirin—until 1969 when the FDA determined that it was frequently being used for sexual stimulation. It is described as dangerous for persons with glaucoma, head traumas, and cerebral hemorrhage.

Instructions printed on the "Rush" bottle caution the user against inhaling the contents.

"It's pretty obvious how it's being sold," the spokesman said. "Our people were sold the inhaling devices as its only means of use."

The inhaling devices, each with a wick that is dipped into a liquid, come in different styles and sell for \$6 to \$30, agents said.

"Rush," they said, sells for \$6. Single ampuls, believed to be "Rush" or straight Amyl Nitrate, sell for \$1.25 each.

At the eight book stores, including one in Hollywood, agents confiscated quantities of "Rush" in open view.

"We didn't have search warrants, so we couldn't look in store rooms," one agent said. "There's no telling how much stuff we had to leave behind."

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POTENCY**



Sorry—Wrong Number!

FT. LAUDERDALE — The Broward County Sheriff's Department today was forced to return all stocks of RUSH LIQUID INCENSE seized in a raid last Tuesday night. Eight store owners were charged with selling prescription drugs without a license. Clerks reportedly offered RUSH saying: "One snort during sex will give you the greatest trip you ever had!" All the raided stores were in the Ft. Lauderdale-Hollywood area.

A more careful examination by the Federal Drug facility in

Miami, disclosed that RUSH LIQUID INCENSE was not amyl nitrite, but contained a similar non-prescription chemical. Since the actual formula does not contain any prescription drug, the Broward County State's Attorney's office have indicated that they will dismiss all charges. There has been a large upsurge in recent years in the non-medicinal use of amyl nitrite for its alleged aphrodisiac effect. Store owners reported that, as a result of the large amount of publicity surrounding the raid, demand for the product has been extremely heavy.

A spokesman for the manufacturer, Pacific Western Distributing Corp. in San Francisco stated: "The product is definitely not being sold for its aphrodisiac effect, it is offered only as a Liquid Incense — a room odorizer." The spokesman further stated, "All vendors have been cautioned not to offer RUSH as an aphrodisiac. To offer RUSH for direct inhalation would be a clear violation of the Federal Drug laws. This company will absolutely refuse to ship RUSH to anyone who is established to be promoting misuse of the product."

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MAIL ORDER CUSTOMERS:

PacWest Mail Order
P.O. BOX 7615, SAN FRANCISCO, CA. 94119

___ BTLS. @ \$6.00 (2 for \$10.00)
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SAME DAY SERVICE**

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No hassle, no mess,
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MUSKET

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Take Alpha Ball gently into your hands,
feel it glow warm, feel your body tingle
as your mind expands.

Treat yourself to the ultimate trip,
experience the sensuous pleasures of Alpha Ball.

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WHEN? WHERE?

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We caution only that you be sensible while driving.

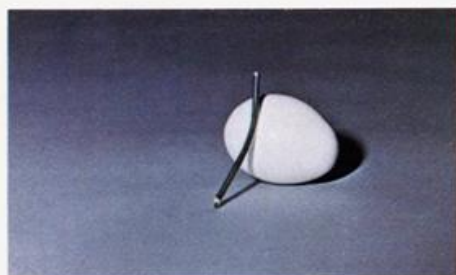
·HIGH· Style

Pinball Gizzards

Most coffee tables are really boring, giving you nothing more to look at than wood grain or, in the case of glass tables, your feet. Well, now you can enjoy all the advantages of a glass-top coffee table (easy to clean, razor-blade proof) and have something to look at in the bargain, like a pinball



machine. "Special When Lit," at 46 Greenwich Ave., New York, N.Y. 10014, offers a wide variety of tables made from pinball machine glasses—both old and new. Prices start at \$100. The store also sells antique and current pinball machines, with prices beginning at about \$1,000.



Little Toot Scoop

If you've ever kept powdered goods in small bottles, you know how annoying it is trying to get all the crystals out of those hard-to-reach corners. Well, throw away your bent paper clips, because here's the "Scoop 'n' Toot," a combination straw and spoon that is curved, flanged and fluted so that it'll dig out those elusive alkaloid morsels and send them on their way. Made of sterling silver, the "Scoop 'n' Toot" is available for \$10, plus \$1 postage and handling, from Another Angle, P.O. Box 4006, Berkeley, Ca. 94704.

Sexpot

This is one of the best devices we've seen for getting heads together, because when it's properly employed, six foreheads are within a six-inch radius. If the smokers are saints, their halos will be as one.

This is also a fine tool for surgeons and

seamstresses, as its solo use requires extreme dexterity—and as long as one is able to use the pipe, one is not too stoned to thread a needle. Other models include bongs and pipes designed to accommodate from one to six persons. Prices range from \$5 to \$45 from Kent Fargo, P. O. Box 296, Sidney, N.Y. 13838.

Bike Rides Man

Brian Wolfgang of Silkeborg, Denmark, pedaled all the way from his home to San Francisco (except the transatlantic leg) on this folding, back-packing bicycle of his own design. Twin sprockets, on both front and rear, give the compact cycle six speeds, enabling the rider to pedal almost anywhere, including on rough terrain. But if the terrain gets too rough, you just fold it, pick it up and hoof it. And if you get bushed or decide to hitchhike it, the bike also folds into a chair. Weighing in at 15 pounds, this totable traveler has everything but pontoons, wings and assembly directions, which is something of a disadvantage since it's a do-it-yourself project not available for purchase anywhere.



CB Jeebies

If for any reason you don't want those Smokies tuning in on your citizen's band rap, modern science has devised something even better than radio silence. It's the scrambler, a device which mixes up the signals emitted by your radio so they can only be deciphered by someone equipped with a matching unit that is tuned to the same code. Cerberus Systems has come up with an inexpensive (\$255) scrambler that will encode your radio, whether it's air-to-ground, ship-to-shore or station-to-station. It's the perfect gift for security-conscious businesspeople, or people who just like to be alone. A telephone model is also available. Contact Cerberus Systems, P.O. Box 66508, Scotts Valley, Ca. 95066.



"High Style" See Special Feature on Page 69

Closers

The Stillman Laugh Diet

Deanne Stillman, author of "How to Get High and Influence People," was born in Cleveland, Ohio (where Bob Hope and Martin Mull were also born). She attended NYU and the University of New Mexico, where she majored in striking and chanting before dropping out. An underground press veteran, Deanne wrote for the Berkeley Barb and the L.A. Free Press and co-published the New York News Service with chum Rex Weiner before cracking them up in more commercial media like Viva, Oui, various other skin mags and More. Recently she and



Anne Beatts, head writer of NBC's *Saturday Night*, collaborated on editing *Titters*, the hit collection of humor by women. *Titters* is so funny that we can soon expect *Daughter of Titters*, maybe even *Titters* toothpaste.

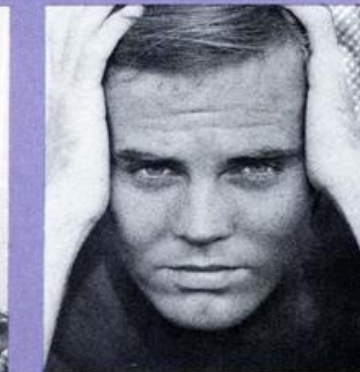


Lemmo Entertain You

This issue sees the return of our first news editor, Bob Lemmo, whose departure for points west a few years back was much regretted. Lemmo was the author of "Pot, Peasants and Pancho Villa" (Winter 1975, No. 3), an investigative reconstruction of the dope scene among the

banditos who won Mexico's revolution of 1913; and "The Deep Dark Secrets of Chocolate," a gourmet guide to the little-known psychosexual powers of chocolate that inspired our most controversial cover ever (there was a naked lady involved) back in November 1975 (No. 6). Lemmo, who'd been a founder of the Long Island Express's underground paper that spawned a number of future *High Times* apparatchiks, went out to Arizona to work as a travel writer and editor of the Tucson Mountain News-real. Assigned to cover the desert, Lemmo swiftly made an exhaustive assay of the psychoactive cacti and became one of the most knowledgeable cactus critics anywhere in America. In "Psychodelic Cacti," Lemmo provides a connoisseur guide to peyote, mescal and many other exciting desert flowers.

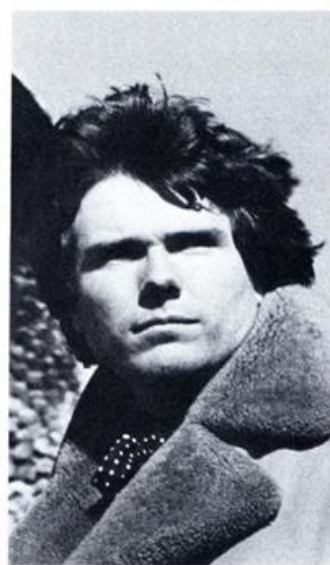
Scavullo on Blondie



This month's striking cover portrait of Blondie is the work of Francesco Scavullo, who is one of the world's greatest photographers of beautiful women and who, working in that crowded field, stands apart from the crowd by photographing his models with their clothes on, generally for the covers of *Cosmopolitan*, other magazines and *High Times*. A collection of the most glamorous such photos ever taken—all of them by Francesco (left) and styled by Sean Byrnes (above)—entitled *Scavullo on Beauty* is now on sale wherever fine books are sold.

Sean Byrnes

Meet Neal Barlowe



Neal Barlowe, *Blondie* observer, is a 25-year-old native of Newfoundland, who moved to Greenwich Village alone at the age of 15. An accomplished poet, he quickly moved up through literary circles, supporting himself by writing for various magazines. Neal is a regular contributor to *Oui*, *High Times*, the *Soho News* and *Interview*. This summer he plans to travel to Corsica, where he will collaborate with former *High Times* editor Glenn O'Brien on a history of the antipopes.

Joseph Keller

Mail Culpa

We are really sorry. We really mean it. It won't happen again. We promise. You see, business on our *High Times* T-shirts and bags took off so fast that our ill-paid, underage mail-room workers were unable to keep pace with the orders and fell behind. We were con-

cerned not only for you, the customer, but for the workers themselves, who often were hideously mutilated in their desperate attempts to keep up with the production line. So we did the right thing. We let the kids go and turned over the whole mess to a computer. Now we're up-to-date, and anyone who orders a T-shirt or bag will get fast service. ■

Black Gold

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It's here, an incredibly new kind of legal high—Black Gold—"Opium" Oil. It's pure, un-cut. There's no filler. No fiber. Just the oily black resin of wild lettuce, the most potent "opiate" you can buy. Legally. And it's potency has been proven scientifically. Yet it's safe and non-habit forming. Black Gold comes in a kit designed especially for smoking opium.*

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**Verification through Farm Chem Labs—Palo Alto, (reported in Head magazine)*



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Deal yourself a JOKER and roll with a winner. JOKER is wider than single-width papers. So there's no need to draw a second one for easier rolling. JOKER is thin for less paper taste. And it sticks to the last call. Don't bet your stash on anything less. JOKER is the dealer's choice.

Soon available in Strawberry.

For free sample offer, see page 115.

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High Times

JUNE 1977



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